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THE NEW YORKER

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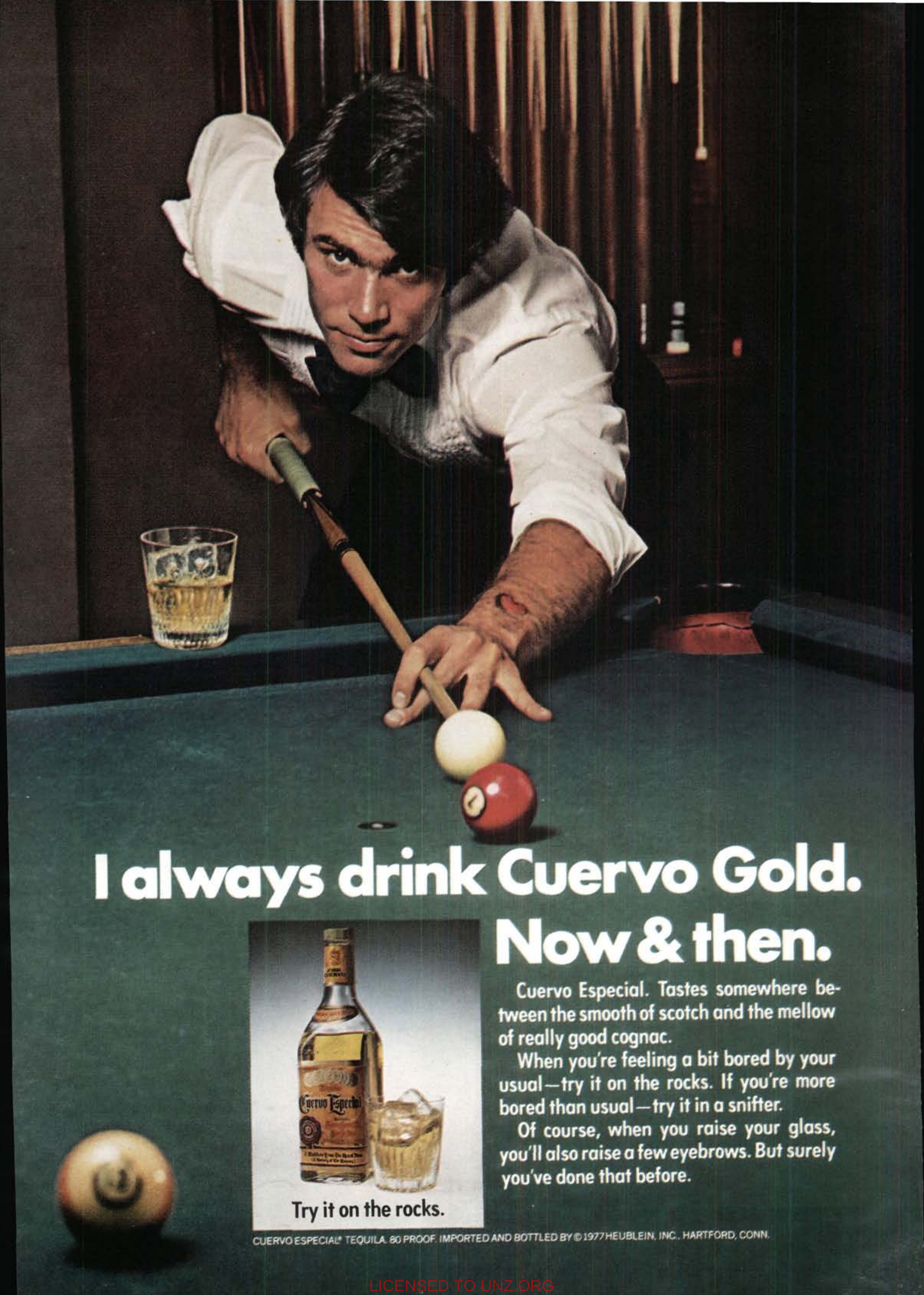
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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American Buffalo—Three Neanderthal creeps in Chicago fail to pull off a heist. David Mamet's synthetic rough language is ably spoken by Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Andrei Serban cannot resist directing Chekhov in such a way as to turn him into a posthumous disciple of Serban. Nevertheless, the cast is wonderful, and so are Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes, so one mustn't fail to see it. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 16, at 2.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comedians—Milo O'Shea and the rest of a fine cast directed by Mike Nichols act out the philosophical (and political) implications of comedy, as seen by the playwright, Trevor Griffiths. A serious and funny play. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dirty Linen—A sometimes comic but never witty finger exercise by Tom Stoppard. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **wonderful town** (Joseph Fields, Jerome Chodorov, Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green) will be the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, March 9. Opens officially on Thursday, March 10, and will run through Sunday, March 27. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel again playing Tevye, a part he originated shortly after the Civil War. An excellent production of a syrupy musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gathering—A play by Edna O'Brien, with Maria Tucci. Directed by Austin Pendleton. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

Gemini—A play by Albert Innaurato. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, March 13, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!—A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mark Twain Tonight!—A two-week return engagement (new program) of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. Preview Monday, March 14. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 15, and will run through Saturday, March 26. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. CO 5-2314. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30.)

Monsters—Two one-act plays: "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie," by Albert Innaurato, with James Coco, and "Side Show," by William Dews, with Robert Drivas. Preview Wednesday, March 9. Opens officially on Thursday, March 10, at 7. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sun-

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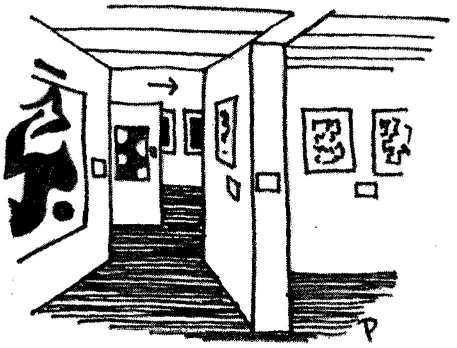
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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days at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Tom Courtenay stars, and the director is Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green—Forty years of amusing songs and satiric takeoffs, by two youthful stars. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Peg o' My Heart—A creditable revival of the delightful comedy that J. Hartley Manners wrote for Laurette Taylor in 1912. Sofia Landon does well as Irish Peg, and Jim Ricketts is very funny and stylish as her *nouveau* poor English cousin. Miguel Romero designed the impressive setting. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 947-4224. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

Perdido—A play by Soledad. Opens Thursday, March 10, and will run through Sunday, March 20. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

Quail Southwest—A play by Larry Ketron. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Romeo and Juliet—Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright in Shakespeare's tragedy, directed by Theodore Mann. Previews through Wednesday, March 16. Opens officially on Thursday, March 17. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Savages—A play by Christopher Hampton, with Joseph Maher, Stephen Joyce, and Mandy Patinkin. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sly Fox—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, Kenneth Haigh, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Alec McCowen, Michael Snyder, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. Starting Tuesday, March 15, Anthony Perkins will return to his role, now being played by Mr. McCowen. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,025 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF.** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) ... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Moves on Tuesday, March 15, to the Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursday, March 10, and Monday, March 14, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

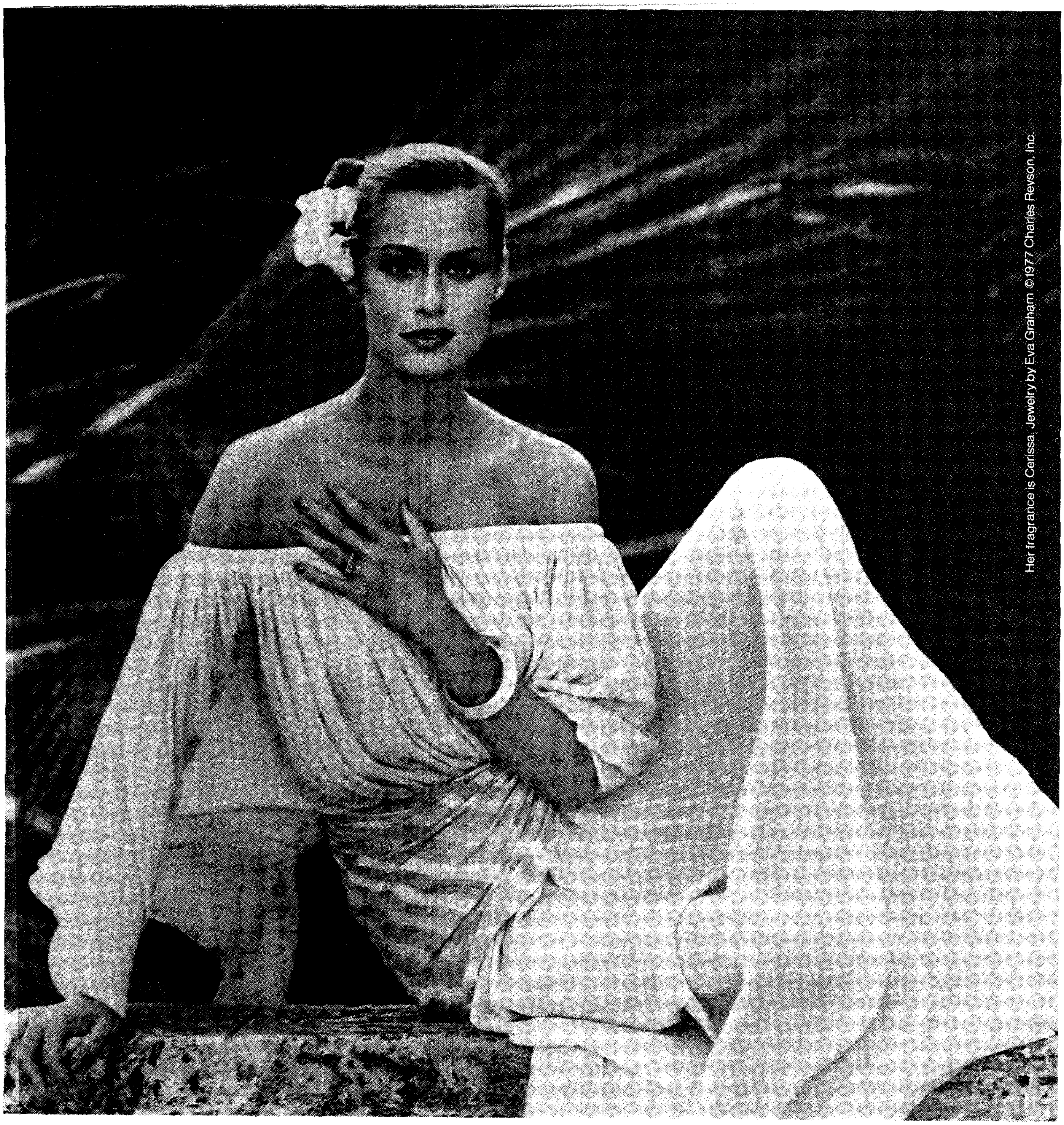
Mask & Wig—A musical revue, "S.R.O.," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, March 11, at 8. For tickets, call 244-4660.)

DANCE

Rudolf Nureyev—With Vivi Flindt, Johnny Eliasen, and Anne Marie Vessel of the Royal Danish Ballet, in a three-week engagement. The program: "Pierrot Lunaire," "Songs of a Wayfarer," and "The Lesson." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 20.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, March 9: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "Variations on 'America'" (première, with Mikhail Baryshnikov), and "The Consort." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 362-2600.)... ¶ Thursday evening, March 10: "Harbinger," "The Consort," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Friday evening, March 11: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "A Soldier's Tale."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 12: "Harbinger," "A Footstep of Air" (première), and "The Consort."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 13: "Waves," "Tzaddik," "Cortège Parisien," and "Excursions." ¶ Sunday evening, March 13: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 15: "Harbinger," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 16: "Waves," "The Gods Amused," "Cortège Parisien," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Thursday evening, March 17: "Harbinger;" "Tzaddik;" "Variations on 'America'," with Mikhail Baryshnikov; and "A Soldier's Tale."... ¶ Friday evening, March 18: "The Real McCoy;" "The Gods Amused;" "Variations on 'America'," with Mikhail Baryshnikov; and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 19: "The Real McCoy," "Excursions," "Cortège Parisien," and "A Soldier's Tale." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 20.)

Dance Umbrella—Final performances of a five-week season. **PHOEBE NEVILLE DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, March 9; Saturday evening, March 12; and Sunday matinée, March



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

13. . . . **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, March 10-11; Saturday matinée, March 12; and Sunday evening, March 13. . . . **MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday through Sunday evenings, March 15-20. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

TRISHA BROWN DANCE COMPANY—Performing "Line Up," a full-length avant-garde work. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 10, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, at 8; Sunday, March 13, at 2; and Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, at 8.)

BALLET INTERVIEWS—Carla Fracci being interviewed by John Gruen and answering questions from the audience. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 14, at 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

MILT JACKSON (Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. 260-0250. Through Saturday, March 12.)—The Modern Jazz Quartet, sweeping aside the eulogies and lamentations that surrounded its dissolution, has reassembled for a tour but is between concerts, and Milt Jackson, as has been his wont in his off time, is out on his own, swinging and effortlessly demonstrating that he is one of the great baroque improvisers. Free of the quartet, he stretches out his gnomish, jigging, geometric self and proceeds for chorus after chorus through his hill-and-hollow melodic lines, his reverberant chords, and his sun-on-the-water dynamics. But Jackson plays the wrong instrument. Had he chosen the piano instead of its neon cousin the vibraphone, he would have been close to nonpareil. He is accompanied well by the bassist **BOB CRANSHAW,** the drummer **AL FOSTER,** and **HAROLD MABERN,** a bold, swarming pianist whose right-hand lines cast sharp shadows.

GEORGE SHEARING (Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. RH 4-1600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five.)—Two brilliant pianists emerged from Art Tatum's nimbus in the late forties. One was Canadian, one English. The Canadian, a twelve-cylinder model named Oscar Peterson, developed an awesome, incessant technique (his solos *charged* out of the first chorus), whereas the English pianist, George Shearing, grew increasingly subtle as his skills developed. He assembled an immensely popular quintet (vibraphone, guitar, his piano, bass, drums), and for much of the fifties it struck a unique balance between pure jazz and graceful palatability; it swung, but it never agitated the natives. Since then, Shearing has dabbled in groups of all sizes, and recently he has gone out more and more on his own. He is one of the most gifted of all modern pianists. He is funny (both musically and verbally), his harmonic sense is limitless, he swings no matter what the tempo or the material, and he gets off breathtaking pianistic feats without dropping a stitch. Shearing's humor is given to puns (good and bad), put-ons, and nonsense, and a typical set in the Café Carlyle, where he will be through March 26, might include the verse of "Stardust" (he will suddenly play the chorus several numbers later), his own "Lullaby of Birdland," done "as if Bach had got his dirty hands on it," and a superb parody of his friend Erroll Garner. But he will also do a "Django" more mournful than any its composer, John Lewis, has ever performed, a petalled "Solitude," Thad Jones' lullaby "A Child Is Born," and Cole Porter's serene "Dream Dancing." **VICTOR GASKIN** is on bass.

●

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a posh SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the most engaging experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. Drummer Zahir Batim and his quintet, the Notorious Ensemble, are here through Saturday, March 12; on Tuesday, March 15, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES,** who is still best known for his work in the fifties with Miles Davis, will arrive with a quartet. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY,** a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

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BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—that may be too small for giving a ball but is just the right size for an intimate cabaret. The composing team responsible for "Jesus Christ Superstar," Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, is here through Sunday, March 13; and on Tuesday, March 15, Leonard Sillman will bring in a troupe of players to do numbers from his old "New Faces" shows. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in fine musicians to play in its cocktail lounge. The management puts them in the picture window on Fifth Avenue to lure in patrons, and the strategy is successful. If you don't have time to go inside and listen to Hank Jones, Roland Hanna, Walter Davis, or some other noteworthy pianist, you can at least wave as you walk by. **HANK JONES** is here through Saturday, March 12, with bassist **RICHARD DAVIS,** who smiles an excessive amount. Wednesday through Saturday, March 16-19, pianist Hugh Lawson will take over. Music from nine until two Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Trumpeter John McNeil's quintet performs Wednesday, March 9. Thursday through Saturday, March 10-12, **IRENE REID,** a powerful, expressive singer who contributed blues and ballads with the Basie band in the early sixties, will be present to do blues and rhythm-and-blues with her trio. Monday and Tuesday, March 14-15, pianist John Hicks will lead a quartet; and Wednesday through Saturday, March 16-19, saxophonist George Adams will head *his* quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone: On Wednesday, March 9, singer, guitarist, and ex-Byrd Roger McGuinn, who seems to be happily locked into 1965, is onstage with his band. On Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, Ray Stevens, the novelty-rock-and-roll-and-country-singer (the real novelty is that his records sell in 1977), will drop by. On Monday and Tuesday, March 14-15, Pure Prairie League, a country-rock sextet, will perform; on Wednesday, March 16, **JOHN MCLAUGHLIN,** who now plays acoustic guitar and Indian improvisational music, will bring in his quartet, Shakti; and on Friday, March 18, two young jazz players, drummer Lenny White and guitarist Pat Martino, will arrive with their respective combos. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner. Closed Thursday, March 10.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **JIMMY ROWLES,** one of the house favorites, works through Saturday, March 12; on Monday, March 14, **DAVE MCKENNA** will begin a six-night solo-piano engagement. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING** (see above) and his bassist are in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is reënsconced in the Bemelmans Bar, and it's a good thing, too. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** and her accompanist, Jimmy Lyon, are back again. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MAXINE SULLIVAN** has claimed the middle of the room, and her singing is supported by pianist **DICK KATZ** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** On Thursday, March 10, **JOE TURNER,** *the* Kansas City blues shouter, will return with guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT** and K.C. pianist **LLOYD GLENN,** who should have been presented to New York audiences years ago, especially since the death of Otis Spann. Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jr., Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, March 15, **HELEN HUMES** will sing along with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 13, pianist Rio Clemente will work with a trio from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Sunday, March 13, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** performs with pianist Nat Jones and bassist Earl May from five-thirty to nine-thir-

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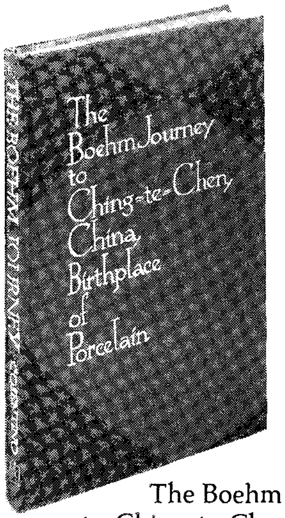
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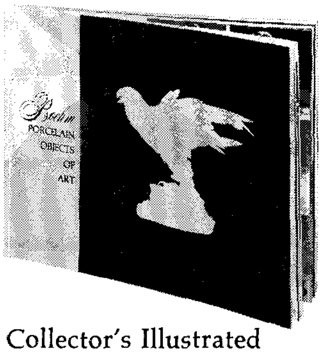
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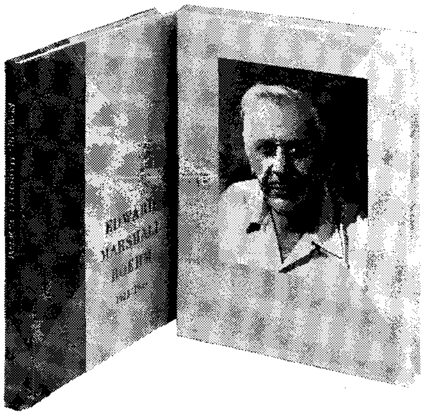

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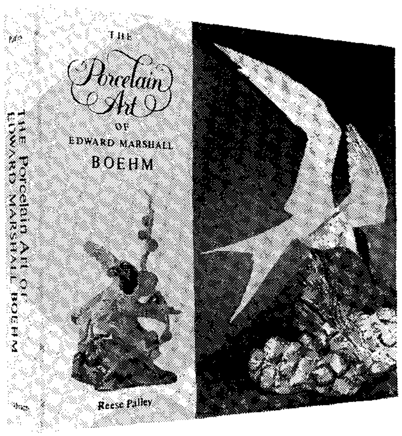
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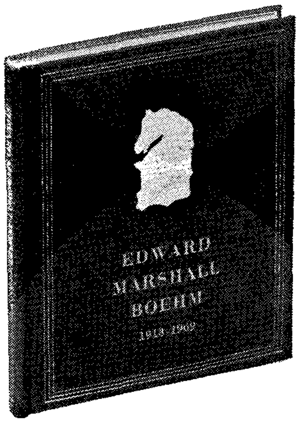
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ty. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-five-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And weeknights from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**MILT JACKSON** (see above) and his quartet are here through Saturday, March 12. **JOE WILLIAMS**, whose best work ("Every Day," "The Comeback," et al.) materialized during his six stunning bluesy years as vocalist with Count Basie's fifties' band, spends much of his time nowadays livening up the Wayne Newton circuit. Williams may live in Las Vegas ("I wouldn't leave it for Heaven—it's home, folks") and he may sing middle-of-the-road music, but he remains a rather special and exciting performer. Beginning Monday, March 14. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MC ALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** belong to the scat-singing tradition in jazz, but they are also good straight singers who do a lot for the ongoing "American Popular Song" program here. Their last night is Saturday, March 12. **MARY MAYO** and **JOHNNY HARTMAN** will be coming in on Tuesday, March 15. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand. Conga whiz and leader **RAY BARRETTO** will show up with his orchestra on Wednesday, March 16, for a four-night stint. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Saxophonist **JOHN HANDY** heads up a jazz-rock rhythm section through Sunday, March 13; on Wednesday, March 16, singer Bonnie Koloc will come in with her band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The preserve of the waltz, the fox-trot, the tango, the cha-cha, the merengue, the rumba. **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** has the band for them, and its quiet, sleek arrangements are faultless. On Tuesday, March 15, **SY OLIVER** and his musicians reclaim the bandstand. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Elayne Boosler, a comedienne who is sort of a hipper (but not necessarily funnier) version of Joan Rivers, finishes up on Saturday, March 12. On Sunday, March 13, singer Karon Bihari will begin a week's visit. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. Thursdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" in a small, seemingly fragile, direct voice.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Trombonist **CURTIS FULLER** is on hand with a quintet Thursday through Saturday, March 10-12; and Thursday through Saturday, March 17-19, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** will guide a quartet. On Sunday, March 13, from seven to eleven, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans, who usually play the West End (see below) on Thursdays and Fridays, will take the stage. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty.

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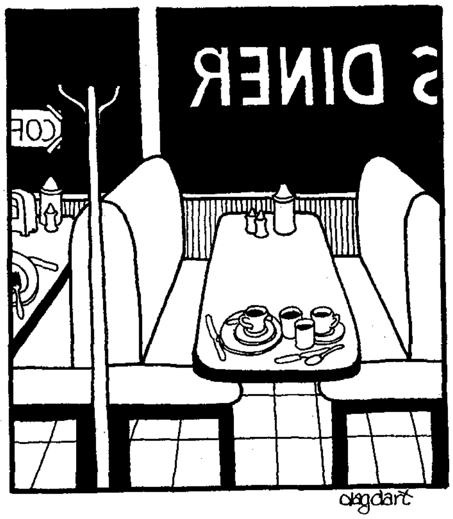
STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—The **NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS** will be here Wednesdays through March 16, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. The splendid personnel includes **DICK SUDHALTER** on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisterial **JIMMY MAXWELL** on trumpet, a reed section of **SAM PARKINS**, **AL GALLADORO**, and **EDDIE BAREFIELD**, and a rhythm section of **DILL JONES** on piano, **VINCE GIORDANO** on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. On Mondays, the **DAVE MATTHEWS** big band works out; on Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, guitarist **JOE PUMA** joins up with saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE** and bassist **JACK SIX**; and various other small jazz groups round out the week. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**RON CARTER** is here with his current quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Carter has lately taken up the piccolo bass as his main instrument when he works as a leader. The smaller instrument produces a considerably less full and, for some listeners, a less satisfying sound than his usual double bass, but Buster Williams' solos appease those listeners. On Mondays, Bob Mover, an up-and-coming saxophonist, leads a quartet. The hours are from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—If Grace Slick had a cabaret act it might be like that of Helen Schneider's, who is the current attraction in this pleasant enough club. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. The **CHARLES MINGUS** quintet works on Friday and Saturday, March 11-12; on Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, flutist **HERBIE MANN** will return with his band, the Family of Mann. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The very fine contemporary trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** and his group—which usually includes drummer **LOUIS HAYES**, bassist **STAFFORD JAMES**, and pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS**—are performing in these noble if smoky quarters through Sunday, March 13. On Tuesday, March 15, **ZOOT SIMS**, who plays dancing tenor solos, will arrive with pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and two other musicians. On Mondays, the seventeen-piece **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization blasts forth. Music from ten.



WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams heads a quartet that includes Eddie Durham, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **JO JONES** usually shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; and Thursdays and Fridays are given over to George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for a quintet that includes, at one time or another, ex-Basie-ites **BUDDY TATE**, **EARLE WARREN**, Paul Quinichette, and others. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 9, at 5:45: **MARTHA SCHLAMME AND ALVIN EPSTEIN**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 16, at 5:45: **BETTY WALKER**.

PETER ALLEN—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.

DONALD BYRD & THE BLACKBYRDS, MICHAEL HENDERSON, and KARMA—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, March 11, at 8.

MAONO—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, March 11, at 8:30.

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting, with Carrie Smith. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

DAVE MATTHEWS BAND—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, March 13, at 2, 3, and 4.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The third in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Harry Chapin) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 13, at 8.)

HEROES OF EARLY JAZZ—Eubie Blake and the Sam Wooding Orchestra, with Rae Harrison and Taft Jordan. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.)

TOMMY MAKEM AND LIAM CLANCY—Town Hall. Wednesday, March 16, at 8:30.

BREAD—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 16, at 8:30.

BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND, RUSH, and STARZ—A concert postponed from March 6. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, March 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

BILLY ECKSTINE AND COUNT BASIE—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8.

DOC AND MERLE WATSON, TOM PAXTON, and SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGHEE—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 18, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

EAGLES and JIMMY BUFFETT—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 18, at 8.

IGGY POP and BLONDIE—Palladium. Friday, March 18, at 8.

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8.

FRANK LOWE QUARTET—Top of the Park, Loeb

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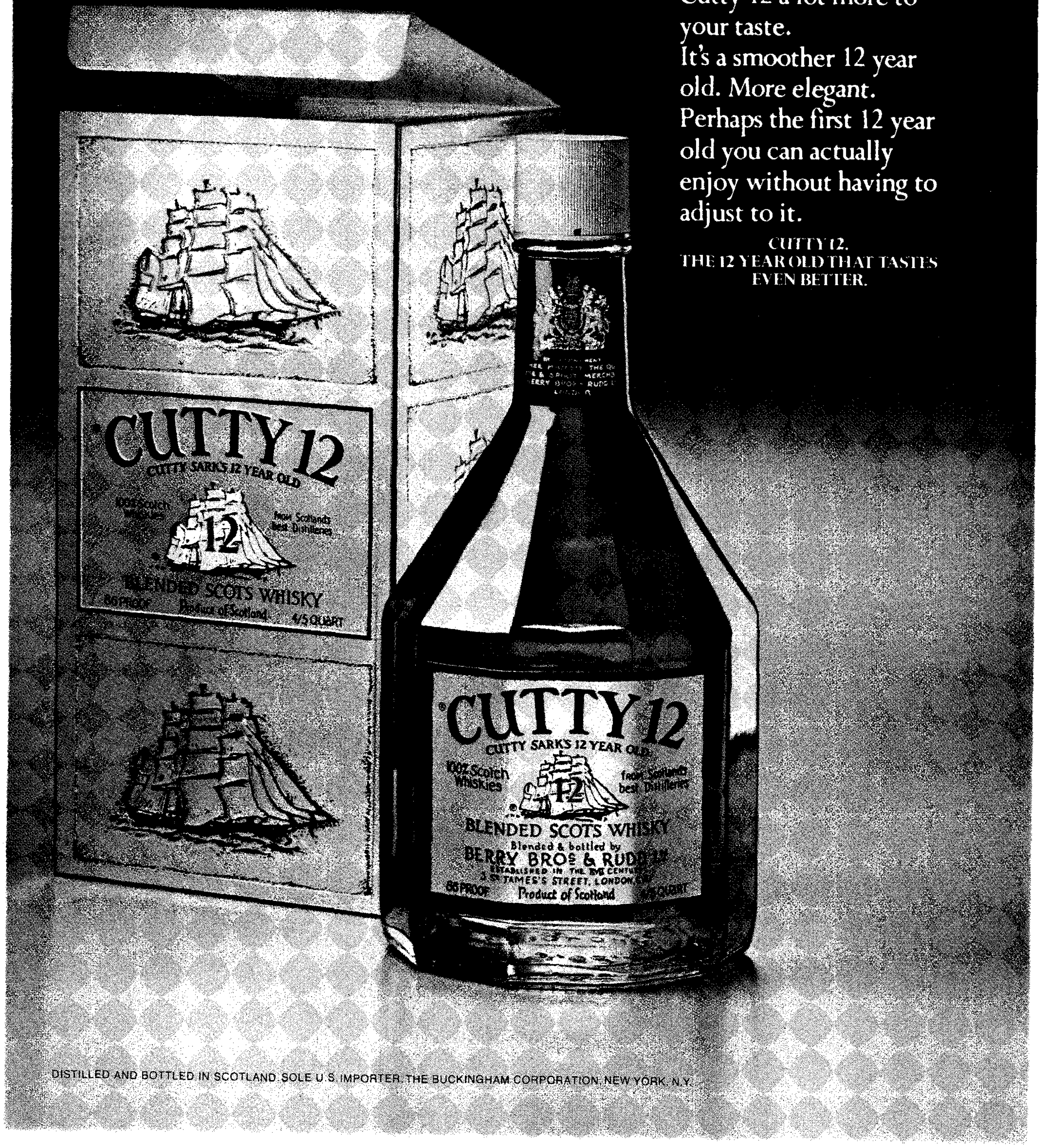
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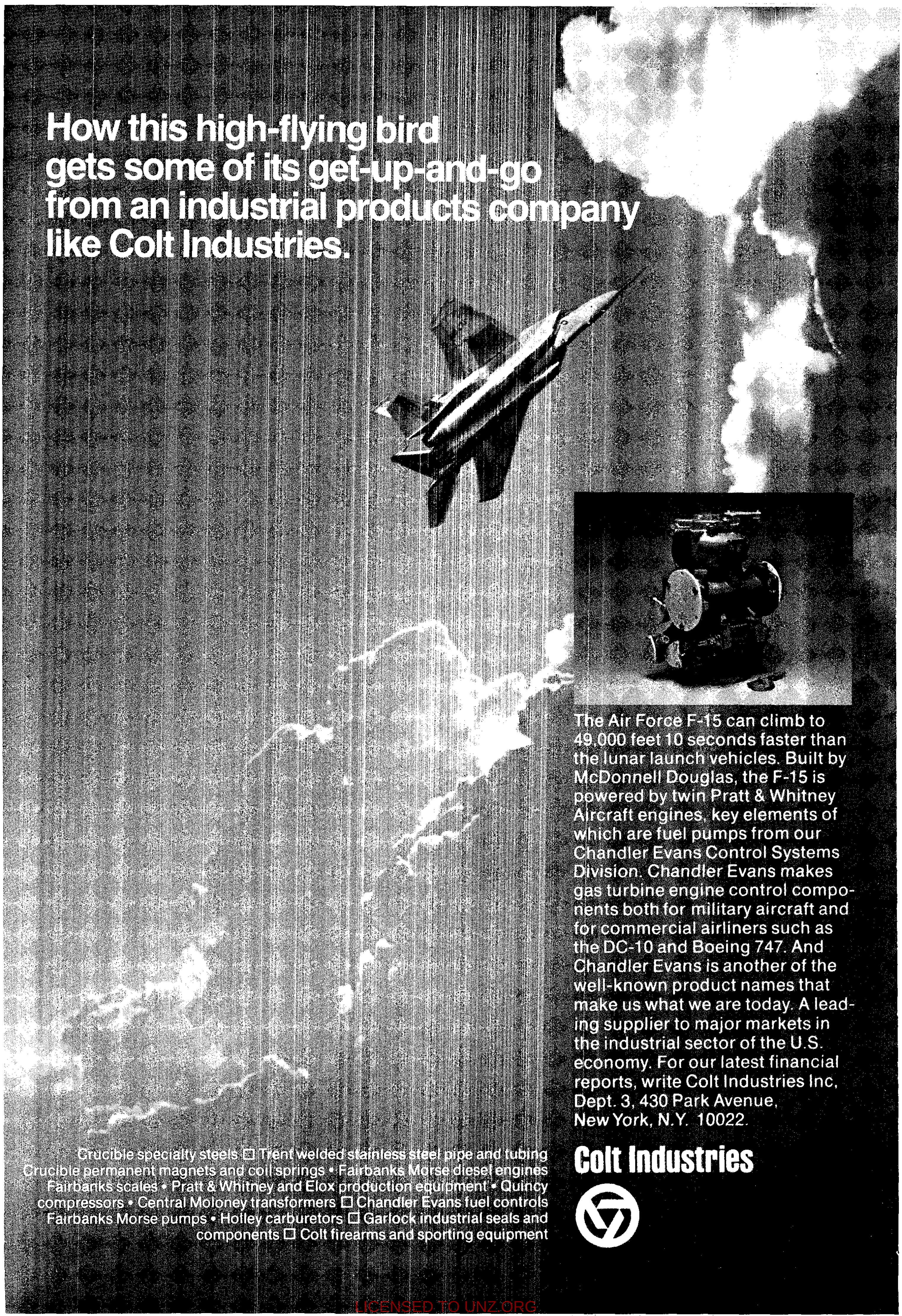

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.

Peter Gabriel and **Steve Hunter**—Palladium. Saturday, March 19, at 8.

Jimmy Owens—With Billy Cobham and the Collective Black Artists Ensemble. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Chet Augustine—Semi-abstract oil paintings with Futurist, Constructivist, Vorticist echoes by a young artist who often uses striped fabrics and pieces of crossword puzzles in his compositions. Through Saturday, March 12. (Noyes, van Cline & Davenport, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Will Barnet—Small, early watercolors and drawings, some of them abstract and some of them figurative, with a foretaste of the big graphics yet to come. Through March 26. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Richard Jerome Bogart—Romantic landscape paintings. Through April 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Painted cast-stone torsos, plus crayon drawings of elephantine creatures. Through Saturday, March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jorge Castillo—Carefully executed still-life elements (teacups, fruits, plants) in interiors that almost overwhelm them. Through March 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Douglas Davis—A series of six prints made in a variety of techniques and distinguished by the fact that four of them are hand-finished with impressions of the artist's ear, foot, and hand. Also other works by this Conceptualist. Through March 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Tony DeLap—Acrylic paintings on shaped canvases whose frames have been hand-finished by the artist. Through March 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Louis Finkelstein—Landscapes done in New York City locations. Through March 31. (Arsenal Gallery, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Llyn Foulkes—Humorous collage portraits combining painting and photography. Through Saturday, March 19. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Will Horwitt—Large, free-standing wooden sculptures (one of them is about ten feet tall), plus boxed wall pieces that incorporate both found and carpentered elements, not to mention panes of Plexiglas and slabs of stone. Through March 26. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Ron Isaacs / Scott Belville—Surprisingly realistic representations of antique clothing, frilly dresses, work gloves, and so on, all made of painted plywood. / Miniature art galleries (or sections of them) hung with miniature abstract paintings and in one or two instances provided with tiny Santini packing cases containing other works that can be substituted for the ones already there. Through March 26. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 12. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Julio Fernandez Larraz—Realist paintings, drawings, and pastels by a young Cuban-born artist who usually gets an enigmatic, almost sinister quality into his work. Through March 26. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Lindner—Nineteen works, ranging over the past twenty years, by this portrayer of gaudy characters who might have been cast out of the world of "The Threepenny Opera" for wickedness; a benefit show in this gallery's stylish new quarters. Through Saturday, March 19. (Reed, 120 E. 78th St. Opens at 1.)

Herman Maril—Recent works by this Baltimore artist, who paints with a kind of shorthand, doing interiors and landscapes, and seascapes that afford a glimpse of the ocean through a gaping cut in the sand dunes. Through March 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Graphics, including a complete portfolio of his "Jazz" stencils. Through Sunday, March 13. (Isselbacher, 1223 Madison Ave., at 88th St.)

Larry Mohr / Susan Moss—Open-form geometric aluminum sculptures. / Thickly painted abstract acrylic paintings. Through March 26. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John Napper—Romantic, realist paintings of the Shropshire countryside. Through March 31. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Gabor Peterdi—Recent semi-abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ludwig Sander (1906-75)—Large panels divided into two or three simple rectangles and painted in deep, vibrant colors by one of the pioneers of the color-field genre. Through Thursday, March 17. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

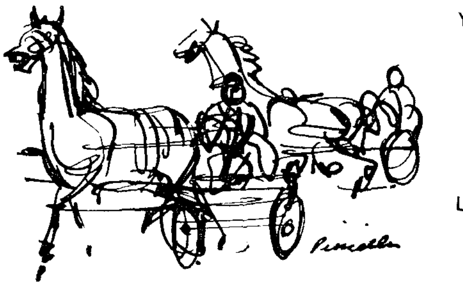
Edith Schloss—Flowers, birds, and the sea are the main subjects of this artist's deceptively childlike watercolors and oils, all done in the purest of colors. Through Saturday, March 19. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Karl Schrag—Oils and gouaches are the mediums for this artist's muscular renditions of the hills of Maine and the jungles of Jamaica. Through Saturday, March 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joan Semmel—Realist paintings of nudes. Through March 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Pierre Soulages—Ten paintings done over the past thirty years by this French Expressionist, whose work is characterized by big black swipes of paint that look like steel girders. Through Saturday, March 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: A hundred contemporary Latin-American artists, showing figurative and abstract drawings of exceptional style and elegance in mediums that include pencil, watercolor, and ink. Through March 27. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: American and English drawings and watercolors (nearly fifty in all) by Anne Ryan, Everett Shinn, David Cox, and others. Through March 31. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A refreshing exhibit of choice works on paper, small-scale sculptures, and fascinating oddments by such artists as Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell, Joan Mitchell, and Tony Smith. Through Saturday, March 19. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: In an exhibition called "The Art of Pastel," Robert De Niro and Paul Resika contribute figures and landscapes that have a swift, dashed-off appearance, and Anne Poor catches the stiff, brambly quality of a wintry landscape, finding a kind of beauty even in intrusive power lines. Through April 2. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some of the gallery's reserve strength has been brought out for display—a Pascin portrait of the French critic André Salmon painted on brown paper, with vignettes of Parisian high life in the background; a mistral blowing, by Soutine; one of Chagall's valentines; and a villa by Dufy with a glimpse of the sea in the distance. Through March 26. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: "Landscapes/Cityscapes," paintings and graphics by Vincent Canade, Louis Lozowick, and others. Through April 2.



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Barnes—A group of small narrative paintings centered on various incidents in the lives of Edward Trelawny, Shelley, and Byron. Through April 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Robert Courtright / Frank Keller—Collages made of small squares snipped from magazine pages, coated with gouache in subdued colors, and assembled in a checkerboard mosaic pattern; small squares clipped from autumn leaves are similarly arranged. / Abstract compositions consisting of simple geometric forms (inspired by Stonehenge) that have a textured surface achieved by the application of encaustics to the canvas. Through March 26. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Richard Cramer—Paintings, collages, and drawings by a colorist whose large compositions, called "light fields," are made up of color-field areas half the size of postage stamps. Through Friday, March 11. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Day—More or less abstract paintings in which the viewer is led through monumental chambers of some sort toward a distant glow; the walls in some of them have shadowy friezes, done in collage, showing long-ago musical and theatrical figures. Through March 31. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Sherman Drexler—In addition to the silhouettes of husky female nudes that this painter is well known for (his wife is a novelist who was once a lady wrestler), this exhibition includes a couple of canvases depicting horses and donkeys. Through March 29. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Etchings and woodcuts. Through April 1. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Herbert Ferber / Jeannette LeRoy—A new set of abstract paintings. / Drawings (pencil on paper) of bread, shoes, gloves, and so on. Through Wednesday, March 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—Fragmented sculpture—a head here, a torso there, and sometimes both arms and legs—molded from sheets of clay, fired by the artist herself, and assembled the way she wants them. Through Saturday, March 19. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sidney Goodman—Representational paintings by a Philadelphia artist in the line of Eakins and Sargent who has exceptional technical skills and an old-fashioned sense of dramatic irony—in a cityscape with high-rises in the background, a derelict nods in one corner while the rest of the world goes about its business. Through April 2. (Dintenfass and Sumers, both at 50 W. 57th St.)

Marina Karella—White on white canvases suggesting a landscape or a draped figure; first solo show in New York. Through March 26. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—A retrospective that includes his stark landscapes of Greenland in winter as well as graphics, textiles, and other works. Through Saturday, March 19. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Monochrome paintings, some in his characteristic piercing blue and one in flaky patches of gold leaf that flutter with the slightest current of air. Also present are examples of his sculpture done with sponges and his noted prints in which inked-up nude girls stamp imprints of their bodies on paper. Through April 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lee Krasner—Collages based on charcoal drawings done nearly forty years ago, under Hans Hofmann's tutelage, and now dimmed with time. They have been incorporated into recently done abstractions on large, sepia-col-

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ored canvases. Through Saturday, March 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Les Levine—A dozen pinball machines (Captain Fantastic, Fireball, Star Dust), which gallery visitors can feed with quarters while being cross-examined about their artistic probity by video questions flashing from boxes on the walls. Some of the machines are free. Through Saturday, March 12. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Forty-eight sculptures and a number of drawings, all taken from his Cubist period. Through Saturday, March 12. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—Wall pieces constructed of raw-looking handmade paper, most of it laced with colored twines and stretched on frameworks made of slender rods of fir. Other pieces are mounted in Plexiglas boxes. First solo show in New York. Through March 24. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Mogensen—A new series of this artist's multicolored spirals on solid-color backgrounds; the spirals in this group double back on themselves, having no beginning and no end. Through Saturday, March 12. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Vita Petersen—Pencil drawings done on a hard, glossy paper and depicting such varied subjects as bath towels and wash cloths hanging on a rack, a rumpled shirt draped over a chair, and cityscapes that combine reality and futuristic fantasy. Through Saturday, March 19. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Fifteen ladders, each about eight feet tall, some silvery and some white, leaning against the gallery walls. The backs of the ladders are in startlingly contrasting colors. Through Saturday, March 19. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Babe Shapiro—A new set of abstract paintings, made up of precise ribbons of graduated color which give the canvas an undulating quality—here concave, there convex, and all of it under a tightly regimented control. Through Thursday, March 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Matisse, Degas, Hemingway, Picasso, Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, and other members of that pantheon as they might have appeared on the streets of Paris in front of their favorite hangouts, whose façades are re-created with loving detail by a contemporary artist whose works have a primitive aura. Through Saturday, March 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the HEIDENBERG, 50 W. 57th St.: Large, sunny oils that resemble patchwork quilts, by Robert Natkin, charcoal studies of peasant women by Francisco Zuñiga, and shaped canvases in elegant stripes by Ilya Bolotowsky are included in this show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics. Through Saturday, March 12. . . . KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, dating from 1875 to 1950, by American artists, including Prendergast, Demuth, Evergood, Marin, Sloan, and Levine, and a surprising still-life, entitled "Breakfast Table," by Stuart Davis, done around 1915, before his style had hardened into its ultimate classic form. Through Saturday, March 19. . . . WASHBURN, in a new location, at 42 E. 57th St.: A 1943 exhibit in a stylish reconstruction: Marcel Duchamp's "Box in a Valise" (his own work in miniature), boxes by Joseph Cornell, and a series of small gouaches by Yves Tanguy. Through Saturday, March 12.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jack Brusca—Large, colorful canvases, some figurative but most of them enormously enlarged closeups of flowers, by an artist who has developed a soft and gentle form of Cubism. Through Saturday, March 12. (Bonino, 98 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

David Budd—Big panels of solid-color oil paint, mostly in tones of gray, laid on thick with a palette knife. Through Saturday, March 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Peter Campus—Short subjects seen on videotapes—for instance, a man's head being wrapped in countless layers of Saran wrap, which crackles as the job is being done. Through Saturday, March 19. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Opens at 1.)

Agnes Denes—Color photographs of edible substances enclosed in glass boxes and afflicted with advanced, sensational cases of mildew, illustrating one aspect of the effect of time and growth. Through Thursday, March 17. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Beryl Korot—Textiles, a five-channel video, and ink drawings that share similar visual characteristics. Through March 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt—This artist's latest crop of open five-inch cubes (he makes them, or has them made, of narrow strips of birch) take up a whole room in the gallery, giving it the look of a cave full of stalactites and stalagmites. The cubes are arrayed in mathematical progressions that could be used as models (greatly magnified) of cellular growth. Through Saturday, March 19. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Don Nice—New works, including watercolors of the Hudson River in all seasons, with tokens of each season—picnic leftovers, for instance—framing each work. Through March 30. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Ray Parker—New abstract paintings drawn on backgrounds of unusual color, with streaks of contrasting paint squeezed on directly out of the tube. Some of them evoke landscapes, some the human figure, and some simple caprice. Through Saturday, March 19. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Liliana Porter / Eleanor Hubbard—This artist pays homage to Magritte and Borges, who seem to merge into one hero in her consciousness, by making small-scale collages and photoetchings referring to their works—that apple-headed man, for instance. / The lower gallery is one huge cat's cradle of twine, on which Miss Hubbard has stationed bright-colored paper dolls and cutout kittens and dogs and other creatures who prowl the nursery. Through March 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

David Reed—Long narrow panels, most of them divided into three sections, one a solid bright color, and the others a single wide brush stroke (usually black) that frays out at either end. Through March 30. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Sean Scully—Large panels and diptychs made up of horizontal strips, about three-quarters of an inch wide, done in two shades of gray by a process of painting a background, taping over it with narrow bands, repainting the whole surface, and then peeling off the tape. First one-man show in New York by an artist well known in London. Through March 31. (Duffy-Gibbs, 157 Spring St.)

Mary Shaffer / Peter Gutkin—The front gallery is darkened for a display of lighting and audio effects involving columns of homemade glass studded with forty-penny nails, a wall that whispers if you put your ear to it, and random slivers of light in odd corners. / Wall pieces made of vertical shafts of rough timber faced with heavy plate glass, and floor pieces made of plate glass topped with thick slabs of solid steel. Through March 26. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Rosalind Shaffer—Painted wooden cutouts of figures arranged in street scenes. Through March 30. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Marvin Torffield—A forty-foot arc of birch plywood, seven and a half feet high, reflects sound aimed at it in a continuous stream from two loudspeakers, one sound merging into the next—waves crashing on the beach and seabirds piping give way to the creaking of a boat at its mooring, which in turn gives way to chimes, an accordion, a jet soaring past, a chorus, and so on. Through Wednesday, March 16. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Ken Waterstreet—Paeans to fluidity, consisting of Photo-Realist paintings of a splash of water superimposed on a greatly magnified detail of the same splash, resulting in what seems to be a wholly abstract design. Soap bubbles are given the same treatment, their iridescence stretching across the canvas like a web. Through Saturday, March 12. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

William Wegman—Conceptual photographs and ink drawings, usually visual puns. For instance, two drawings, alike in every detail, are entitled, respectively, "Duck" and "Decoy." Through March 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Lynton Wells—Vast, misty canvases in which lighting fixtures and their umbilical wiring can be made out among the potted plants of an indoor fernery. The paintings were done in oil and acrylic over photographs enlarged onto sensitized linen. Through March 26. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Tino Zago—Abstract works in which layers of wet acrylic paint are laid on and then scraped off certain sections of canvas, leaving an outline of colored ooze at the edges; in some of the later works, the scraping has been more vigorous, and there is more sloshing than oozing. Through March 26. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Robert Zakanitch—Wall-size triptychs on which greatly enlarged repeat patterns, suggestive of Mauve Decade wallpaper, are painted. Most of the patterns are floral. Through March 22. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Group Show—WHITNEY COUNTERWEIGHT: Fifty-five artists in a three-week, multi-part exhibit that will "stand in contrast to the Whitney Biennial." Saturday, March 12, through Friday, April 1, at Auction 393 and Yu, 393 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Cayman, 381 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Aames, 93 Prince St. . . . ¶ Rabinovitch & Guerra, 74 Grand St.

OTHER GALLERIES

Carlos Cruz-Diez—Paintings and graphics by an Op artist. Through April 15. (Galeria Venezuela, 7 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4.)

Herbert Kallem—Bronze sculptures. Through March 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Bob Lobe—A single large hammered-and-welded-aluminum sculpture, plus three laminated-wood sculptures, all of them suggested by rock shapes. Through May 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings from the last twenty years by a veteran New York artist. Through March 30. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Joe Zucker—Early works, including a massive composition, fifty-two feet ten inches long and eight feet high, in which silk screenings, paint, and textiles are incorporated, plus a series done in his more recent style—with paint-saturated balls of cotton—and called the "Amphora" group. Through Saturday, March 19. (Bromm, 114 Franklin St. Opens at 1; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Diane Arbus (1923-71)—A retrospective that consists of nearly seventy works, a number of them printed by the photographer herself. Through April 2. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

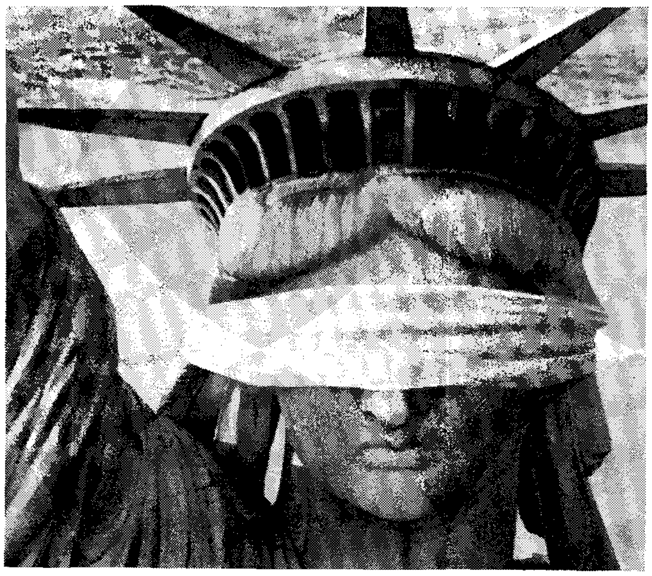
Carlotta Corpron—A series of light studies made in the forties by a onetime colleague of Moholy-Nagy. Through March 30. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A retrospective of two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, can be seen at the Brooklyn Museum starting Thursday, March 10. See below, under "Museums," for hours.

Evelyn Hofer / Naomi Savage—Sharply defined photographs of architectural details on building façades, as well as portraits and dye-transfer prints. / Photo-collages, toned-and-colored gum prints, and other works by a niece of Man Ray. Through Saturday, March 19. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tina Modotti (1896-1942)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a selection of her works taken in Mexico, about half of which

We need to have faith in the system, but not blind faith.



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are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Inge Morath—A retrospective of works by the distinguished Magnum photographer. Through Saturday, March 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Nadar (1820-1910)—A show of more than fifty portraits of artists, writers, and composers is on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Dennis Stock / Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959)—Dye-transfer and black-and-white prints whose themes are taken from nature. / Photographs of townspeople and cotton farmers in Heber Springs, Arkansas, made during the Second World War. Through Sunday, March 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Photographs and works on paper by Frederick Sommer; Michigan landscapes that include his family and dog by Carl Toth; and Conceptual prints, some in color, by Michael Bishop. Through April 2. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Photographs by Robert Frank, Lisette Model, Richard Avedon, and five others. Through Saturday, March 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers, and including the bronze "Little Fourteen-Year-Old Dancer" in her cotton tutu. Unfortunately, the show is padded out with works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas but seem here more distracting than relevant. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nadar. Through March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe, including the Barcelona chair and stool. Also drawings for his furniture designs. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Henri Matisse's nine-panel paper-cutout work, "The Swimming Pool," is on view on the first floor. . . . ¶ Landscapes in gouache by Australian painter Fred Williams. Starts Friday, March 11. . . . ¶ A show of posters made by Henri Matisse, Saul Steinberg, Robert Indiana, Larry Rivers, and others to announce their exhibits or other events. Through March 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Tina Modotti. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Through April 10. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by nine "promising" American artists. Through April 7. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of the American art scene, among the sensations (and mystifications) of which are Chuck Close's huge, incredibly detailed drawings of heads; Barry Le Va's sparse arrangement of slender sticks that occupies an entire gallery, including the floor; Ree Morton's cluttered assemblage of bouquets and ladders and printed words, called "Signs of Love;" and three of Duane Hanson's life-size, lifelike figures. Through March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Through April 24. . . . ¶ A review of the output of American women architects, explored through photographs and text, slides, and models. Through April 17. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Lewis W. Hine. Starts Thursday, March 10. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Caillebotte and architecture exhibits open at 1:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A travelling exhibit, from the Smithsonian Institution, of nearly two hundred art objects from Cyprus, the earliest pieces dating from the Stone Age. Through April 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood sculptures and decorative art objects from China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Royal Pavilion at Brighton is the subject of this show. Furniture and decorations from the pavilion, which has a distinctly Chinese interior, were taken to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria and eight of these articles have been loaned to the museum for this show. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of six of the collections that have been entrusted to the library includes drawings, early children's books, and manuscripts, among them thirty-five pages of Einstein's manuscript for his treatise on relativity, from the Heineman Foundation collection, here on view for the first time. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration." Through April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Sampler" brings together such items from the library's holdings as "Brooklyn in Winter" by Francis Guy, drawings of the American West by George Catlin, original comic-strip art for "Dick Tracy," and a model for "Orpheus" by Noguchi. Through March 30. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages by Al Loving. Through April 17. . . . ¶ Paintings and collages by Randolph Williams. Through March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 9: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 10: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Heather Harper, Judith Blegen, Rosalind Elias, James Morris, Lenus Carlson, Alma Jean Smith, Shirley Love, Andrea Velis, and Renato Capecchi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 11: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett,

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Richmond, Columbus, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs.

Régine Crespin, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 12: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 12: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 14: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Heather Harper, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, James Morris, Lenus Carlson, Alma Jean Smith, Shirley Love, Andrea Velis, and Renato Capecchi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 15: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 16: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 17: "Tosca," with Silvia Sass, Vladimir Atlantov, Ingvar Wixell, and Renato Capecchi; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 18: The Metropolitan's première of Alban Berg's "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 19: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 19: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 9, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Joseph Evans, James Billings, Richard McKee, David Holloway, and Howard Hensel; conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 10, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Richard Taylor, Guillermo Sarabia, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Clamma Dale, Gwenlynn Little, Susanne Marsee, David Holloway, Richard Fredricks, and Irwin Densen; Michael Charry. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 2: "Louise," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, John Alexander, Robert Hale, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elizabeth Carron, Sandra Walker, Lando Bartolini, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 13, at 1: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Roberta Palmer, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, Will Roy, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 13, at 7: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Glenys Fowles, Gaetano Scano, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 15, at 8: "Louise," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, John Alexander, Robert Hale, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 16, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Earline Ballard, Richard Taylor, Guillermo Sarabia, and Mark Munkittrick; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Lando Bartolini, and Pablo Elvira; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 18, at 8: "Louise," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, John Alexander, Robert Hale, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with RoseMarie Freni, Lando Bartolini, and Charles Long, and "Pagliacci," with Clamma Dale, Herman Malamood, Pablo Elvira, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Sherry Zannoth, Gaetano Scano, William Justus, Spiro Malas, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 1.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Wolf-Ferrari's "The Four Ruffians," in English, conducted by Imre Pallo and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 10, and Saturday, March 12, at 8, and Sunday, March 13, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call RI 9-2802, Ext. 504.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday, March 10, at 8:30; Friday, March 11, at 2; Saturday, March 12, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 15, at 7:30 (all with Rodney Friend, violin); and Thursday, March 17, at 8:30; Friday, March 18, at 2; Saturday, March 19, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 22, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello).

North Carolina Symphony—John Gosling directing, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano, and the Duke University Chapel Choir and Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, March 13, at 3.)

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Andrew Davis conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

Baroque Program—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Edward Brewer, Judith Norell, and Harriet Wingreen, all harpsichord, and William Scribner, bassoon. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 12, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Frances Walker, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 13, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 13, at 7, a benefit concert, with the Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 19, postponed from Feb. 5, at 8, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. All seats have been sold for this concert, and only standing room is left.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Abbey Simon, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Paige Brook—Flute, with Christine Whittlesey, soprano; Robert Levin, harpsichord; and a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.)

Eugenia Earle—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals, this one a program of twentieth-century music, with John Wion, flute; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Friday, March 11, at 8, and Sunday, March 13, at 5: James Buswell, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 15, at 8: A benefit concert honoring Alice Tully, with Leonard Bernstein, conductor; Judith Blegen, soprano; Peter Pears, tenor; Felicia Montealegre and Michael Wager, narrators; Osian Ellis, harp; Miss Robison; the Messrs. Buswell, De Peyer, and Wadsworth; and others.

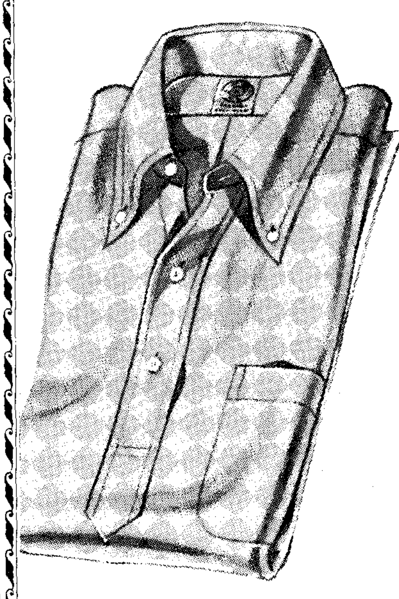
Waverly Consort—A program of music of the Italian Renaissance courts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 11, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 12, at 8.)

Frans Brueggen—Recorder. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Programs of baroque music on Saturday, March 12, at 8, no assisting artist; and Thursday, March 17, at 8, with Alan Curtis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 13, at 3, music also for transverse flute. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Music from Stony Brook—A benefit concert performed by Bernard Greenhouse and Timothy Eddy, cello; Peter Wolf, harpsichord; Isidore Cohen, violin; John Graham, viola;

Brooks Brothers



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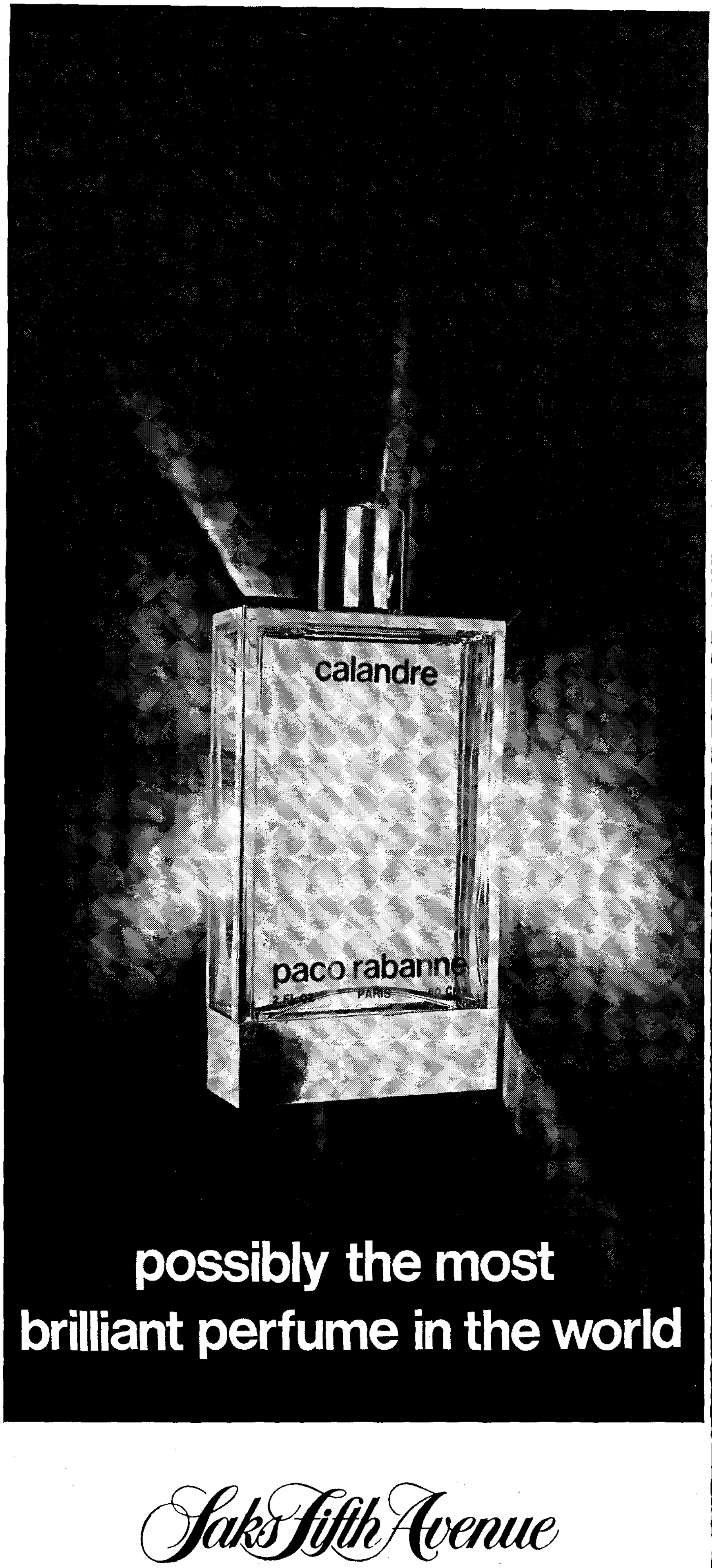


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 12, at 8.)

New Structures Ensemble—Harvey Sollberger and Daniel Shulman conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Ana Pelekh—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 13, at 2:30.)

Seymour Wakschal—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 13, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano, in a benefit concert, with the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Monday, March 14, at 8.)

Ruggiero Ricci—The second in a series of three recitals for unaccompanied violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 15, at 8.)

Charles Bressler—Tenor. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.)

Abel Carlevaro—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.)

James Tocco—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—With Daniel Shulman, conductor; John Graham, viola; and Andrew Thomas, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.)

Manhattan Brass and Percussion Ensembles—Paul Price and Cecil Collins conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 16, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Cleveland Quartet—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

Beethoven at the Y—Samuel Lipman and Jeaneane Dowis, pianos; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Hiroko Yajima and Lucy Chapman, violin; and Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

Carroll Glenn—Violin. (Hubbard Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 18, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 18, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Walden Trio—Baroque-to-contemporary chamber music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

Eleanor Steber—Soprano, in an all-Mozart benefit recital. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 3-0450.)

Fortunato Arico, Albert Fuller, and Charles Bressler—Viola da gamba/cello, harpsichord, and tenor, in an all-Bach recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 19, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Leon Kirchner Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Mr. Kirchner, conductor; Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and the New York String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 9, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Portland, Thursday, March 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Saturday, March 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, March 19, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Phoenix, Friday, March 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, March 13, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, March 18, at 8:05.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 11, at 8.)

Darts—United States Open Darts Championships. (Grand Ballroom, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Saturday and Sunday, March 12-13, at 10:30; the finals begin at 5 on Sunday. Tickets at the door.)

Gymnastics—The American Cup International Gymnastics Competition. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 12, at 2, and Sunday, March 13, at noon.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, March 9. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, March 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 16. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Cleveland Barons, Saturday, March 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 19, at 8:05.

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 12, at 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Saturday, May 21. Through Saturday, March 12, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be 1:30. The Swift, Saturday, March 12; the Correction Handicap, Monday, March 14; and the Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 19. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J., Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 19. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 19.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 30. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

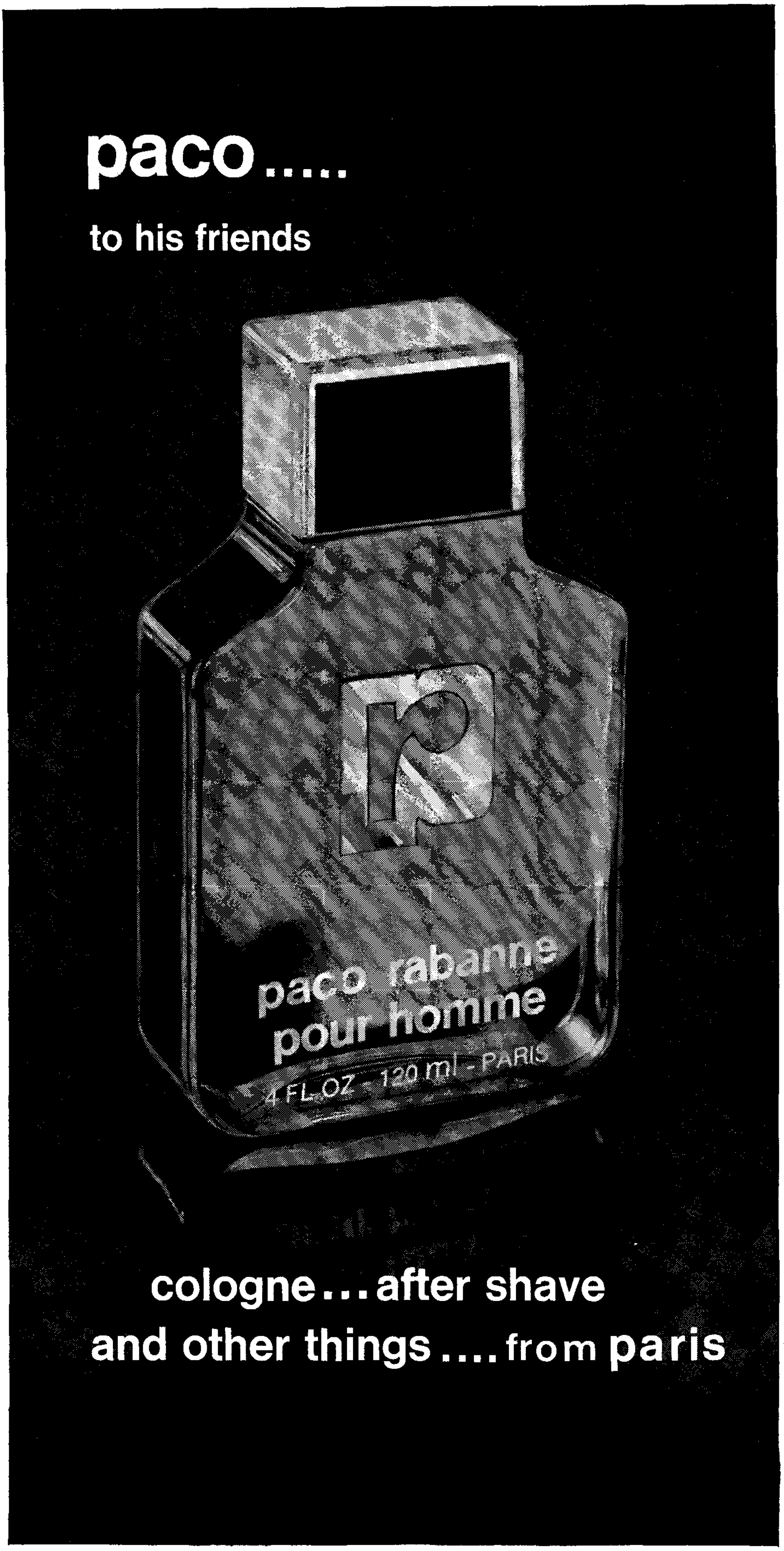
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—AT THE 92ND STREET Y: Jules Feiffer reading from his own plays and novels, Wednesday, March 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Robert Bly and Jean Valentine reading from their own poetry, Monday, March 14, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.). . . TOP OF THE PARK: Owen Dodson reading from his own poetry. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, March 10, at 8. Admission by contribution.). . . MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB: June Jordan, Nancy Milford, and Janet Sternburg reading from their journals and autobiographical poems. (321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Sunday, March 13, at 8.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, noon to 7.

Park Avenue Antiques Fair—American and European furniture, paintings, silver, and other relics, including jewelry designed for Catherine the Great, plus miniature period room settings. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 9-12, from 12:30 to 9:30, and Sunday, March 13, from noon to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 11, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 2: English furniture, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 16, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 17, at 2, and Friday, March 18, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, and works of art; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, March 11. . . . ¶ Friday, March 18, at 2, and Saturday, March 19, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades, porcelains, English and French furniture, paintings, rugs, and decorations; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Heinz II. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 12.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to his friends

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pour homme
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and other things....from paris

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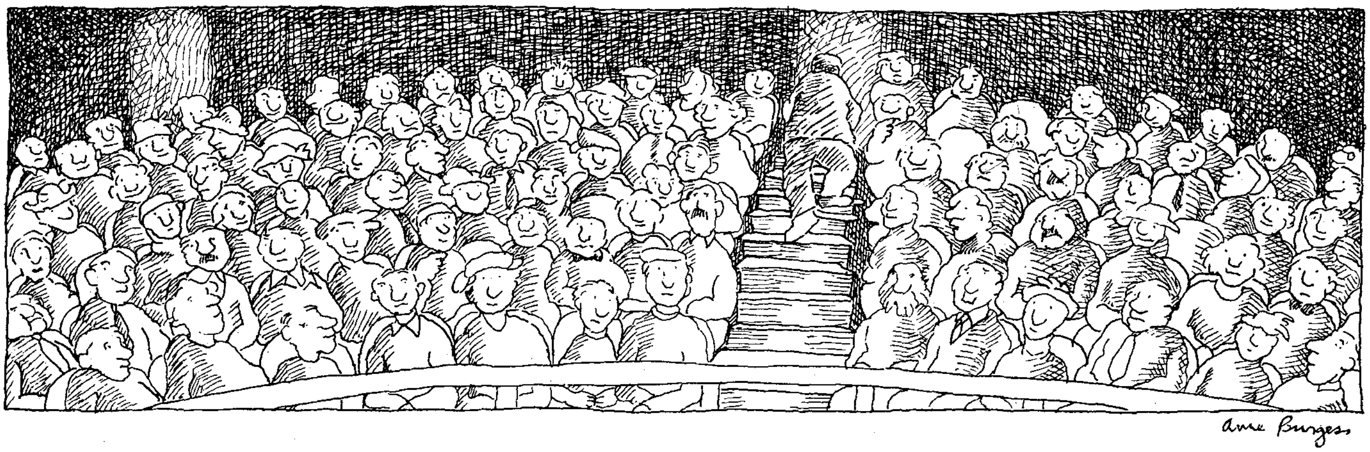
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 15: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "La Salamandre."
From March 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Rocky."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Slap Shot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Network."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Twilight's Last Gleaming."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Late Show."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Silver Streak."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 15: "Face to Face."
From March 16: "Voyage of the Damned."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pumping Iron."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
March 9: "A Star Is Born."
From March 10: "Welcome to L.A."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Islands in the Stream."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Network."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through March 10: "Sandstone" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?" (both X-rated).
From March 11: "The Great Texas Dynamite Chase" and "New Girl in Town."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"F for Fake."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Fellini's Casanova."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Rocky."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Mohammad, Messenger of God."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Wonderful Crook."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 15: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
From March 16: "The Sentinel."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Network."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Star Is Born."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Farmer."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Taxi Driver" and "Obsession."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Sentinel."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Silver Streak."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Rocky."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through March 15: "A Star Is Born."
From March 16: "Voyage of the Damned."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through March 15: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From March 16: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Network."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rocky."
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." March 13-16: "Now, Voyager" and "Marked Woman." From March 17: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" and "Deception."
Theatre 3: "The Marquise of O . . ." and "Claire's Knee."
Theatre 4: Through March 15: "Portrait of Seduction" (X-rated). From March 16: "The Autobiography of a Flea" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Swept Away" and "Seven Beauties."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mr. Billion."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 15: "The Cassandra Crossing" and "Shoot."
From March 16: "Marathon Man" and "Lipstick."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"All the President's Men."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away" and "Seven Beauties."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Network."
Theatre 2: "The Farmer."
Theatre 3: "A Star Is Born."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 15: "Misty Beethoven" and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (both X-rated).
From March 16: "Marathon Man" and "Lipstick."

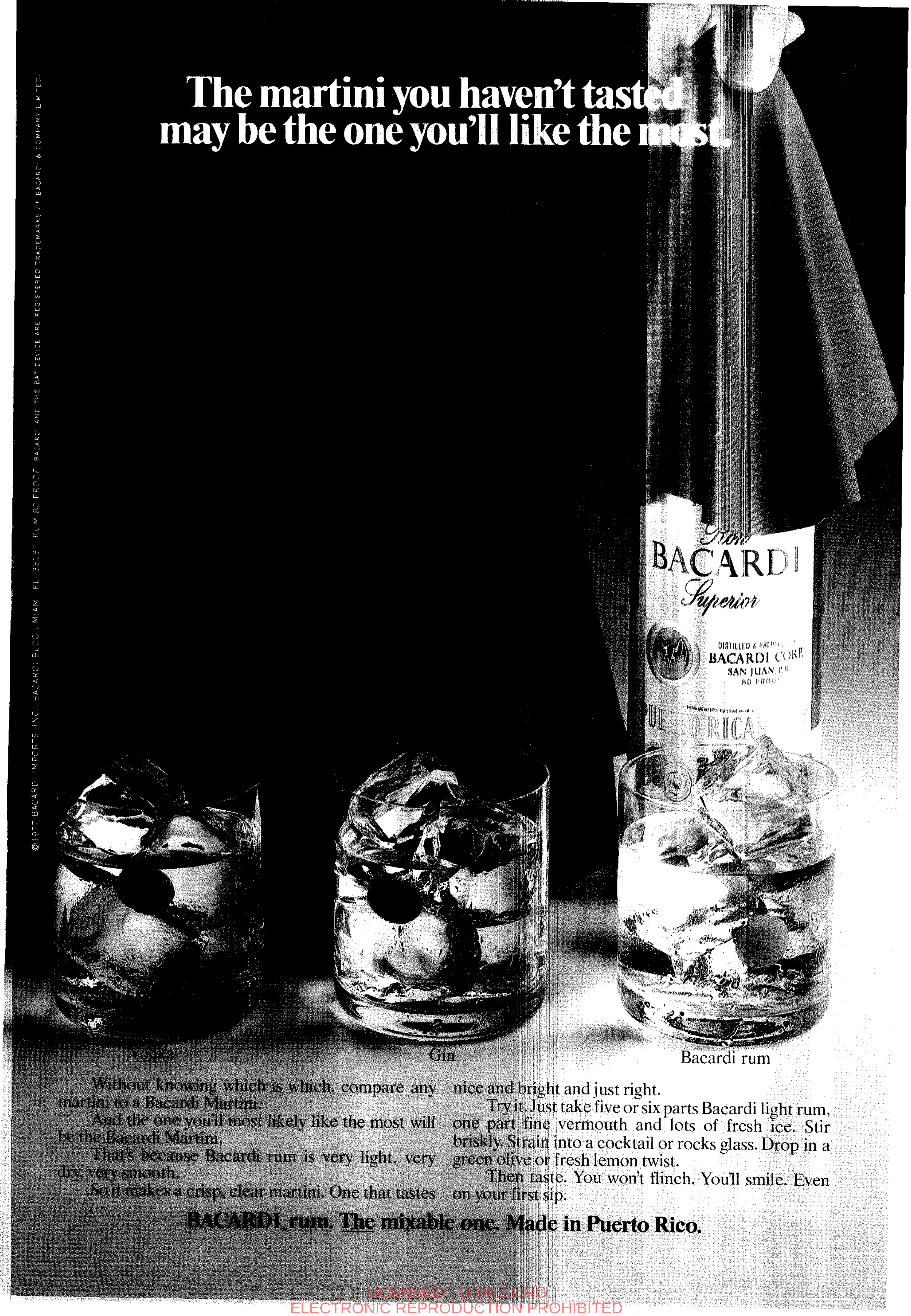
REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 9: "Lancelot of the Lake" (1975), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Luc Simon; and "Socrates" (1970), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.
March 10: "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, with Michel Simon, Jean Dasté, and Dita Parlo; and "Lancelot of the Lake."
March 11: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "L'Atalante."
March 12: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Nights of Cabiria."
March 13: "Sons and Lovers" (1960), directed by Jack Cardiff, with Dean Stockwell, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears; and "Women in Love."
March 14: "L'Amour Fou." (†)
March 15: "Deux Fois" (1974), an avant-garde film by Jackie Raynal; and "The Navigator." (†)
March 16: "A Piece of Pleasure" (†) and "Bad Company." (†)
March 17: "La Femme Infidèle (†) and "A Piece of Pleasure." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 9: "Le Petit Marcel" (1976), in French, directed by Jacques Fansten, with Jacques Spiesser and Isabelle Huppert; and "Noroit" (1976), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Geraldine Chaplin and Bernadette Lafont.
March 10: "Un Type Comme Moi Ne Devrait Jamais Mourir" (1976), in French, directed by Michel Vianey, with Jean-Michel Folon and Francine Racette; and "Sept Morts sur Ordonnance" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Rouffio, with Michel Piccoli and Gérard Depardieu.
March 11: "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, and David Wayne.
March 12: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.
March 13: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (1976), directed by Robert Altman, with Paul Newman; and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.
March 14: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), the first of the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "The Adventures of Sherlock

The martini you haven't tasted may be the one you'll like the most.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Gin
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Without knowing which is which, compare any martini to a Bacardi Martini.

And the one you'll most likely like the most will be the Bacardi Martini.

That's because Bacardi rum is very light, very dry, very smooth.

So it makes a crisp, clear martini. One that tastes nice and bright and just right.

Try it. Just take five or six parts Bacardi light rum, one part fine vermouth and lots of fresh ice. Stir briskly. Strain into a cocktail or rocks glass. Drop in a green olive or fresh lemon twist.

Then taste. You won't flinch. You'll smile. Even on your first sip.

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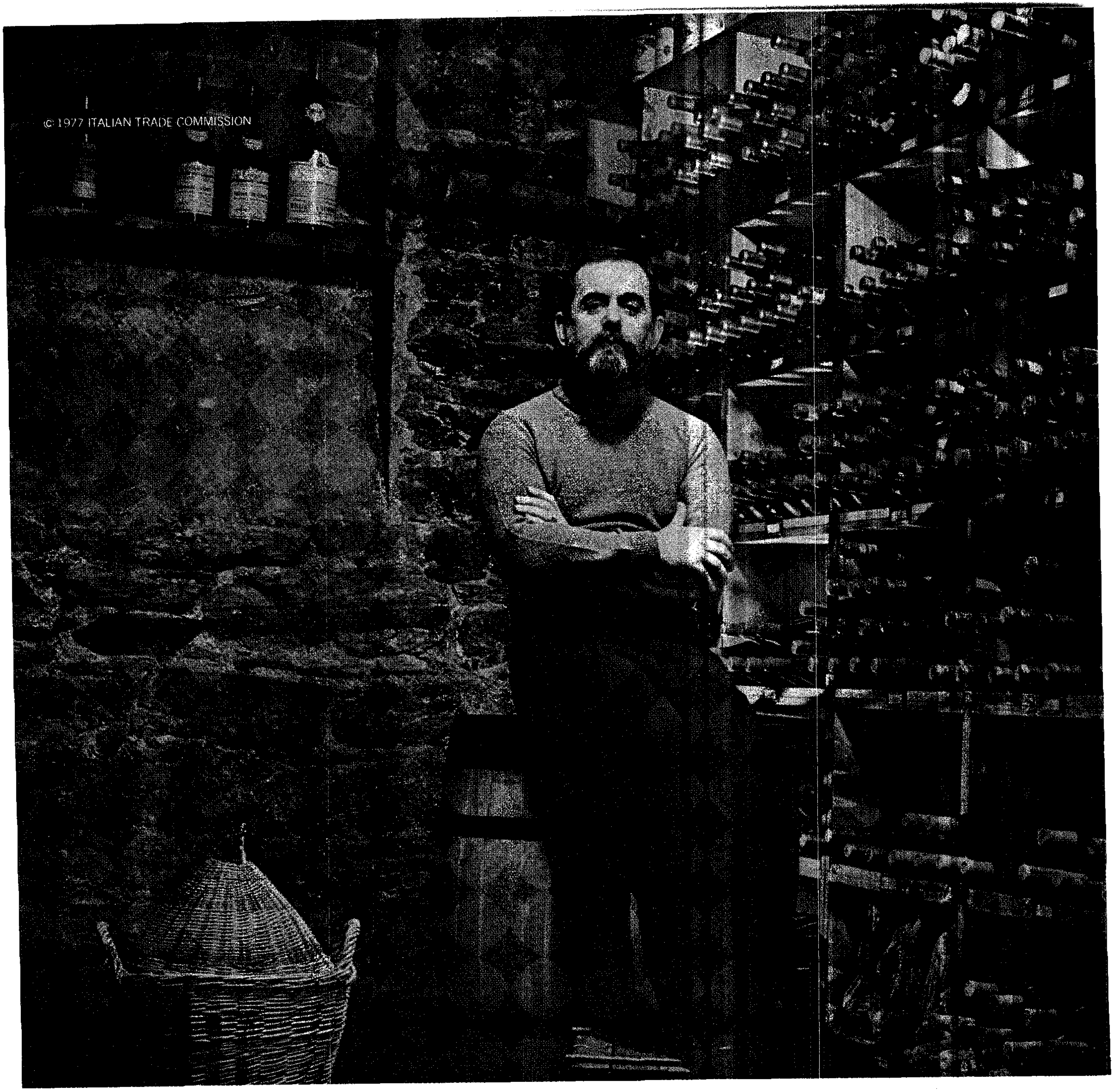

ROBERT JOFFREY
Choreographer, Oenophile

"Life should be good.

"To this end, I realize what pleasures I can.

"A rewarding performance, even a beautifully executed passage, is cause for personal celebration.

"So is a perfect wine. Some of my personal favorites?

"Certainly the great Italian red wines, with their own personal nobility. And what I like to think of as my own discovery: so many of the wonderful white wines of Italy, lightly chilled.

"Yes, life can be very good. Don't you agree?"

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"Some of my best wines are Italian."

Holmes" (1939), the second of the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

March 15: "Beach Under the Sidewalk" (1975), in German, directed by Helma Sanders; and "The Long Misery" (1975), in German, directed by Max Willutski.

March 16: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (†) and "A Married Woman." (†)

March 17: "Camille" (†) and "Camille." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 10: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

March 11-12: "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

March 13-14: "A Very Natural Thing" (1974), directed by Christopher Larkin, with Robert Joel and Curt Gareth; and "Something for Everyone." (†)

March 15: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

March 16-17: "Frankenstein" (†) and "Dracula." (†)

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

March 9: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975), directed by Miloš Forman, with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Sometimes a Great Notion" (1972), directed by Paul Newman, with Mr. Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick.

March 10-11: "Yellow Submarine" (†); "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary; and "Fritz the Cat" (1972), an animated cartoon, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

March 12: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.

March 13-15: "The Ritz" (1976), directed by Richard Lester, with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller; "Start the Revolution Without Me" (1970), directed by Bud Yorkin, with Gene Wilder, Donald Sutherland, and Hugh Griffith; and "Norman . . . Is That You?" (1976), directed by George Schlatter, with Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey.

March 16: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

March 17: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 9: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), directed by Alexander Hall, with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson.

March 10-12: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin, and Mary Murphy.

March 13-15: "Lawrence of Arabia." (†)

From March 16: "The Big Heat" (†) and "Beat the Devil." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 15: "Grey Gardens" (1976), directed by the Maysles brothers, a documentary with Edith Bouvier Beale and Edie Beale; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

From March 16: "The Marquise of O . . ." (†); and "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 9: "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Gracie Allen and Warren William; "Death Kiss" (1933), directed by Edwin L. Marin, with Bela Lugosi, Mona Maris, David Manners, and Adrienne Ames; and "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937), directed by Louis King, with John Barrymore and Louise Campbell.

March 10-11: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Stormy Weather" (1943), directed by Andrew Stone, with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

March 12-14: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire; and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

March 15-16: "Forever Amber" (†); and "Laura" (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.

March 17: "Trouble in Paradise" (†) and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 10 at 2:30: "Caravan" (1934), directed by Erik Charell, with Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, and Phillips Holmes. . . . ¶ March 10 at 6: "Love's Crucible" (1921), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 10 at 8:30 and March 11 at 2:30: "Johan" (1921), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 11 at 6: "Caravan." . . . ¶ March 12 at noon: "Vera Cruz" (1954), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster. . . . ¶ March 12 at 2:30: "The Wild Duck" (1921), a Swedish silent film, directed by John W. Brunius; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ March 12 at 5: "High Aspirations" (1921), a Swedish silent film, directed by Rune Carlsten; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 13 at noon: "Vera Cruz." . . . ¶ March 13 at 2:30: "Gunnar Hede's Saga" (1922), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ March 13 at 5: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927), directed by Paul Leni, with Laura La Plante and Creighton Hale. . . . ¶ March 14 at noon: "Granton Trawler" (1934), directed by Edgar Anstey; "Summer Silver" (1975), directed by Neville Presho; and "The Boardwalk" (1976), directed by David Shepard. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2:30: "Love's Crucible." . . . ¶ March 14 at 6: "Suckalo" (1969-70), directed by Ron Taylor. . . . ¶ March 15 at noon: "Granton Trawler," "Summer Silver," and "The Boardwalk." . . . ¶ March 15 at 2:30: "The Wild Duck." . . . ¶ March 17 at 2:30: "Les Deux Timides" (1928), a French silent film, directed by René Clair, with Maurice de Feraudy and Pierre Batcheff; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ March 17 at 6: "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" (1921), a Swedish silent film, directed by Ivan Hedqvist; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 17 at 8:30: "Häxan: Witchcraft Through the Ages" (1922), a Swedish silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen; English inter-titles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 11: A program of video films by Holt, Jonas, Kaprow, Mann, and Nauman. Showings at 11:30, 1:45, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting March 12: A program of video films by Nam June Paik, Segalove, Serra, and Sondheim. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Bresson, Cavalcanti, Brakhage, Beck, Buñuel, Dreyer, and others. Showings March 9 at 7 and 9; March 10 at 7; March 11 at 8; March 12 at 2:30, 7, and 9; March 13 at 8; and March 15-17 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"A City at Chandigarh" (1966), directed by Alain Tanner; and "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" (1975), directed by Ismail Merchant. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors but perhaps too good-looking for a newsroom. Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. A carefully observant film about the process of catechizing, the manner of political casuistry, and the courage of uncelebrated and endangered people. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Little Carnegie.)

L'AMOUR FOU (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

BAD COMPANY (1969)—Jean Eustache ("The Mother and the Whore") wrote and directed the two films that form this package—"Robinson's Place," forty minutes long and made in 1964, and "Santa Claus Has Blue Eyes," forty-eight minutes long and filmed in 1966. The first is about two Parisian boys trying to make out; the second features Jean-Pierre Léaud as a small-town boy who works as a Santa Claus and has more success with girls when in costume than when out. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Regency; starting March 16.)

THE BIG HEAT (1953)—It would be a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style and brought off a few stunningly executed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is a cop who ignores the orders of the brass and investigates a gangster (Alexander Scourby). Scourby's men plant a bomb in Ford's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. One of the gangsters (Lee Marvin) also throws scalding coffee at the high-living, tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame). Ford leaves the Police Department, and with Grahame's aid he enables the film to accumulate corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. (Regency; starting March 16.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Alfred Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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some alleviating comic moments. The film bears a heavy mark of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 17.)

Camille (1927)—There's not much life in this version, which assumed that the public was delicate and highly moral. Norma Talmadge mugs prettily; Gilbert Roland is Armand. Fred Niblo directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

The Cassandra Crossing—With Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Martin Sheen, O.J. Simpson, Lionel Stander, Ingrid Thulin, Lee Strasberg, Burt Lancaster, and Ava Gardner; directed by George P. Cosmatos. (Playboy; through March 15.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Deception (1946)—Exquisitely foolish—a camp classic. Alex Hollenius (Claude Rains) is the greatest composer in the United States; his febrile mistress (Bette Davis) can escape him only by shooting him. Considering that he has set her up in the finest apartment in Manhattan, swaddled her in ermine, drenched her in champagne, and taught her to play the piano with a skill approximating that of Rubinstein, some might regard this as rank ingratitude. But he's a venomous genius, and an epicure besides, given to wearing velvet jackets. He treats the cellist (Paul Henreid) whom she loves very shabbily—badgering him until he gets so nervous that he can hardly handle a bow. Irving Rapper, who had directed this trio in "Now, Voyager," let them run rampant this time, especially the leering Rains, who outdoes Davis in bravura. John Abbott and Benson Fong are also in the cast. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the music, with Shura Cherkassky dubbing Davis's "Appassionata." John Collier adapted the Louis Verneuil play "Jealousy," which had been filmed in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels and Fredric March. (Quad Cinema; starting March 17.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel rather than from the novel itself, and it becomes too stagy. It was a tremendous popular success, however, and started a cycle. With Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye. (Cinema Village; March 16-17.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Fine Arts; through March 15.)

The Farmer—With Gary Conway, Angel Tompkins, and Michael Dante; directed by David Berlatsky. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Cinema I.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. With Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17.)

F for Fake—Directed by, and with, Orson Welles. (D. W. Griffith.)

Forever Amber (1947)—It follows Kathleen Winsor's novel as if her words had been carved in sacred stone; maybe this literalness is what does it in, despite the best efforts of the director, Otto Preminger, to be colorful and gamy. In this view of the Restoration, all males are so feebleminded that a sudden glance from a female reduces them to gibbering lust. Linda Darnell is lusciously rounded but doesn't have the flash or variety to carry off the starring role; Cornel Wilde, Richard Greene, George Sanders, and Richard Haydn wander through unenthusiastically. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 15-16.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering Monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye, as the Monster's first victim. (Cinema Village; March 16-17.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Loews Tower East.)

The Great Texas Dynamite Chase—With Claudia Jennings and Jocelyn Jones, directed by Michael Pressman. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting March 11.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Cinema II.)

Islands in the Stream—With George C. Scott, Claire Bloom, and David Hemmings; directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Art; through March 15.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Sutton.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Regency; March 13-15.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Playboy, and Olympia; starting March 16.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting March 16.)

Marked Woman (1937)—Bette Davis as a night-club hostess in a story about protection, made by Lloyd Bacon. Davis has a fine scene of pegged-down fury on behalf of a fellow-hostess; she is always a sort of conduit to the most savage and primal emotions of women, and in this baddish film she has some big Hollywood/Ancient Greek emotions. Humphrey Bogart plays the man of probity, as an assistant district attorney. (Quad Cinema; March 13-16.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting March 16.)

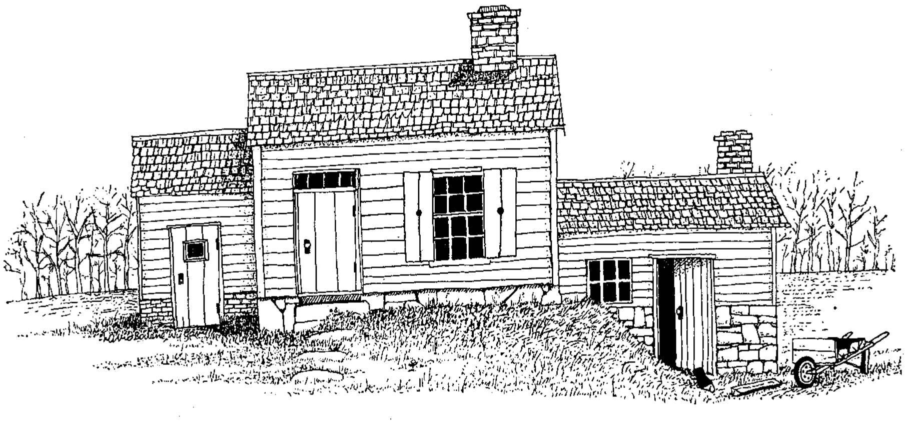
A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

Mr. Billion—With Terence Hill, Valerie Perrine, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (Music Hall.)

Mohammad, Messenger of God—With Anthony Quinn and Irene Papas, directed by Moustapha Akkad. (Columbia II.)

Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's fin-



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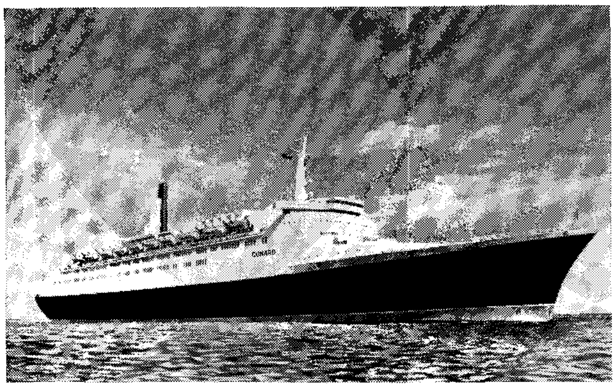

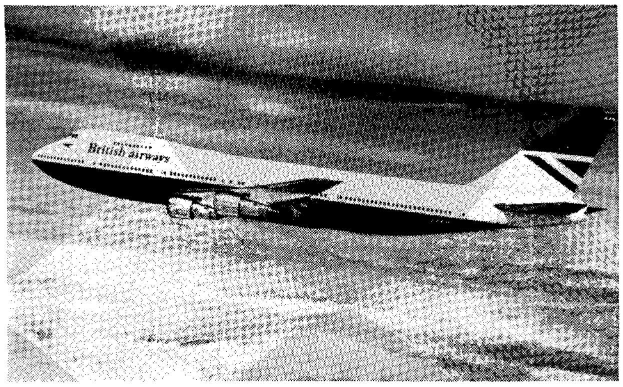

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est—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girl friend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears at a porthole in a portrait that petrifies the hero. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 15.)

NETWORK—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids, people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (34th St. East, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

NOW, VOYAGER (1942)—A campy modern tearjerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder. The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a crummy classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, and Franklin Pangborn. (Quad Cinema; March 13-16.)

OBSESSION—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma, enfeebled by echolalia. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. The ambiguity is a fake, and we know it. This is the difference between Hitchcock and De Palma. De Palma declines to give us the information that Hitchcock respects as necessary to audiences. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman called Courtland (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Is she restoring a Daddi? Pun? Because she is his daughter? Or is she his mysteriously renascent wife? Or is she a hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. The most interesting part of this picture is the relationship between Courtland, as a jumped-up Southerner, and his Old South partner, Robert La Salle, played by John Lithgow. (8/2/76) (Loews Ciné.)

A PIECE OF PLEASURE—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16-17.)

THE PINK PANTHER STRIKES AGAIN—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. Directed by Blake Edwards. (1/17/77) (72nd Street East; through March 15.)

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. His talents were in other directions; the role was totally outside his range, and the poor man seemed to know it. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multifaceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Henry Daniell, Leo G. Carroll, James Stephenson, Vincent Price, Donald Crisp, and Ralph Forbes. Music is by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Quad Cinema; starting March 17.)

PROVIDENCE—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3.)

PUMPING IRON—About the art and sport of bodybuilding, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. (Plaza.)

ROCKY—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Gramercy, Columbia I, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

LA SALAMANDRE (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Art; through March 15.)

THE SENTINEL—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting March 16.)

SEVEN BEAUTIES (1976)—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through March 15.)

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Quad Cinema; through March 12.)

SHOOT—With Cliff Robertson and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Harvey Hart. (Playboy; through March 15.)

SILVER STREAK—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double-entendres. (1/17/77) (Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Murray Hill, and Beekman.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Cinema Village; March 13-14.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Baronet; March 9. . . . ¶ Waverly; through March 15.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through March 15.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Loews Ciné.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 17.)

Twilight's Last Gleaming—With Burt Lancaster, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Eastside Cinema.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Marina Vlady, as a lower-middle-class wife turned part-time prostitute, is in the center of Godard's lyrical essay-film, but the "her" of the title seems to be Paris as well. Social comment, made in the most personal of styles, delicately. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (Fine Arts, and Waverly; starting March 16.)

Welcome to L.A.—With Keith Carradine, Sally Kellerman, Geraldine Chaplin, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Baronet; starting March 10.)

The Wonderful Crook—With Gérard Depardieu and Marlène Jobert, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's a beguiling catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Elgin; March 10-11.)

Rena Rowan and Natalie Perr for Jones New York.

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THE NEW YORKER

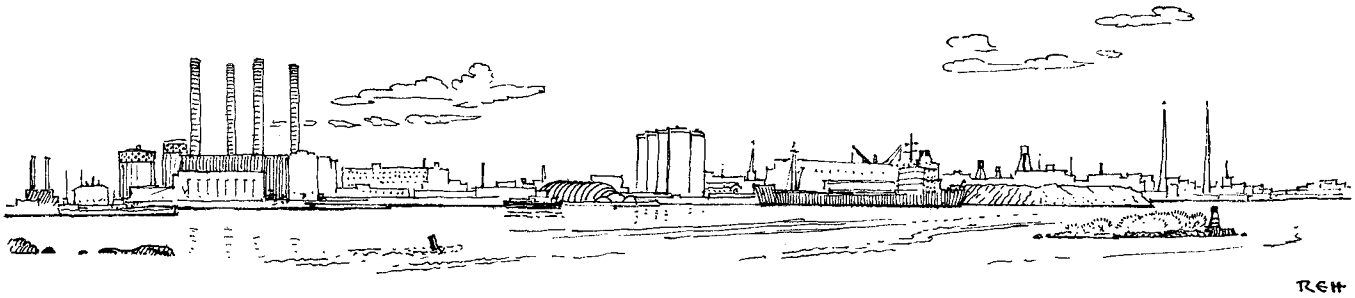
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

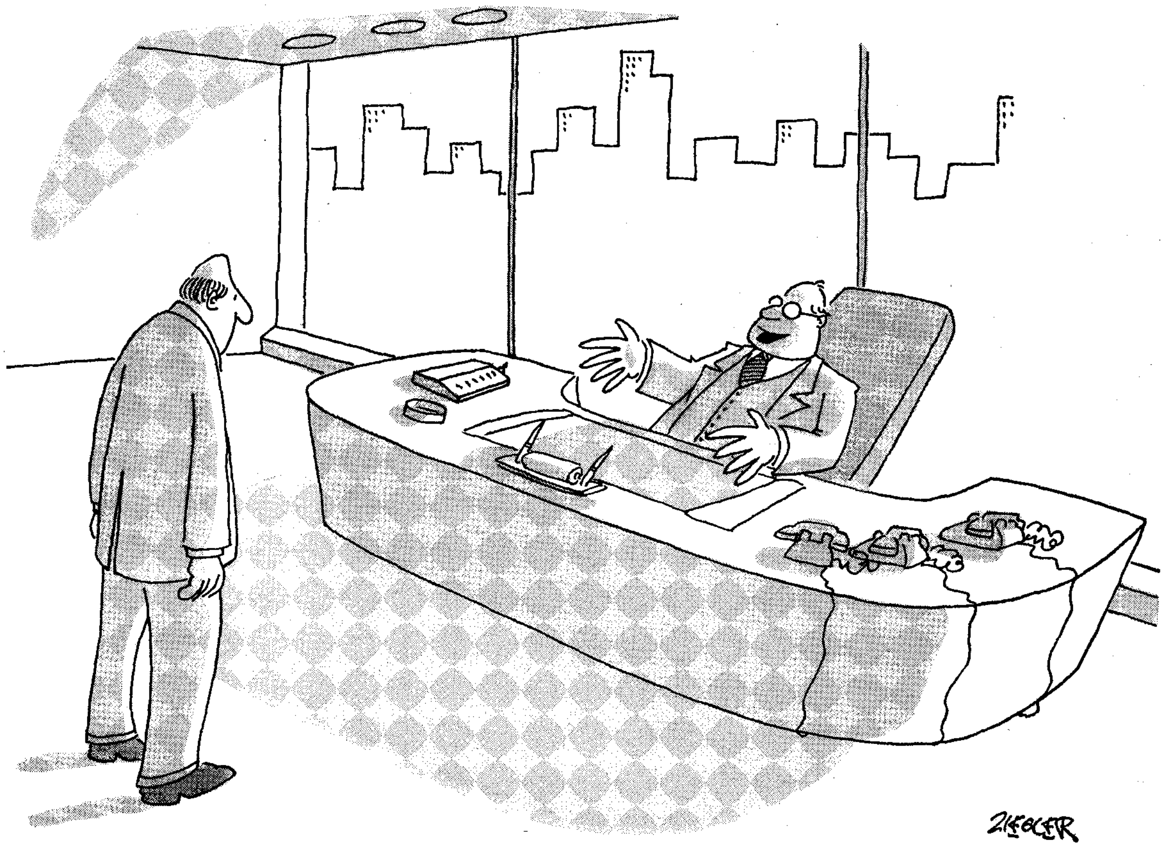
Notes and Comment

A LETTER has arrived from a friend of ours in the Village:

Last summer, in the months before my son was born, I spent part of every day giving Washington Square Park the once-over. Washington Square is the only park of any size in the Village, and consequently it is its main station for sunning and exercising children—activities that my friends told me I could expect to be devoting a lot of time to. I've never considered Washington Square much of a park (moist, grassy English parks or formal French gardens with long, conversation-inspiring promenades are my ideals), but holding the baby toward the sun on the front stoop didn't seem very plausible, either, so I decided to see if the park was as bad as everyone said it was. "Bad," of course, meant overrun with pushers, con men, drunks, and unpredictable crazies. Well, I found that it was and it wasn't. Like every other part of the city, the park is divided into territories. There is the children's main play area, a small fenced-in clearing equipped with a jungle gym, swings, sandboxes, and a drinking fountain, just to the east of the Washington Memorial Arch; to the east of the playground is the napping corner, where elderly Italians in shiny, well-pressed suits snooze on weekdays and rouse themselves on weekends to give free pickup mandolin-and-banjo concerts that draw huge crowds; the northwest and southeast corners of the park are usually filled with curious passersby; in the southwest corner of the park there is a smaller and rather pathetic rubble-strewn playground (three little hillocks that look like burial mounds, an automobile-tire swing, and a jungle gym in a style that I have come to think of as Lindsay-administration modern); and beyond it are nineteen concrete chess-and-checkers tables, which constitute one of the Village's busiest social clubs during the summer months. There is a fountain in the center of the park, and that is where the winos and pushers seem to hang out, and where anyone can see drugs more or less openly bought and sold. The catch in this picture, of course, is that it isn't a fixed tableau. There is a considerable flow from one turf to another, and, because this is the Village, there is probably more flow than in other places. Once, I saw a wino fall down in a sandbox. Small boys weave through the "bad" zone on skateboards all the time. The smallest children sometimes try to establish contact with people nodding on drugs, too, until their mothers snatch them away. The junkies stare glassily at the children, as if they were street dogs. On the other hand, the benches are always crowded with old bohemians, young bohemians, lovebirds, N.Y.U. scholars, eccentric old ladies, and benign flaneurs; street musicians wander in and out of the park all the time; and energetic mimes, jugglers, acrobats, and soapbox politicians provide wonderful free entertainment almost every day. The morning after Hurricane Belle swept through the city without doing the damage it was expected to do, I happened to be on one of my walks when a dozen or so dancers wearing red-and-white jesters' costumes and pointed silver hats cavorted around the fountain in what appeared to be a dance of thanksgiving. By early September, I had decided that the park was O.K. It certainly had become a tenser place than it was in the nineteen-fifties, when I used to come from uptown with a friend to smoke cigarettes in coffeehouses and watch city boys and girls a few years older than we were strum guitars and imitate hillbillies, but it still seemed fine. True, the rather beady-eyed chuck-a-luck, craps, and three-card-monte players had begun to spill over from their area, under the Arch, to the borders of the playground by the end of the summer, but, I told myself, I was a pretty fast runner. A child who was used to free, open space might find the whole place weird, of course, but not Village kids; they seemed to be flourishing there.

Then, on September 8th, in the early evening, there was a riot in the park, which resulted in one death and many injuries. The riot is still being investigated by the District Attorney's office, but a grand jury has indicted ten of the fifty-odd young men who participated in it, and found that the riot had been planned for two or three days and was racist in nature. The D.A.'s office rejected an earlier theory that the riot was started by some vengeful friends of a young man who had been sold oregano instead of marijuana by one of the pushers. According to wit-





"Bob. Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob. Bob. Bob, Bob, Bob. Bob, Bob. Bob. Bob, you're fired."

• •

nesses, a mob of mostly white young men armed with baseball bats and chains had run through the park shouting "All niggers out of the park!" and struck out at anyone they saw who was black or Hispanic-looking. Supposedly, this Village vigilante group had decided that most of the disreputable types who had invaded their turf were black (a conclusion not borne out by my own observation) and decided to take the law into their own hands. Of course, as is usually the case in battles, most of the people the riot was aimed at were not on hand; they had somehow heard that there was going to be trouble and had fled. Only those who were oblivious of the racial tension that evidently existed in the park were there that night, and one of these people, a twenty-two-year-old black man from the Dominican Republic named Marcos Mota, was struck on the head from behind and never recovered. Mota was a popular volleyball player in his own country and was in New York because he could earn more money here than he could at home. At the time of his death, he was working for a Manhattan moving company and apparently knew none of the people involved in the riot. A few weeks ago, when the District Attorney announced that ten of the twenty-seven young men who were arrested afterward had been indicted by a grand jury, he declined to say who was responsible for Mota's death. It is possible that no one will ever be able to prove who killed Mota. It is possible that no one even knows who killed him. An article in the *Village Voice*, a couple of weeks after the incident, pointed out that Washington Square has a long history of violence. In the late nineteen-fifties and early sixties, it said, neighborhood vigilante groups made up chiefly of young Italian boys patrolled the park and frequently intimidated "undesirable elements;" i.e., blacks, homosexuals, racially mixed couples, and what were then called beatniks. But, it went on to say, when the then Tammany boss Carmine de Sapio was defeated for the Village's Democratic district leadership by the liberal reformers, and the local bloods lost out to the forces of bongo drums and let-them-smoke-grass-and-do-whatever-they-want liberalism, it was inevitable that "once the park became a stage, exhibitionists and bad actors from all over town would show up to perform." The reporter deplored the racial overtones of the riot but suggested that Village residents had more or less brought the situation on themselves because they "permitted a blatantly criminal situation to flourish in Washington Square, and that situation generated a blatantly criminal response." The article went so far as to say that "thousands of Village residents were secretly enjoying the return of homegrown violence to Washington Square." Nonsense. People neither encouraged nor enjoyed the riot; they were simply helpless to do anything about it. The park's problems mirror those of the rest of the city, and no one—not the police and not the Washington Square Park Council, a group of well-meaning local residents who meet from time to time to try to cope with the park's problems—is much of a match for the deep currents of mob hatred that welled up on September 8th. It might have helped if the police had been quicker to arrest obvious pushers (I notice that since the riot there's been a blue-and-white police car parked near the fountain every day), but I suspect that, as in South Boston, almost any incident is likely to touch off acts of violence in a place where turf is so jealously guarded.

Happily, in this neighborhood there are far more people interested in enjoying the park than there are those intent on preventing anyone else from enjoying it. Four days after the riot, a Sunday, the weather was particularly fine, so my husband and I decided to take a walk in the park. It was fairly empty when we arrived, in the late morning, but by midday it was packed. Everybody was talking about the riot and looking around a little nervously, as if expecting another one to occur at any moment. A little after noon, a group of about twenty-five men and women dressed in dark, old-fashioned clothes walked into the park in two orderly lines, stationed themselves near some benches, and immediately began to sing. They sang old hymns like "How Great Thou Art" and "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder." The men wore plain, collarless suits, and the women wore long dark dresses and white cambric bonnets. A young woman stepped forward at one point and announced that they were Amish and from Ohio. Between hymns, various members of the congregation testified about the importance of God in their lives, and several tried, unsuccessfully, to get someone in the audience to come forward and do the same. When they had finished singing and reading selections from the Bible in English, French, Spanish, and German, an older man who looked as if he might be the group's pastor thanked the crowd for listening so politely and said that it was amazing to him, coming from Sugarcreek, Ohio, as he did, to look out and see so many different sorts of people standing around in one place. "You're lucky," he said, "because you see so many examples here of the unsearchable riches of the human spirit." That pretty much sums up how I feel about the park, its difficulties notwithstanding, so this spring there will be one more citizen on hand in the playground, accompanied by one more sharp-eyed parent coiled for action.

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Annie

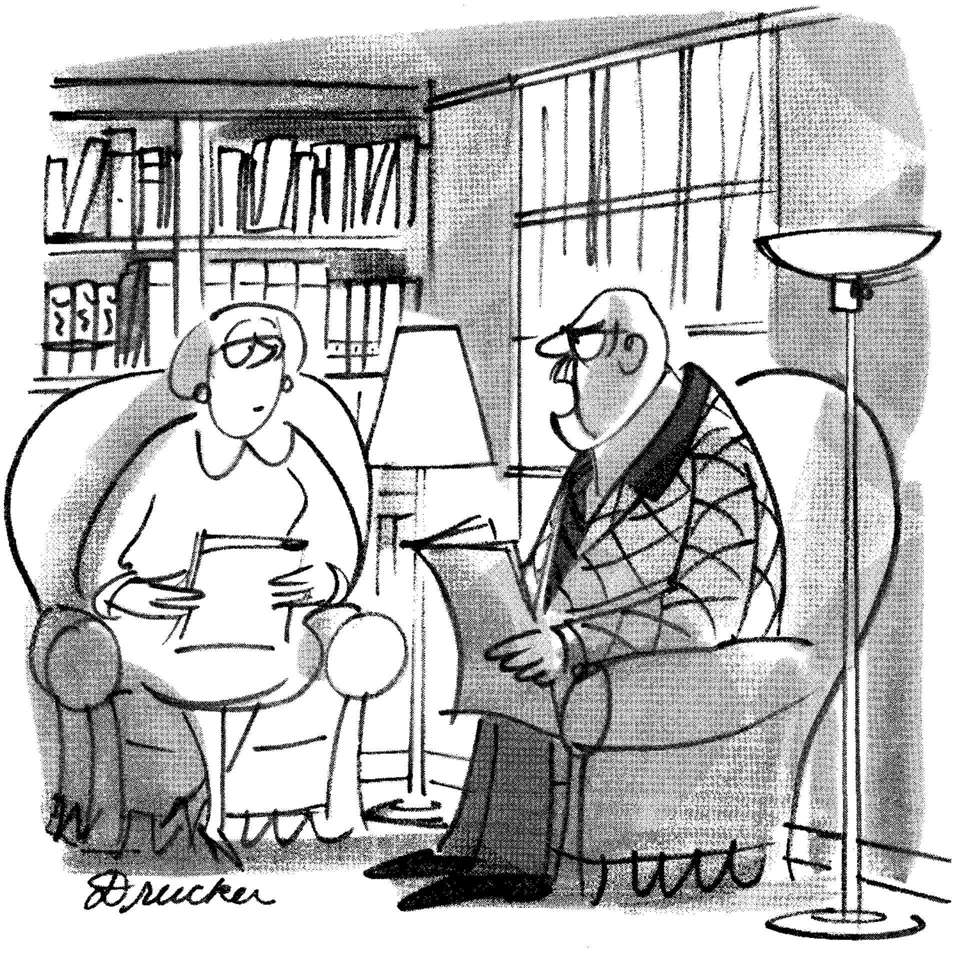
CONSIDERING the brief amount of time that she's spent in the limelight, Andrea McArdle has an impressive familiarity with several of the classic vagaries and rites of show biz. At the moment, Andrea, who is thirteen, has the title role in a new musical comedy called "Annie," based upon "Little Orphan Annie." The show opens on Broadway, at the Alvin Theatre, next month, after a five-week run that is now under way at the Kennedy Center, in Washington. Before going on the road, the cast spent five weeks rehearsing in New York, and it was during their next-to-last day in town that Andrea seized the opportunity to give new meaning to that meaningless theatrical axiom "Break a leg!" This happened while she was running down some stage stairs at the Alvin and an unseen iron pipe got in the way of her right kneecap. Fortunately, the only thing that broke was a blood vessel, and when we watched her run—or, rather, limp—through a rehearsal the next day, at a rehearsal hall on Broadway, Andrea seemed to have accepted the incident with professional calm. Her limp, however, was compelling and convincing. In fact, inasmuch as Andrea's Annie is supposed to be street-smart and resilient, it occurs to us that the limp might be worth keeping in the show even after the knee heals.

During the rehearsal, Andrea's only significant departure from the script came when she forgot to say "Leapin' lizards!" upon seeing Daddy Warbucks' mansion for the first time. Because this wasn't a dress rehearsal, we didn't get to see how Andrea—whose brown hair has recently been dyed auburn—will look in the frizzy bright-red wig she wears at the end of Act II. Instead, she wore a T-shirt, tennis shoes, and a blue jumpsuit that said, in large white letters running down her left leg, "SPECIAL HANDLING." This was, of course, better treatment than she had offered her right leg the day before, and far better consideration than Sandy, Annie's scraggly blond mongrel dog, got during the rehearsal. Twice, Sandy failed to bark or roll over on cue, and several other times he ad-libbed whining yelps. These improvisations were not well received by the director, Martin Charnin, and Sandy's standard reward for stepping out of character was a sharp swat from his owner, Bill Berloni.

When the rehearsal ended, we were introduced to Andrea McArdle. She looks like a plausible Little Orphan Annie, and when she shook hands she gave us the same smile that we had seen her flash during the play's second act, when she goes to the White House to meet Franklin Roosevelt. Last summer, during a previous incarnation of the musical, at the Goodspeed Opera House, in East Haddam, Connecticut, Andrea was suddenly plucked from a supporting cast of six orphans and given the part of Annie, a role that she had to learn in two days. Since that early production, the show has changed quite a bit. "It's not just the words and songs, it's the *traffic*, too," Andrea told us. "Everything's changed. But now it's *frozen*." Andrea added that offstage she gets along fine with all of the other orphans, and she specifically mentioned that Danielle Brisebois, a seven-year-old who steals a couple of scenes, is "a good kid." Also, as far as she can tell, there are no egregious stage mothers associated with "Annie."

Andrea's own mother, Phyllis McArdle, was waiting to drive her to an appointment to tape a television show, and we were permitted to go along for the ride.

"I've got your dress and I talked to *Playbill*," Mrs. McArdle said to Andrea as we waited for an elevator. "They wanted to know your favorite foods. I told them peanut butter,



"Unless controls are lifted, this country's going to run out of everything!"

honey, lasagna, and lobster Cantonese.”

“By the way, did you bring my yogurt?” Andrea asked.

“Gee, I’m sorry. I forgot,” Mrs. McArdle said.

Outside, Mrs. McArdle loaded some things into the back of a station wagon she had borrowed for the day, looked skeptically at the rain and the afternoon rush-hour traffic, and began to drive. As she did, Andrea talked. “I was having a little problem during the rehearsal today,” she said. “I was really screeching on some of those notes. Onstage, I hope it comes out different. When I first had to take over the part of Annie, I had to learn it so quickly, and I wasn’t sure how it would turn out. And it wasn’t that the girl that was playing Annie wasn’t good. She was very good, and she sings beautifully. But then I had the part of the tough orphan in the cast—the one who always gives Annie a hard time—and the director realized that he wanted an Annie who behaved that way. She has to be tough. The play takes place during the Depression, and how is she going to get along if she isn’t tough? They wanted more sarcas— . . . sarcas-as-mah . . . sarcasm. I have trouble saying that word, but I guess that’s what I have.”

In this Style 10/6

At one point during the drive crosstown, we asked Andrea, who comes from Philadelphia, what it was like to work in New York.

Her mother answered the question. “She’s been in a soap opera for two and a half years, so it’s not that new for us. We come in quite often. Right now, three of the orphans and one of the adult cast members come from Philadelphia, so it makes commuting for rehearsals and everything easier.”

We asked how Philadelphia happens to be so well represented in “Annie.”

“When you talk about talent, there’s more singing-oriented talent in Philadelphia,” said Mrs. McArdle. “In New York, there are plenty of good actors, but Philadelphia just has better music training.”

“I don’t think you want to be quoted saying that,” said Andrea.

“But it’s true, Andrea,” her mother insisted.

“The point is,” said Andrea, “there are a lot of places you can sing in Philadelphia, like the U.S.O. variety shows. In New York, you only get a chance to audition, and in Philadelphia, instead of an audition, you wind up with a part in a small show. In New York, until you make it big you don’t really make it at all.”

Mrs. McArdle paused a moment, as if to catch her breath, and said, “That’s *very* good, Andrea. I’m impressed. You know, I’ve been listening to you answer questions lately, and you’ve said some very smart things. That’s good.”

We glanced at Andrea McArdle, who sat in the back seat. She shrugged.

Presidential Roots

WE’VE been looking into President Carter’s background recently, and we came across two articles—one, in *Georgia Life*, by Kenneth Thomas, a historian with the Georgia Department of Natural Resources, and the other, in the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution Magazine*, by Margaret Shannon, a staff writer for the Sunday supplement. Through them, we have been able to trace the Georgia branch of President Carter’s family back to a couple of adventurous brothers, Kindred and James Carter, who pushed south into Georgia from North Carolina and acquired land west of Augusta, then the state capital. James settled in what is now Warren County; Kindred, who is President Carter’s direct ancestor, es-

"I'm glad you dropped by, Morris. I was awash in idle thought."

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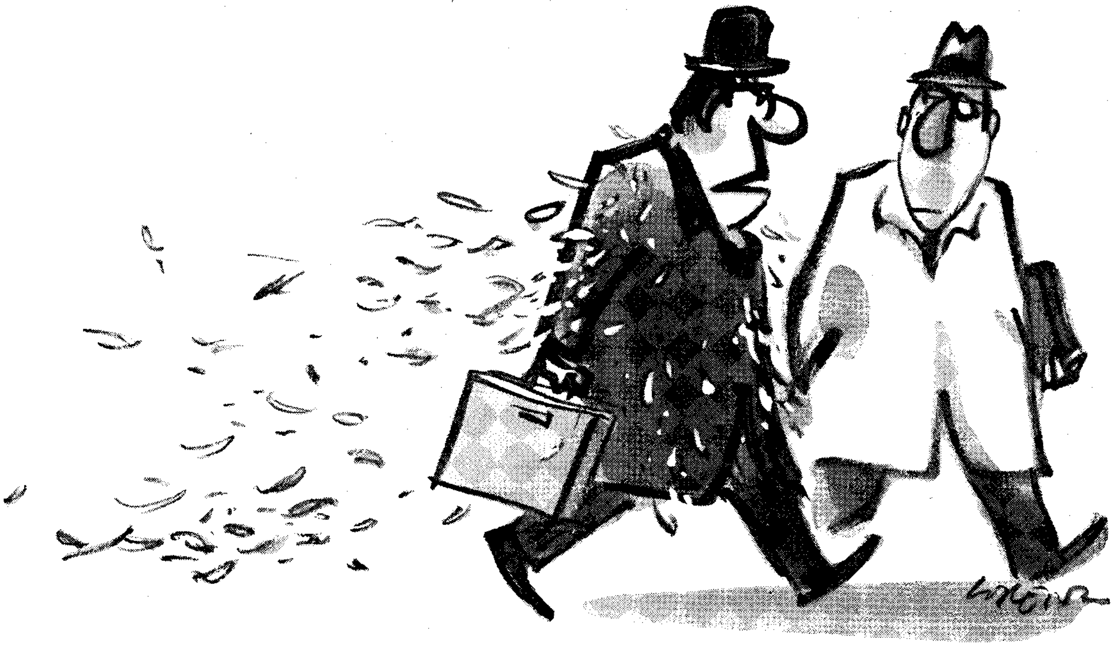
tablished a three-hundred-and-seven-acre wheat-and-cotton plantation on Little Germany Creek, in what is now McDuffie County. Kindred's son James (1773-1858), "a cotton planter and a Baptist," operated a five-hundred-acre plantation on White's Creek, not far away. He married Eleanor Duckworth and produced nine children: Wiley, Epsey, Littleberry, Felix, Marina, Keziah, Martha, George, and James. Wiley, the eldest son (1798-1864), married Ann Ansley and raised eleven children on a plantation in what was then Warren County but is now Glascock County, twenty miles south of his father's home. (Ann Ansley's paternal grandfather, Thomas Ansley, was born in Upper Freehold, New Jersey, in 1737 and moved to Georgia in 1769.)

In 1826 and 1827, some treaties between the Creek Indians and the federal government opened an enormous chunk of southwest Georgia for settlement, and both Wiley Carter and his father, James, took advantage of the expanded frontier. James moved to newly created Talbot County around 1835 and died in 1858. (His estate consisted of a three-hundred-and-two-acre farm, which sold for twelve hundred dollars, and six slaves, who sold for about six thousand dollars.) In the meantime, Wiley had gradually acquired twenty-four hundred acres of land in nearby Sumter County. In 1851, at the age of fifty-three, he took up permanent residence there and increased his production of cotton. His decision to relocate may have been influenced by the fact that he had been tried and acquitted of murder in Warren County. In 1843, Wiley Carter shot and killed a man named Usry, who had allegedly stolen one of his slaves. A jury exonerated him of the crime on the ground of self-defense; the sheriff, who witnessed the shooting, testified that both men had raised their guns simultaneously. Wiley's Sumter County house, which was situated about twenty miles north of the newly formed town of Plains, still exists. It is known as "the old Battle place," because it was sold to a family named Battle after the Civil War. Wiley's house is now run down and abandoned, but his grave is still visible across the road in the recently refurbished Carter family cemetery. (The town of Plains, incidentally, was originally called The Plains of Dura, after a Babylonian meadow mentioned in the Book of Daniel. The Biblical Plain of Dura was the place where King Nebuchadnezzar built his sixty-cubit golden image; he later cast Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego into a fiery furnace when they refused to worship it. Modern Plains dropped its last name and moved a mile to the south when the railroad came through, in 1885.)

Littleberry Walker Carter (1832-73), Wiley's son, served as a private in the Sumter Flying Artillery during the Civil War and fought in most of the Virginia campaigns. Eight years after the armistice, he was shot to death in a dispute over the proceeds from a flying jenny (a homemade merry-go-round), leaving a wife (who died on the day of his funeral), four children, and an estate that included seven bushels of groundnuts, or peanuts. His son, William Archibald Carter (1858-1903), married Nina Pratt (a grandmother whom President Carter remembers staying with as a child) and settled in Early County, where he ran three sawmills. In 1903, he was murdered during an argument over the ownership of a desk. (The local newspaper reported, "Tuesday night at 7:30 at Rowena . . . Mr. W. A. Carter and Will Taliaferro became engaged in a difficulty in which both were seriously cut and Mr. Carter shot in the head.") William's widow and her five young children moved to Plains, where relatives helped her administer the estate. A year later, her elder son, Alton Carter, went to work at a general store in Plains, and in 1909 he opened his own store. (It has recently been turned into an antique shop, but Alton Carter, now eighty-eight, still keeps an eye on it.) Her younger son, James Earl Carter, served as a lieutenant in the First World War and settled on a small peanut-corn-and-cotton farm at Archery, a community three miles west of Plains. Over the years, he increased his landholdings to four thousand acres and expanded his business to include the sale of insurance and fertilizer. (When he died, in 1953, he was serving his first term in the Georgia State Legislature.) In 1923, James Earl Carter married Bessie Lillian Gordy, the ebullient brown-haired daughter of James Jackson Gordy, a tall, dashing politician of Scotch-Irish descent. Gordy was postmaster in the nearby town of Richland and local campaign manager for Tom Watson, the Georgia senator who ran for President on the Populist ticket. The Gordys are descended from three Scottish brothers who emigrated to Delaware in the early sixteen-hundreds. Peter Gordy, one of their descendants, moved to Georgia around 1800, and to Muscogee County in the eighteen-thirties, shortly after the Indians departed. His grandson James Thomas Gordy (1828-89) was a private and wagonmaster in Company B of the Sixth Georgia State Militia dur-



"I rode in this morning next to a goose-down parka."

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ing the Civil War. His great-grandson James Earl Carter, Jr., who was born in 1924 and graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1946, is at present Commander-in-Chief of the United States armed forces.

4 A.M.

THERE aren't too many appealing places to go in Manhattan at four in the morning. The streets are desolate; the few cars that are moving seem secretive, bent on melancholy errands; pedestrians are rare and nervous-looking. Dawn is a long way off. We were driving around the city at that hour last week, stopping at stoplights that didn't matter, listening to country-and-Western on the radio, and rummaging through the familiar trash barrel of our mind, plucking at ratty memories, poking at old wounds inflicted and received, sorting out yearnings, examining the imminence of doom—the usual dog's breakfast of rumination. It was, in addition, damn cold: you could feel each and every bone in your fingers. We drove through places that we used to like. Washington Market, years ago, would be just ending its day around this hour, still smelling great, with bits of celery and lettuce on the wet cobblestones. (Kaput.) A sign on the World Trade Center (which did the old market in) was lit, proclaiming the view from the hundred-and-seventh floor. Of what, we wondered. The really good thing to see was gone. We went around Battery Park, spotted a fireboat in the darkness (that was nice), and huge new office buildings, such as American Express (not nice), then swung down Fulton Street toward the river and parked.

The old fish market was full of light. Flames jumped from bonfires in oil drums, cinders flying crazily, into the night sky; there was the rumble of trucks, the shouting of men, the clatter of dollies, the thudding of boxes on the pavement. Bundled-up men in rubber boots moved about, interweaving with the trucks and dollies; nobody bumped into anybody. Nobody seemed angry; everybody seemed to have a role with enough to do but not too much, and time to make a wisecrack or hail a friend. The smell was rich and splendid. The fish, extracted from the sea, had reached the next stage here: packed fin to fin on ice in boxes. The boxes were being put on dollies, wheeled down the grimy pavement, hurled into trucks. In one crowded shed, a colossus of a fish was lying on its personal bed of ice.

"What's that?" we asked a stocky man who had a cigar butt between his teeth.

"Grouper," he replied, around the butt. "Three hundred pounds."

"How did you get it in here?" we asked.

The man removed the cigar from his mouth and replied, "With a crane." He was very pleased with his answer.

Farther down, a man called to us, "I got porgies! I got blues!"

"Just looking," we said.

A huge man in a tattered windbreaker selected a skinny black fish from a box, picked it up, and studied it. Then he put it back and took a billfold from his hip pocket. He opened the billfold and counted the money in it.

At a place with oysters and clams and mussels, we stood and listened to the sound that a big bag of clams makes when it is dropped on the pavement. It is not easy to duplicate (*kah-chunk-ka-ch-chunk?*), but it is worth listening to.

A man standing by several enormous, smooth, deep-purple-skinned tuna—decapitated and de-tailed—was periodically shouting "Hey!" in a cheerful voice to nobody in particular. It seemed to be the opening part of a sales pitch, but since nobody was around, he never completed the commercial. But he appeared content.

Not far away, some small fish had fallen out of a box on a dolly and landed on the ground. Men danced around, crouching, swiftly stabbing the escapees with sharp hooks and flipping them back into the box.

"You want shad?" asked a man in the shad area, addressing an elderly buyer.

"Nah," said the old man. "I got shad yesterday."

We went out on the dock behind the market and exchanged a few words with some crewmen who had just about finished unloading the catch—white plastic bags of scallops—from the Felicia, about ninety feet overall, painted orange above the hull, just in from ten days off Long Island. In a long shed on the other side of the dock, a black man stood on an elevated platform surrounded by huge blocks of ice—blocks suitable for building pyramids. There was a machine for grinding the ice, but at the moment it was idle.

It was still as cold as a tuna on ice, so we went across South Street to a parked truck that sold coffee, and bought a cup. The hot cardboard warmed our fingers superbly, and we walked over to the biggest bonfire we could find. It was in a metal oil drum that had slits and odd-shaped openings around the bottom, so it glowed like a Halloween pumpkin. Three or four men stood around it, throwing on slats of wooden crates and cardboard boxes. The fire roared upward, the flames almost reaching the South Street Viaduct, overhead. A yellow dawn was starting behind the Brooklyn Bridge. We edged toward the warming fire, and hoped the day would not arrive too soon.

ANCESTRAL VOICES

I SUPPOSE I qualified as Chairman of this Selection Board through a combination of too much curried lobster and a long evening's reading about human variation and the origins of man. It doesn't matter. There we were, surrounded by a roomful of candidates as hairy and beetle-browed as you could wish to see. One of them began to recommend himself, in what I took to be typically Pleistocene accents, before I had even got my bifocals on or my pencil properly squared off on top of my note pad.

Chairman: One moment, please. Allow me to introduce my fellow-assessors on the board. Mr. Darwin, Dr. Wallace, Sir Arthur Keith, Dr. Leakey, Professor Dart, l'Abbé Breuil, Dr. Stewart, Professor Dobzhansky, Eugène Dubois, Professor G. H. R. von Koenigswald, Professor Coon, Professor Asimov, and thirty-six other anthropologists, zoologists, paleontologists, and geochemists whose names I forget. Dr. Huxley has been detained by a Bishop Wilberforce and sends his apologies.

A Voice: His anthropapologies, surely?

Chairman: This is not a time for jesting. Will candidates who wish to speak begin by stating their names or species, preferably in italics? And one at a time, if you will be so good.

A Voice: *Homo erectus*—once known as Peking Man. Which proves my point, I think. If, as I understand it, Mr. Chairman, the business of your board is to determine the earliest True Man—though what, in that case, all these propliopithecoids and proconsuls are doing here beats me entirely, considering that some of them had hardly come down out of the trees, whereas I myself had no sooner been discovered in the Chou-kou-tien Caves when—

A Voice: *Ramapithecus.* I am fourteen million years old, as dated by the potassium-argon method and vouched for by Professor E. L. Simons, of Yale, and I very much resent this slur from so-called *Homo erectus*, who can barely remember the Middle Ice Age, and, what is more, had cracked thighbones when found *and* a hole in his skull through which the brains, such as they were, had been extracted, suggesting cannibalism. Speaking as I do on behalf of *Bramapithecus* and *Kenyapithecus wickeri*, both of whom, as you will know, sir, have been subsumed under my own genus by David R. Pilbeam, working in conjunction with Professor Simons, I wish to state that we Lower Pliocene primates from India and East Africa—

Homo Erectus: Never mind my cracked thighbones. If *Ramapithecus* will take the trouble to read Mr. Lewis Mumford's paper in *The American Scholar*, Vol. 36, he will see that the extraction of marrow in my day may have been part of a "sacrificial, magico-religious ceremony" or, perhaps, used to help light a fire. And what about kidney transplants as practiced by *Homo sapiens*? Even a pongid, I imagine, would hardly describe that as cannibalism, in present company.

Chairman: Gentlemen, gentlemen! And ape-men, too, of course. Personal abuse, except as between members of the board, will get us nowhere. I must ask you to address all remarks to the Chair.

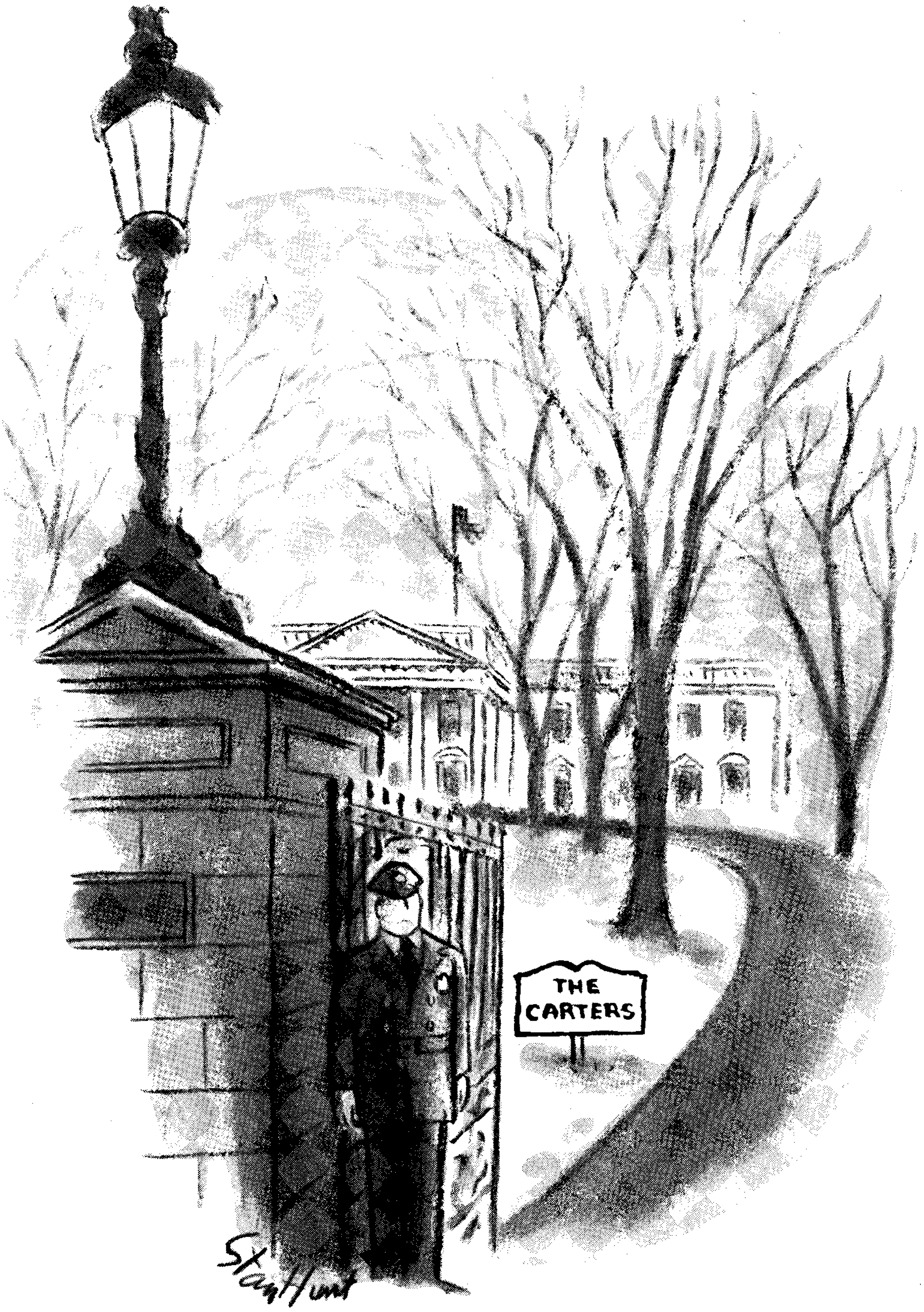
A Voice: It's all this measuring of brainpans that I object to.

Chairman: Name, please?

Voice: *Australopithecus*—when I last heard, that is. Though some say *Zinjanthropus boisei* (*laughter*), and dear old Leakey there used to call me *Homo habilis*. Anyway, I'm tired of being written off, or down, as a six-hundred-cubic-centimetre skull. One is not a motor bicycle. It is not the volume that matters but the density of the contents, and what do all those grinning paleontologists know about *that*? If a black hole in space can contain a billion times more—

Aegyptopithecus: Nobody doubts your density, old man.

Australopithecus: I am obliged



by the "old man"—a term that no one would dream of applying to *Aegyptopithecus*, who reeks of the Late Oligocene. As a well-known tool user in the old days at Olduvai—

Neanderthal Man: Oh, I say, let us have no claims based on tool using, for pity's sake, or we shall have *Camarhynchus pallidus* piping up next!

Chairman: I'm not quite— Is there a *Camarhynchus pallidus* in the house?

Neanderthal Man: I am referring, as some of your zoological colleagues may know, to the woodpecker finch, which employs a cactus thorn to extract maggots from awkward crevices.

Ramapithecus: Better look out for that skull of yours, *Homo erectus*.

Neanderthal Man: If, as I was saying, we are going to talk about tools, let us at least distinguish between tool*makers* and pitiful apes who occasionally bashed about with ready-made round stones, chipped or not. Even then, if anybody is going to stand up and say that the first toolmakers were the first men, why did it take them a million and a half years to turn out any worthwhile implements? The hallmark of Man, sir, is the ability to evolve rapidly. Now, a colleague of mine from the Shanidar Cave, in Iraq, had an arm amputated around forty-six thousand years ago—as I am sure Dr. T. Dale Stewart, of the Smithsonian Institution, will agree—and survived. There's progress for you. Beetle-browed we may have been, and hairy (though I doubt whether all members of the board will fault us for that), but our arms were short, unlike those of some candidates I could name, and I should like to remind you all that the description of us as stunted, stooping, and shambling, given by M. Marcellin Boule as recently as 1911, has now been corrected by two eminent professors of anatomy, who diagnosed arthritis—a thoroughly human characteristic.

Chorus of Hominids: Is that why you so soon became extinct?

Africanthropus Njarasensis: Sofarash um consherned—

Chairman: Could you speak a little more distinctly?

Grimaldi Man: I don't think he can. One of your colleagues has got three-quarters of the lower half of his jaw.

Chairman: I see. Anybody else?

Dryopithecus: I follow Hockett and Ascher, of Cornell. The vital attainment that eventually distinguished civilized man from the beasts was, as they rightly claim, the act of *carrying*—the ability to transport possessions, from twigs to credit cards, from one place to another. Now, I was a great carrier. Evidence may be lacking, but I must point out to the Chairman that even the most headstrong anthropologist would hesitate to deduce twig carrying from a couple of molars dug up in Northwest India. You must take my word for it.

THREE POEMS ON JAPANESE PAINTINGS

WILD ORCHIDS

An anecdote has it that Tesshū painted orchids almost every day with a kind of religious fervor.—*Museum catalogue.*

At the foot of a rock, bamboo and orchids,
small furled flowers that hold themselves aloof
from the mist that is everywhere.
You have left newspapers, indolent
quarrels over Sunday-morning coffee
to come to the museum with your lover
and admire these swirls
swept onto paper by an old monk
in less than ten minutes six hundred years ago
depicting the orchid,
which signifies the virtues of the noble man:
reticence, calm, clarity of mind.

WHOSE SLEEVES?

Paintings entitled "Whose Sleeves?" were studies of women's clothing and other possessions. The title implies a woman who is absent and missed, since beautiful sleeves were thought to evoke the image of a beautiful woman and the fragrance arising from her kimono.—*Museum catalogue.*

They keep her things exactly as she left them,
her heavy kimonos neatly draped on the rack:
the one with peacocks, the gold brocade,
the embroidered silk he bought her for special occasions.
On the floor, her koto and lacquered love-letter box,
a few fans, gifts from lovers.
One day in a cup of tea
she glimpsed her own top-heavy elaborate self
and laughed out loud. Her guests,
flustered from pompous compliments, promptly fled,
and so did not see her later
slipping away, in nothing but her long black hair,
giddy as a child, aimless,
her pale skin shining faintly in the dusk
as she glided between dark trees
and across the bridge, where the moon was beginning to rise.
Like the moon she grew distant and smaller and brighter.
When she reached the horizon, she disappeared.

MOON AND FLOWERING PLUM

A huge moon rises behind branches
stippled with white plum flowers, cold and frail,
like snow in early spring. Suddenly
it is that moment you have longed for,
you overflow like a cup,
like the moon overflowing with whiteness.
Could you live like that,
moving from incandescence to incandescence
as courtly viewers of plum flowers
proceed from one white orchard to the next?
Or would you find
their formal robes too stiff, the moon too slow,
the orchards, when you reached them,
muddy and full of frogs?

—Katha Pollitt

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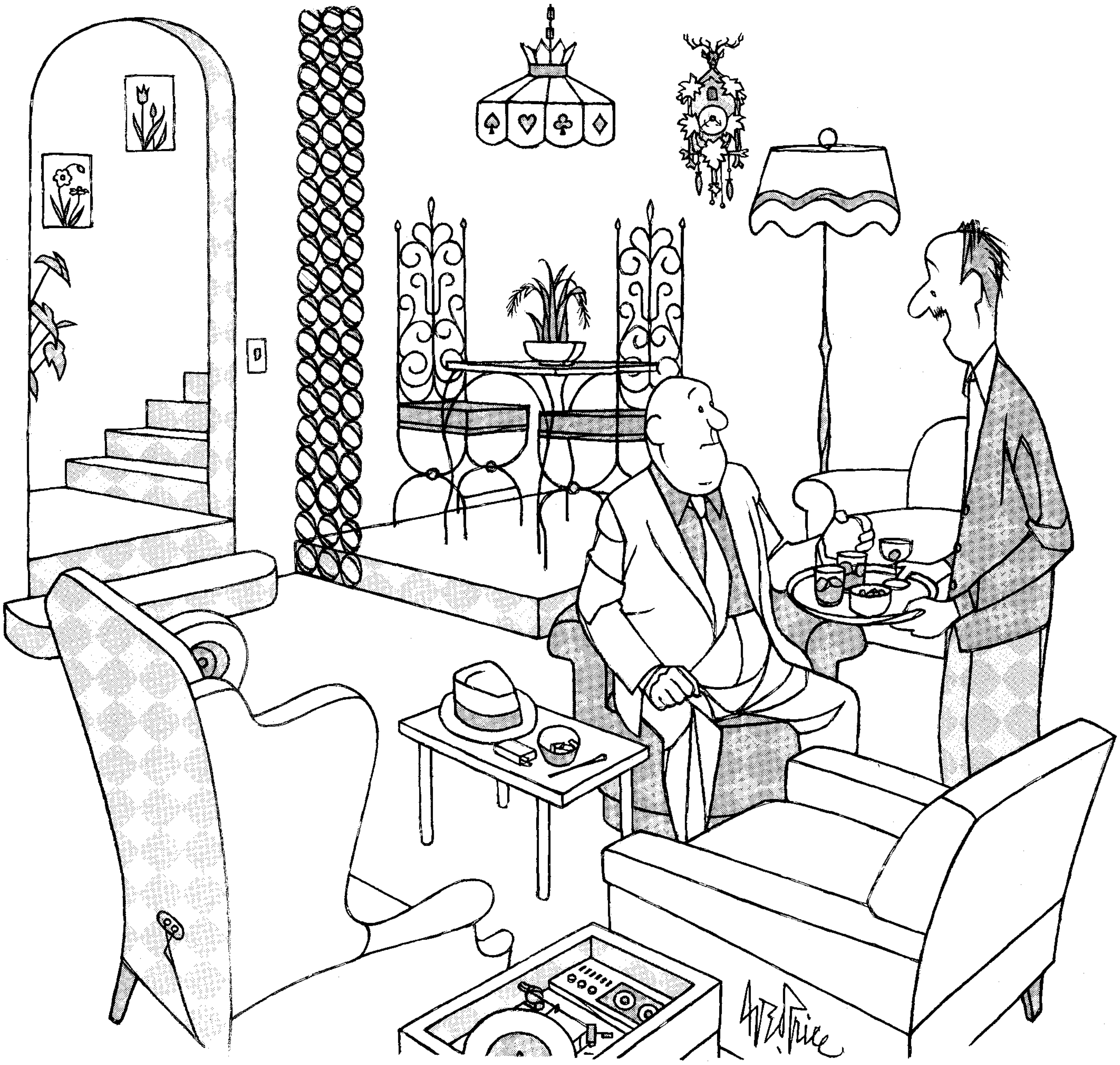
Cro-Magnon Man: This is becoming ridiculous. The time has come to put a stop to the chattering of these pitiful pongids, pithecoids, anthropoids, hominids, and ape-men of every kind,



"The missus will be down shortly. She's getting her act together."

• •

who try to better themselves on no sounder basis than an upper jaw or bits of an ankle bone mulled over by some paleontologist with Miocene mud all over his boots. "His jaw was roomy enough for a tongue to be used in speech"—that's Professor Berrill, of Swarthmore, chattering away in his turn about a fragment of *Homo habilis*. How does he know it wasn't roomy enough to eat two bananas at the same time? Are you aware, sir, that in the search for the origins of man, apart from the size of the skull, wear of teeth, descent from the trees, bipedalism, shape of the feet, use of weapons, speech, tools, carrying ability, genes, an opposable thumb, embryology, blood groups, fire, cooking, and ritual, anthropologists have adduced in evidence the closure of the orbit behind the eye, the ability to slaughter elephants, and a sense of humor? But the critical divergence of man from ape is to be found in no such trifle. It is the ability to reproduce (*loud laughter*)—to reproduce on the walls of caves or other suitable surfaces the veritable lineaments of the world about us upon which I base . . . In short, it is as the first artist that I confidently claim to be the original representative of True Man.

CHAIRMAN: Thank you. No doubt Aurignacian Man will have something to say on that subject. We have also yet to hear, I note, from *Meganthropus palaeojavanicus*, *Homo modjokertensis*, *Paranthropus*, *Telanthropus*, Swanscombe Man, and, of course, *Gigantopithecus blacki*. Nor am I unaware that twenty or thirty members of the board have for some time been indicating their willingness to put in a word. As the hour is approaching the noon recess, I therefore suggest that we adjourn at this time and reconvene—shall we say—a thousand years from now.

A VERY SMALL LEMUR: By which time, I daresay, competition to claim prime responsibility for the human race may have sensibly declined.

—H. F. ELLIS

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Petrick describes ballet as 90 per cent sheer druggery and 10 per cent etheral. —*Pasco-Kennewick-Richland* (*Wash.*) *Tri-City Herald.*

Well put, Petrick!

ROYAL BEATINGS

ROYAL beating. That was Flo's promise. "Nadine, you are going to get one royal beating." The words lolled on Flo's tongue, took on trappings. Nadine was a child with a need to picture things, to pursue absurdities, and the first time she heard this threat, instead of taking it to heart she pondered: How is a beating royal? She came up with a tree-lined avenue, a crowd of formal spectators, some white horses and black slaves. The blood leaped out like banners—an occasion both savage and splendid.

In real life it was Nadine's father who was the king of the royal beatings. Flo was her stepmother, and the beatings she gave never amounted to much—they were quick cuffs and slaps dashed off while her attention remained elsewhere. "You get out of my road," she would say. "You mind your own business. You take that look off your face." But it was up to Flo to supply the royal beatings with dignity, to surround them with some high air of necessity and regret. Nadine and her father soon got beyond anything presentable.

Nadine and her father and Flo and Brian, who was Nadine's young half brother, lived behind a grocery store in Hanratty, Ontario. The store had at one time belonged to Nadine's father and mother, but Nadine's mother said one day, "I feel something in my chest, like I swallowed an egg in the shell," and in a few hours she was dead; she had a blood clot in her lung. Nadine didn't remember this; she was a baby in a basket at the time. She heard it from Flo, whose information she didn't question, though Flo hadn't been there, either. Flo came along soon afterward, to take over Nadine in her basket, marry her father, and take over the store. She was the one in the family who could handle the public.

Nadine's father had a shed out behind the store, where he worked at repairing and restoring furniture. He caned chair seats and backs, mended wickerwork, reupholstered, fixed legs, and filled cracks—all most skillfully and delicately. No one else could do work like his. He did not charge much. It was his pride to startle people with such fine work, such moderate, even ridiculous charges. During the Depression people could not afford to pay more, perhaps, but he continued the practice up until the year after the war, when he died. He did not discuss with Flo what he charged or what was owing. After he died, she had to go out and unlock the shed and take all sorts of scraps of paper and torn envelopes from the big, wicked-looking hooks that were his files, and many of these she found were not accounts or receipts at all but bits of information about the garden, or notes on the weather:

> Ate new potatoes 25th June. Record.
> Dark day, 1880s, nothing unnatural.
> Clouds of ash from forest fires.
> Aug. 16, 1938. Thunderstorm in evng.
> Scald strawberries to remove acid.
> All things are alive. Spinoza.

Flo thought Spinoza must be some vegetable he was trying to grow, like broccoli or eggplant. He would often try some new thing. She showed the scraps to Nadine and asked her if she knew what Spinoza was, and Nadine, who did know, or at least had an idea, replied that she did not. She was in her teens by that time, and she could not stand to know any more about Flo and her father; she pushed any discovery aside, with embarrassment and dread.

There was a stove in the shed, and many rough shelves covered with cans of paint and varnish, shellac and turpentine, jars of soaking brushes, and also some dark, sticky bottles of cough medicine. Why should a man who coughed constantly, whose lungs got a whiff of gas in the war (called, in Nadine's early childhood, not the First but the Last War), spend all his days breathing fumes of paint and turpentine? At that time such questions did not seem to be asked. On the bench outside Flo's store, several old men sat gossiping, drowsing, in the warm weather, and some of these old men coughed all the time, too. They were yellow and wasted in the face—dying, slowly and discreetly, of what was given no more name than "the foundry disease." (They had worked all their lives at the foundry in town.) They did not complain—just sat coughing and chuckling, drifting into vague obscenities on the subject of women walking by, or young girls on bicycles.

From the shed, when Nadine's father was working there, came not only coughing but speech—a continual muttering, reproachful or encouraging, usually just below the level at which separate words could be made out. It slowed down when he was at a tricky piece of work, took on a cheerful speed when things were going smoothly. But now and then some words would break through and hang clear and nonsensical in the air. When he realized they were out, there would be a swallowing, a coverup coughing, an alert, unusual silence.

"Macaroni, pepperoni, Botticelli, beans . . ."

What could that mean? Nadine repeated the words to herself. She could never ask. The person who spoke those words and the person who spoke to her as her father were not the same, although they appeared to be in the same place. It would be the worst sort of taste to acknowledge the person who was not supposed to be there; it would not be forgiven. Just the same, Nadine loitered and listened, and she said the words over and over to herself, almost out loud. "The cloud-capped towers," she heard him say once, in a sonorous, finely pleading voice. "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces . . ."

She felt as if a hand were clapped against her chest, not to hurt but to astonish her, to take her breath away. She wanted so much to know what he was saying, to say it out loud in the same way. Then she ran, for she was afraid that he would catch her, and if he did it would be terrible.

They lived across the bridge from the main part of town. This was a town much like any other in southwestern Ontario, though for Nadine it was more amazing, more perplexing than any place she found to live in afterward. Flo's store and the harness-and-blacksmith shop across the road—it was closed down about the time the war ended—were at the straggling tail end of the main street. The house beyond the blacksmith shop had been another grocery store at one time. The Salada Tea sign was never taken out of the front-room window; it remained as a sort of decoration. There was just a bit of a sidewalk, too cracked and tilted for roller-skating, though Nadine often dreamed of roller-skating and of herself whizzing politely along in a plaid skirt, agile and fashionable. There was one street light—a tin flower—then the amenities gave up and there were dirt roads, boggy places, front-yard dumps, and eccentric houses. What made the houses eccentric were the attempts to keep them from going completely to ruin. With some the attempt had never been made. These were gray and rotted and leaning over, falling into a landscape of scrub hollows, frog ponds, cattails, and nettles. Most houses, however, had been patched with tarpaper, a few fresh shingles, sheets of tin, hammered-out stovepipes, cardboard. This was, of course, in the days before the war, days of what would later be legendary poverty, from which Nadine would remember low-down things—serious-looking anthills and wooden steps—and the light of cloudy summer afternoons.

"I love to be alive. It's fun."

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THERE was a long truce between Flo and Nadine in the beginning. Nadine's prickly nature—her skepticism and pride—was slow-growing, unaired, unsuspected even by herself. Before she was old enough to go to school, Nadine stayed in the store with Flo, who would sit up on the high stool behind the counter. Nadine would kneel on the wide, creaky floorboards, work with crayons and pieces of brown wrapping paper—paper too torn to be used again—and listen to what Flo told her.

People who came to the store were mostly from the houses around. Some country people came, too, on their way home from town, and a few townspeople, who walked across the bridge. Some people were always on the main street, in and out of stores, as if it was their duty to be on display and their right to be welcomed. For instance, Becky Tyde. She was a big-headed loud-voiced dwarf, with a mascot's sexless swagger, a red velvet tam, a twisted neck that forced her to hold her head tilted to one side, always looking up and sideways. She wore little, polished high-heeled shoes—lady's shoes. Nadine always watched her shoes, not caring to look at the rest of her. Flo said that Becky Tyde had had polio as a child—that was why her neck was twisted—and had not grown since. Flo also said she was not cracked; she just knew she could get away with anything.

One day when Nadine was eight or nine—and not crayoning anymore but marching around the store—Becky Tyde climbed up on Flo's counter and made room for herself beside an open box of crumbly jam-filled cookies.

"Are these any good?" she said to Flo, and boldly began to eat one. "When are you going to give me a job, Flo?"

"Why don't you go and work in the butcher shop?" said Flo. "Why don't you go and work with your brother? He gets more business than I do."

"You think I'd go and work with Roberta?" said Becky, swinging her legs. Her brother, who ran the butcher shop, was an extremely meek and polite and nervous man, named Robert but always called Roberta. Becky laughed. She laughed at the end of everything she said.

"You know, I used to live out here," Becky went on. "Hey, What's-Your-Name!" She was talking to Nadine. "Didn't I use to live out here, Flo?"

"If you did, it was before my time," Flo said.

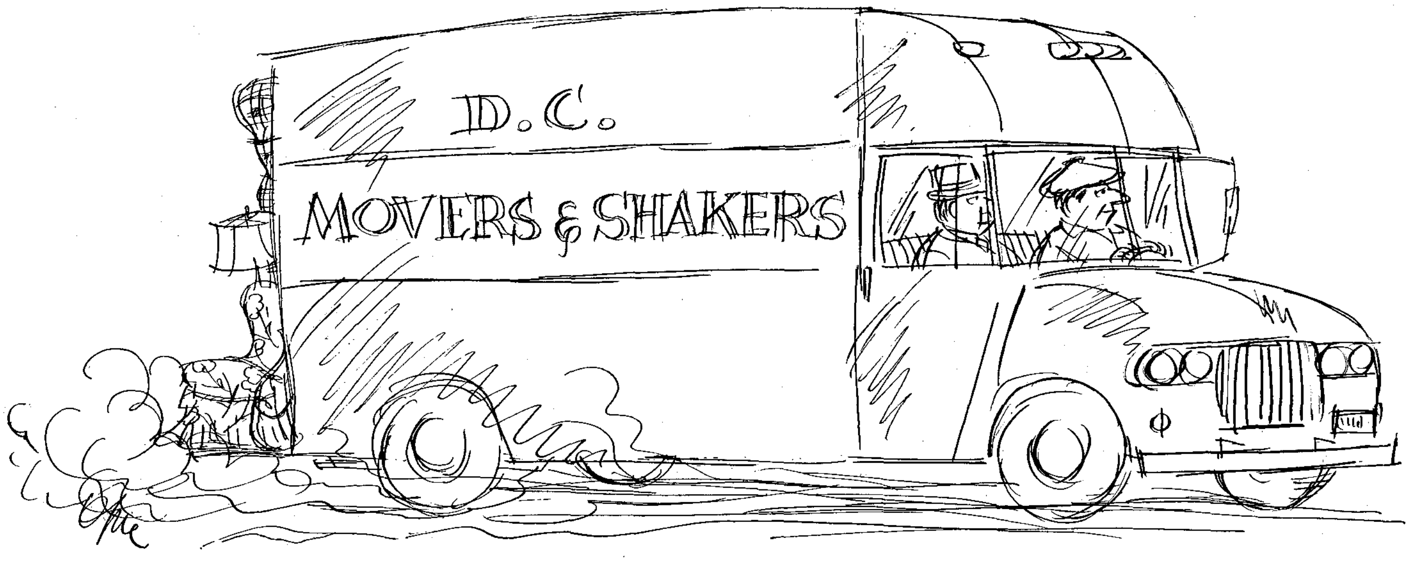
"It was before the neighborhood got so downhill. If you don't mind me saying so. My father built his house here and he built his slaughterhouse, and we had a half acre of orchard."

"Is that so?" said Flo, using her humoring voice, full of false geniality, humility even. "Then why would you move away?"

"I told you, we didn't like the neighborhood," Becky said, and snapped her mouth shut on a whole cookie. Her cheeks filled out like a frog's. She wouldn't say any more.

Flo knew anyway, as who didn't. Everyone knew the house—red brick, with the veranda pulled off—and the orchard, what was left of it, full of the usual outflow: car seats and washing machines and bedsprings and unidentifiable junk. The house could never look sinister, in spite of what had happened in it, because there was so much wreckage and confusion all around.

Nadine liked to get Flo to talk about Becky Tyde's father. She told this story—she told everything—as if she had been there. Becky's father was a different kind of butcher from Robert, Flo said. A bad-tempered Englishman. And different from Becky in the matter of mouthiness. His was never open. A skinflint and tyrant, who wouldn't have wanted to build out here if he had been a decent man. Nobody would who could afford better. After Becky



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had polio she never went back to school, and for a while was seldom seen outside the house—never outside the yard. He didn't want people gloating. So people said. Becky's mother was dead by that time, and her older sisters married. Just Becky and Robert at home. People would stop Robert on the road and ask him, "How about your sister, Robert? Is she altogether better now?"

"Yes."

"Does she do the housework? Does she get your supper?"

"Yes."

"And is your father good to her, Robert?"

The story was that the father beat them, had beaten all his children—his wife as well—and that he beat Becky most of all, because of her deformity (which some believed he had caused; they did not understand about polio). After a few years, Flo said, the story was added to. Now people said the reason Becky was kept out of sight was that she was pregnant, and the father of the child was none other than her own father. Then the child was supposed to have been born, and disposed of.

"What?" Nadine said once, after she had heard the story many times.

Flo said, "Disposed of." She waited, and when Nadine did not ask again, she said, " 'Go and get your lamb chops at Tyde's,' they used to say. Oh, they said that for years. 'You'll get them nice and tender!' It was all lies, in all probability," she added, regretfully. Nadine was drawn back—she had been watching the striped awning in front of the store shiver in the wind—by the tone of regret, caution, in Flo's voice.

There was more. Eventually, Flo said, three useless young men who hung around the livery stable got together—or were got together, by more influential and decent men in town—and prepared to give Tyde a horsewhipping, in the interest of public morality. They blacked their faces. They were provided with whips, and a quart of whiskey apiece, for courage. They were Jelly Smith, a horse racer and drunkard; Bob Temple, a ballplayer and strongman; and Hat Nettleton, who worked on the town dray, and had his nickname from a bowler hat he always wore, out of vanity as much as for comic effect. He still worked on the dray, in fact; he had kept the name, though not the hat, and could often be seen in public—almost as often as Becky Tyde—black in the face and arms from heaving sacks of coal.

One night the young men, primed to do the horsewhipping, showed up late, around midnight, outside Tyde's house. They had a gun, but they used up their ammunition shooting it off in the yard. They yelled for the butcher and beat on the door; finally they broke in. Tyde, who was hiding upstairs, concluded that they were after his money, so he put some bills in a handkerchief and sent Becky down with them, perhaps thinking they would be touched or scared at the sight of a little wry-necked dwarf. That didn't content them. They came upstairs and dragged the butcher out from under his bed, in his nightgown. They dragged him outside and stood him in the snow. The temperature was four below zero. They tried to hold a mock trial, but they couldn't remember how it was supposed to be done. So they began beating him, and they beat him till he fell. They yelled "Butcher's meat!" and continued beating him until his nightgown and the snow he was lying in turned red. Robert said later that he did not watch the beating. Becky said that Robert watched at first, then turned away and hid. She herself watched all the way through. She watched the men leave and her father making his slow, bloody progress through the snow and up the steps of the veranda. She did not go out to help him or open the door until he got to it. Why not, she was asked. She said she did not go out because she had her nightie on, and she did not open the door because she didn't want to let the cold into the house.

After a while her father seemed to recover his strength. He sent Robert to harness the horse, made Becky heat water so that he could wash. He dressed and took all the money in the house, and with no explanation drove to Belgrave, where he left the horse tied in the cold, and took the early-morning train to Toronto. On the train he behaved oddly, groaning and cursing as if he were drunk. He was picked up on the streets of Toronto a day later, out of his mind with fever, and was taken to a hospital, where he died. He still had all the money. The cause of death was given as pneumonia.

But the authorities got wind, Flo said. The case came to trial. The three men who did it received long prison sentences. Within a year or two they were all free, had jobs waiting for them. A farce, said Flo. Too many higher-ups were in on it. It seemed that Becky and Robert didn't care; they showed no interest in seeing justice done. With their father's money, they were well off. They bought a house over on the other side of the bridge.

"So that was that," Flo liked to say when she had finished the story, putting the lid down on it in a way that reflected no good on anyone. But often she sighed, as if her curiosity was still unsatisfied. "Imagine!" she might say sternly.

Flo at this time would have been thirty or thirty-one years old. A young woman. But she wore exactly the same clothes as a woman of fifty, sixty, seventy would wear: print housedresses loose at the neck and sleeves as well as at the waist; bib aprons, also print, which she removed when she came from the kitchen into the store. This was a common costume at the time for poor but not absolutely poverty-stricken young women, but it was also a deliberate, scornful choice. Scorn was something frequently expressed in that house. Flo scorned slacks, she scorned the outfits of people trying to be in style, she scorned lipstick and permanents. She wore her light-brown hair cut straight, long enough to push back behind her ears. It was very fine and soft. Nadine's earliest memories of Flo were of extraordinary softness and hardness. The soft hair, the long, soft pale cheeks, with pale freckles, the soft, almost invisible hairs in front of her ears, above her mouth. The sharpness of her knees, hardness of her lap, flatness of her front.

Flo could sing. Working around the store or the kitchen, she sang raucously:

Oh, the buzzin' of the bees in the
  cigarette trees
Round the soda-*water* fountains . . .

Also softly, but with the most keen and delicate edge of scorn:

Then slowly, slowly, she got up
And slowly she came nigh him
And all she said, that she ever did say,
Was "Young man, I think you're dyin'!"

THE royal beatings. What got them started?

Suppose a Saturday, in spring. Leaves not out yet but the doors open to the sunlight, crows, ditches full of water. Hopeful weather. Nadine is eleven or twelve now, and on Saturdays Flo leaves her in charge of the store while she herself goes across the bridge (going uptown, she calls it) to shop and see people, and to listen. She listens to Mrs. Lawyer Davis, and Mrs. Anglican Rector Henley-Smith, and Mrs. Horse Doctor McKay, and then she comes home and imitates them at supper: their high-flown remarks, their flibberty voices. Monsters, she makes them seem, of foolishness and showiness and self-approbation.

When she finishes shopping she goes into the coffee shop of the Queen's Hotel and has a sundae. (What kind, Nadine and Brian ask her when she gets home, and are disappointed if it is only pineapple or butterscotch, pleased if it is a Tin Roof or a Black and White.) Then she smokes a cigarette. She has some ready-rolled, which she carries with her, so that she will not have to roll one in public. Smoking is the one thing she does which she would call showing off in anybody else. She picked up the habit in Toronto. She knew it was asking for trouble. Once a Catholic priest came up to her in the coffee shop and flashed his lighter at her before she could get her matches out. She thanked him but did not enter into conversation, lest he try to convert her.

Saturday, then. But today for some reason Flo is not going uptown; she has decided to stay home and scrub the kitchen floor. Perhaps this has put her in a bad mood. Or perhaps she has been in a bad mood to start with, because people have not been paying their bills, or simply because of the queer stirred-up feelings of spring. The wrangle with Nadine has already commenced; it has been going on forever, like a dream that goes back and back into other dreams, over hills and through doorways, maddeningly dim and familiar and elusive. Flo and Nadine are carting all the chairs out of the kitchen preparatory to the scrubbing. They also have to move some provisions for the store—some cartons of canned goods, tins of maple syrup, coal-oil cans, jars of vinegar. They take these things to the woodshed, which is behind the kitchen, or into the front room. Brian is helping drag the tins.

"Yes," says Flo, carrying on from where they left off the last time. "Yes, and that filth you taught to Brian."

"What filth?"

"And he doesn't know any better."

There is one step down from the kitchen to the woodshed, a bit of carpet on it so worn Nadine can't remember ever seeing the pattern. Brian loosens it dragging a tin.

"Two Vancouvers," Nadine says softly to Brian when Flo is back in the kitchen. Brian looks from Flo to Nadine, and Nadine says again in a slightly louder voice, an encouraging singsong, "Two Vancouvers—"

"Fried in snot!" says Brian, not able to control himself.

"Two pickled arseholes—"

"Tied in a knot!"

There it is again, the filth. Irresistible.

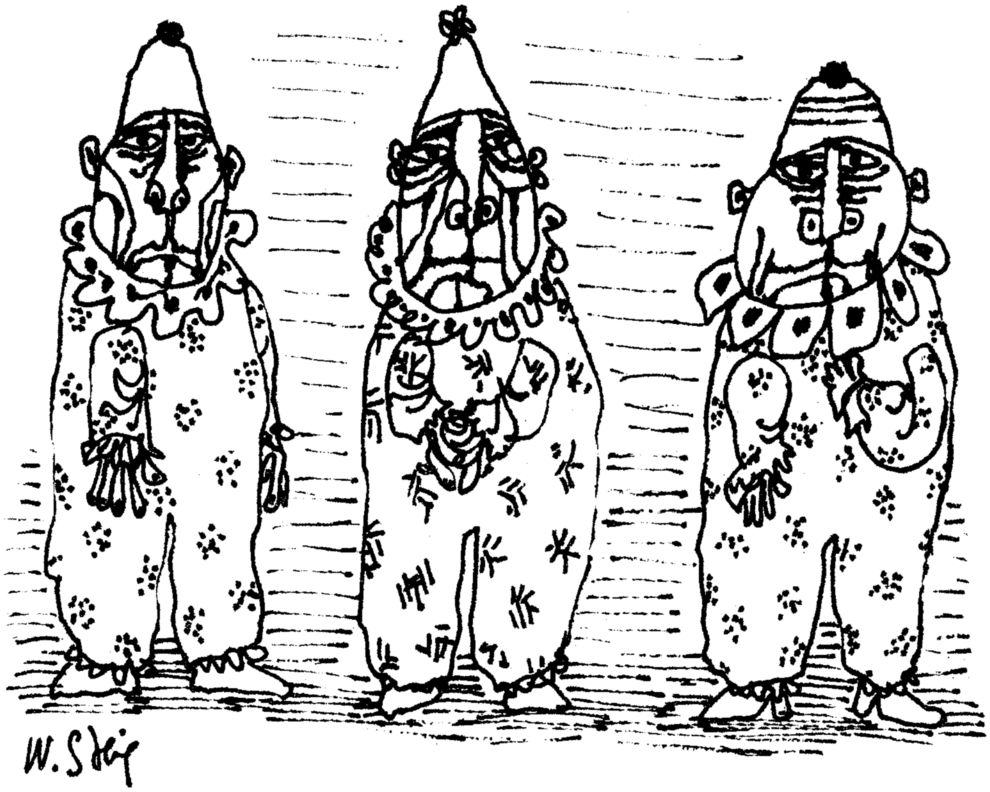
Two Vancouvers fried in snot!
Two pickled arseholes tied in a knot!

Nadine learned this when she first went to school. She came home and asked Flo what a Vancouver was.

"It's a city," Flo said. "It's a long ways away."

"What else besides a city?" Nadine asked.

Flo said what did she mean, what else. How could it be fried, asked Nadine, approaching the dangerous moment, the delightful moment, when she would have to come out with the whole thing. Nadine couldn't stop herself. She hummed it tenderly, tried say-



Three Worryworts

ing the innocent words aloud, humming through the others. It was not just the forbidden words that gave her pleasure, though of course they did. It was the pickling and tying, the unimaginable Vancouvers. She saw them in her mind, shaped something like octopuses, twitching in the pan.

Lately she has remembered it and taught it to Brian, to see if it has the same effect on him. It has.

"Oh, I heard you!" cries Flo from the kitchen. "I heard that! And I'm warning you!"

So she is. Brian takes the warning. He runs out the woodshed door. Flo and Nadine don't need him anyway, except to use against each other, and hardly notice his going. They continue, can't help continuing, can't leave each other alone. When they seem to have given up, they are just waiting, building up steam. Flo gets out the scrub pail and the brush and rag, and the pad for her knees—a dirty red rubber pad. She starts to work on the floor. Nadine sits on the table, the only place left to sit, swinging her legs. She can feel the cool oilcloth, because she is wearing last summer's tight faded shorts, dug out of the summer-clothes bag. They smell slightly moldy from their winter storage.

Flo crawls around underneath, scrubbing with the brush, wiping with the rag. Her legs are white and muscular, marked all over with inky veins. An abnormal energy, a violent disgust, is expressed in the chewing of the brush at the linoleum, the swish of the rag.

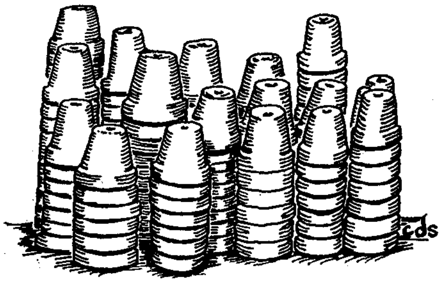
What do they have to say to each other? It doesn't really matter. Flo speaks of Nadine's smart-aleck behavior, rudeness, sloppiness, conceit, willingness to make work for others, and ingratitude. She mentions Brian's innocence, Nadine's corruption. She dwells a moment on Nadine's name. *Nadine*. That pretentious name chosen not by her or by Nadine's father but by the dead woman Nadine has occasionally tried to idolize, or at least imagine. "You think you're somebody," says Flo. "Who do you think you are?" Nadine contradicts and objects with a poisonous reasonableness and mildness, displays theatrical unconcern. Flo goes beyond her ordinary scorn and becomes amazingly theatrical herself, saying it was for Nadine she sacrificed her life. She saw the father saddled with a daughter and thought, What is that man going to do? So she married him, and here she is, on her knees.

At that moment the bell rings, to announce a customer. Because the fight is on, Nadine is not permitted to go into the store and wait on whoever it is. Flo gets up and throws off her apron; groaning, she goes in and serves. Nadine hears Flo using her normal voice, and makes a hateful face in the direction of it. Flo comes back and ties on her apron and is ready to resume. "You never have a thought for what I'm doing," she says.

"I never asked you to do anything. I wish you never had. I would have been a lot better off." Nadine says this smiling directly at Flo, who is not yet down on her knees. Flo sees the smile, grabs the scrub rag, which is hanging on the side of the pail, and throws it at Nadine. It may be meant to hit Nadine in the face but instead it falls against her leg, and she raises her foot and catches it, swinging it negligently on her ankle.

"All right," Flo says. "You've done it this time. *All right*."

Nadine watches her go to the woodshed door. She calls Nadine's father, calls him by his name—"Harry"—in a warning, summoning voice, as if against her will preparing him for terrible news. He will know what this is about.



The kitchen floor has five or six different patterns of linoleum—ends, which Flo got for next to nothing and ingeniously trimmed and fitted together, bordering them with tin strips fastened with tacks. While Nadine sits on the table, waiting, she looks at this satisfying arrangement of rectangles, triangles, some other shape whose name she is trying to remember. She hears Flo walk back through the woodshed, on the creaky plank walk they have over the dirt. She is loitering—waiting—too. She and Nadine can carry this no further without help.

Nadine hears her father come in. She stiffens; a tremor runs through her legs, and they shiver on the oilcloth. Called away from some peaceful, absorbing task, away from the words running in his head—called out of himself—her father has to say something. He says, "Well? What's wrong?"

Now comes another voice of Flo's. Enriched, hurt, apologetic, it seems to have been manufactured on the spot. She is sorry to have called him from his work. Would never have done it if Nadine were not driving her to distraction. How to distraction? With her sass and her back talk and her terrible

EYES OF THE HEART

A granite city is vertically spattered with balconies
from which hang drums and startled banners.
They flicker intermittently in coils.
Street after street full of people.
They stare expectantly.
Here's the cobbler's front shop.
It is filled with deserted shoes.
To the left, past the small plaza
spurting with a discontinuous white fountain,
a five-story house has caught fire.
Red flames flap delicately at the eaves
of labyrinthian carved red fretwork.
No one has summoned the fire company.
A dog is barking—you can tell from the distended neck
and the furious muzzle. He is not making a sound.
Perhaps nothing, after all, is happening.
But over at the farthest point,
where the square juts into the rusty green of the undersquat
of the city's hill,
with its palaces
and a thing up high with a square white tower,
there's something around the corner
visible to those standing in advance of all the others.
Their hands are upon their ears or their eyes.
Their mouths are redly open with surprise or pain.
A fierce white light from somewhere out of sight
is shining upon their faces.

—ANDREW GLAZE

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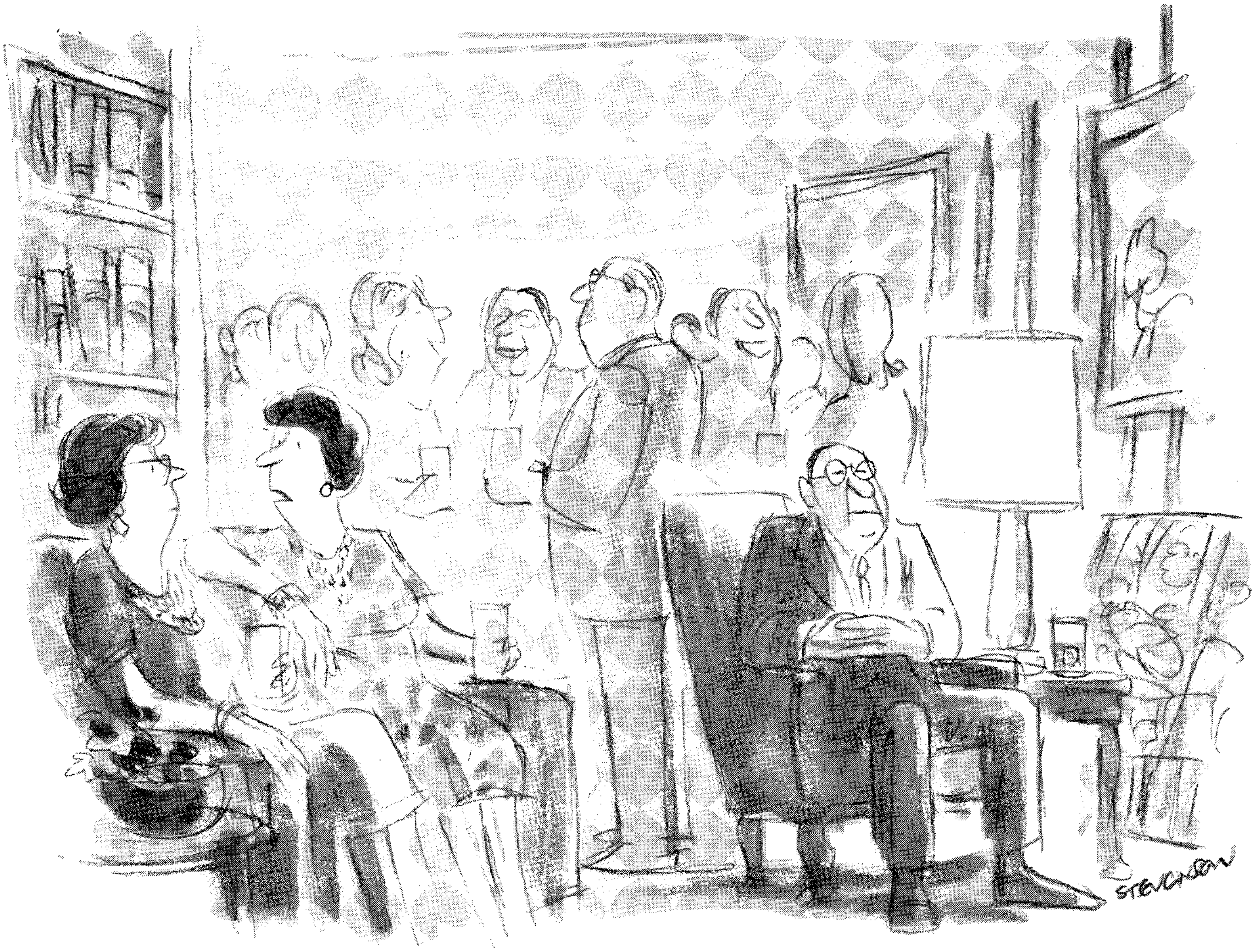


"With Tyler, a seven-second delay before answering is about par."

• •

tongue. The things Nadine says to Flo are such that if Flo had said them to *her* mother, her father would have thrashed her into the ground.

Nadine tries to butt in, to say this isn't true. Her father raises a hand, doesn't look at her, says, "Quiet."

When she says it isn't true, Nadine means that she has not started anything, only responded, that she was goaded by Flo, who is now, Nadine believes, telling the grossest sort of lies, twisting everything to suit herself. She knows, however, that whatever Flo has said or done, whatever she herself has said or done does not really matter; it is the struggle itself that counts and that can't be stopped, can never be stopped, short of where it has got to now.

Flo's knees are dirty. The scrub rag is still hanging over Nadine's foot. Nadine's father wipes his hands, listening to Flo. He takes his time. He is slow at getting into the spirit of things, tired in advance, maybe, and on the verge of rejecting the role he has to play. He won't look at Nadine, but at any sound or stirring from her he holds up his hand.

"Well, we don't need the public in on this, that's one thing," Flo says, and she goes to lock the door of the store, putting in the window the sign that says "Back Soon"—a sign Nadine made for her in black and red crayon, with a good deal of curving and shading of letters. When she comes back, she shuts the door to the store, then the door to the stairs and the doors to the woodshed and the front room. Her shoes have left marks on the clean, wet part of the floor. "Oh, I don't know," she says, in a voice worn down from its emotional peak. "I don't know what to do about her." She looks down, following Nadine's eyes, and sees her dirty knees, and rubs them viciously with her hands, smearing the dirt around. "She *humiliates* me," Flo says, straightening up. There it is, the explanation, the discovery. "She tries to humiliate me. She has no respect. How am I supposed to put up with it?"

"I do not!"

"Quiet, you!"

"If I hadn't called your father, wouldn't you still be sitting there with that grin on your face? What other way is there to manage you?"

Nadine detects in her father some objections to Flo's rhetoric, an embarrassment and reluctance. She is wrong, and ought to know she is wrong, in thinking she can count on this. The fact that she knows about it, and that he knows she knows, will not make things any better. He is beginning to warm up. He gives her a look. This look is at first cold and challenging. It informs her of his judgment, of the hopelessness of her position. Then it clears, begins to fill up with something else, the way a spring fills up with fresh water when you clear the leaves and scum away. His eyes fill with hatred and pleasure. Nadine sees this and knows what it is. Or is it just anger, are his eyes simply filling with anger? No. Hatred is right. Pleasure is right. His face loosens and changes and grows younger, and he holds up his hand, this time to silence Flo.

"All right," he says, meaning,

That's enough, more than enough; this part is over, things can proceed. He starts to loosen his belt.

Flo has stopped anyway. She has a difficulty Nadine shares, a difficulty, apparently, in believing that what you know must happen will happen, that there comes a time when you can't draw back.

"Oh, I don't know. Don't be too hard on her." Flo is moving around nervously as if she has thoughts of opening some escape route. "Oh, you don't have to use the belt on her. Do you have to use the belt? Couldn't you give her a talking-to? Couldn't you just slap her hands?"

He doesn't answer. The belt is coming off, but not hastily. Now it is being grasped at the necessary point. "All right, you." He comes over to Nadine, pushes her off the table. His face, like his voice, is entirely out of character. He is like a bad actor who turns a part grotesque. It is as if he is savoring and insisting on just what is shameful and terrible about this, so that Nadine will have no doubt about it, so that he himself will have no doubt. That does not mean that he is pretending, that he is not real. He is real and he is acting. Nadine knows it; she knows everything about him.

At the first, or maybe the second, crack of pain, Nadine draws back. She will not accept it. She runs around the room; she tries to get to the doors. Her father blocks her. Not an ounce of courage or of stoicism in her, it seems. She runs, she screams, she implores. Her father is after her, cracking the belt when he can, then abandoning it and using his hands. Bang over the ear, then bang over the other ear. Back and forth, her head ringing. Bang in the face. Up against the wall and bang in the face again. He shakes her, he kicks her legs. She is incoherent, insane, shrieking, "Forgive me! Oh, please forgive me!"

Flo is shrieking, too. "Stop, stop!"

Not yet. He throws her down. Or perhaps Nadine throws herself down. He kicks her legs again. She has given up on words but is letting out a noise that makes Flo cry, "Oh, what if people can hear?" The very last-ditch, willing sound of humiliation it is—the admitting, even embracing of defeat. It seems that Nadine must play her part with the same grossness, exaggeration that her father displays in his. She plays the victim with a self-indulgence that arouses his final, sickened contempt. Still, he has never managed to really injure her, though there are times, of course, when she prays that he will. He hits her with an open hand; there is some restraint in his kicks.

Now he stops; he is out of breath. He allows Flo to move in; he gives Nadine a push in Flo's direction, making a sound of disgust. Flo retrieves her, opens the stair door, shoves her up the stairs.

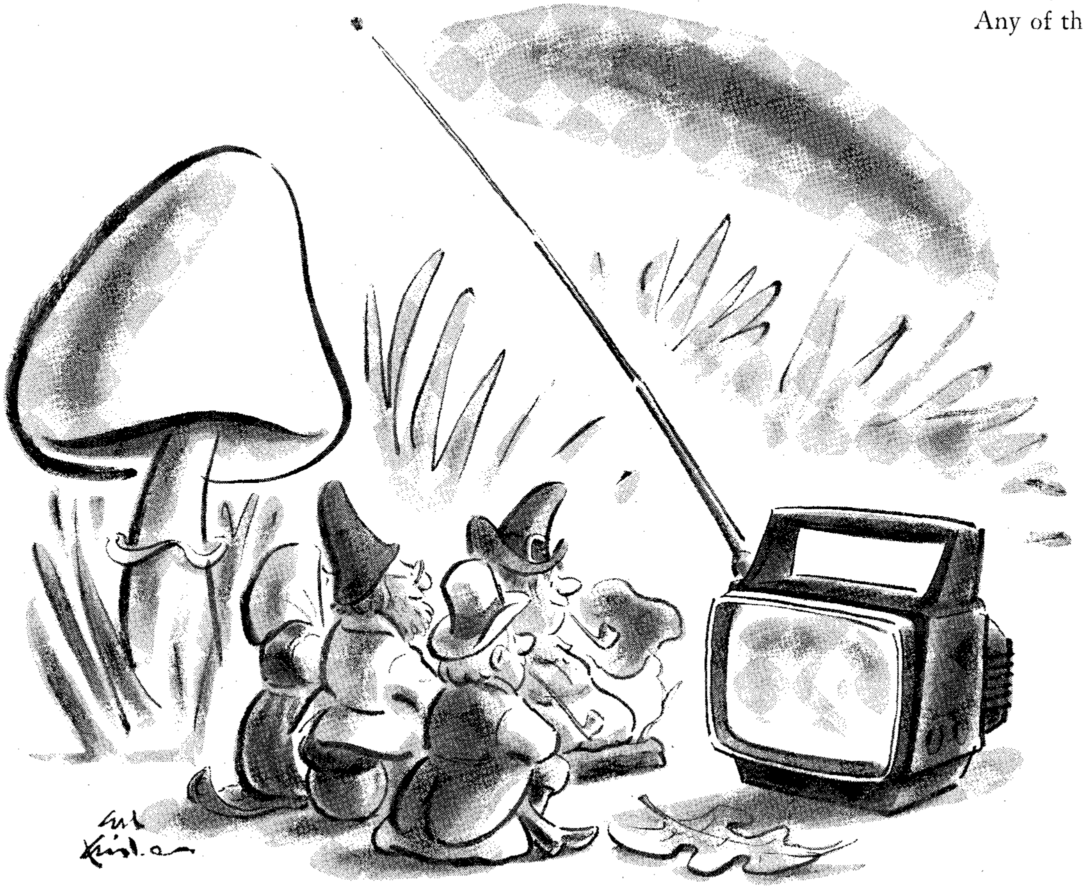
"Go on up to your room now! Hurry!"

Nadine goes up the stairs, stumbling, letting herself fall against the steps. She doesn't bang her door, because a gesture like that could still bring him after her. She shuts it, and she lies on the bed. She can hear through the stovepipe hole Flo snuffling and remonstrating. Her father says to Flo that if she did not want Nadine punished she should not have recommended it. Flo says she never recommended a hiding like that.

They argue back and forth on this, Flo's frightened voice growing stronger, steadier, getting its confidence back. By stages, by arguing, they are being drawn back into themselves. Soon only Flo is talking; he will not talk anymore. Nadine's sobbing has had to subside rather quickly, to let her listen, and when she loses interest in listening, wants to sob some more, she finds she can't work herself up to it. She has passed into a state of calm, in which outrage is complete and final. She will never speak to them again, she will never look at them with anything but loathing, she will never forgive them. She will punish them, she will finish them. Encased in these finalities, and in her pain, she floats in curious comfort, beyond herself, beyond responsibility.

Suppose I die, she thinks. Suppose I commit suicide. Suppose I run away. Any of these things would be appropriate. It is only a matter of choosing, of figuring out the way. She floats in her pure superior state as if kindly drugged. And just as when you are drugged there is a moment in which you feel perfectly safe, sure, unreachable, and then without warning a moment when you know the whole protection has cracked, though you are still pretending to hold it soundly together, so there is a moment now—the moment, in fact, when she hears Flo's step on the stairs—that contains for Nadine both her present peace and freedom and a sure knowledge of the whole down-spiralling course of events to come.

Flo enters the room without knocking, but with a hesitation that shows it might have occurred to her.



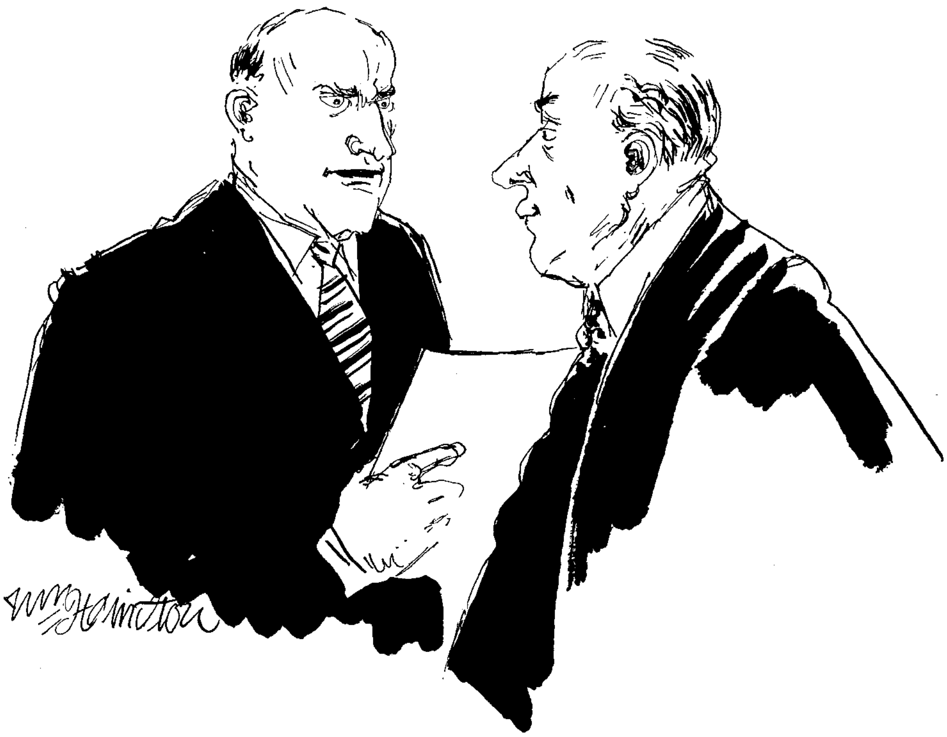
She brings a jar of cold cream. Nadine is hanging on to her advantage as long as she can, lying face down on the bed, refusing to acknowledge or answer.

"Oh, come on," Flo says. "You're not so bad off. You put some of this on you and you'll feel better."

She is bluffing. She doesn't know for sure what damage has been done. She has the lid off the cold cream. Nadine can smell it. The intimate, babyish, humiliating smell. She won't allow it near her. But in order to avoid the big ready clot of it in Flo's hand, she has to move. She scuffles, resists, loses dignity, and lets Flo see there is not really much the matter.

"All right," Flo says. "You win. I'll leave it here, and you can put it on when you like."

Later still, a tray will appear. Flo will put it down without a word and go away. A large glass of chocolate milk will be on it, made with Ovaltine from the store—some rich streaks of Ovaltine at the bottom of the glass. Little sandwiches, neat and appetizing, made with canned salmon of the first quality, reddish in color, and with plenty of mayonnaise. A couple of butter tarts from a bakery package, some chocolate biscuits with a peppermint filling. Nadine will turn away, refuse to look, but left alone with these eatables she will be miserably tempted. She will be roused and troubled and drawn back from thoughts of suicide or flight by the smell of salmon, the anticipation of crisp chocolate. She will reach out a finger, just to run it around the edge of one of the sandwiches (crusts cut off!) to get the overflow, a taste. Then she will decide to eat one, for strength to refuse the rest. One will not be noticed. Then, in helpless corruption, she will eat them all. She will drink the chocolate milk, eat the tarts, eat the cookies. She will get out the malt syrup at the bottom of the glass with her finger, sniffling with shame. Too late. Flo will come up and get the tray. Depending on how chastened she herself is feeling, she may say, "I see you got your appetite still," or "Did you like the chocolate? Was there enough syrup in it?" At any rate, advantage will be lost. Nadine will understand that life has started up again, that they will all sit around the table again, eating, listening to the radio news—tomorrow morning, maybe even tonight, unseemly and unlikely as that may be. They will be embarrassed, but rather less than you might expect, considering how they behaved. They will feel a queer lassitude, a convalescent indolence, not far from satisfaction. They will feel like talking then; they will be making offerings, as if to visitors.



"Are you trying to be cute?"

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"DO you know what the old fellows are thinking now?" Nadine's father said after one of these scenes. They had eaten supper and were sitting in the kitchen.

"Who?" said Flo quite eagerly. "What?"

He nodded toward the front of the store, so that they knew he was talking about the old men who sat on the bench, though of course they weren't there at present; they went home at dark.

"Those old coots," said Flo. "What?"

He told them that the old men had picked up the idea somewhere that what looked like a star in the western sky—the first star that came out after sunset, the evening star—was in reality an airship hovering over Bay City, Michigan, on the other side of Lake Huron. An American invention, they said, sent up to rival the heavenly bodies. They were all in agreement about this; the idea was congenial to them. They said it was lit by ten thousand electric light bulbs. He ruthlessly disagreed with them, pointed out that it was the planet Venus, and had been there long before there was such a thing as an electric light bulb. They had never heard of the planet Venus.

"Ignoramuses," said Flo. At which Nadine and her father knew, and knew that each other knew, that Flo did not know the star was the planet Venus, either. To distract them from this, or apologize for it, Flo put down her cup, slid down on her chair so that just the top of her head rested on the seat, hooked another chair with her feet (somehow managing at the same time to tuck her dress modestly between her legs), and lay stretched between them stiff as a board, so that Brian cried in delight, "Do that! Do that!" Flo was double-jointed and very strong. In moments of celebration or emergency she would do tricks.

They were silent while she turned herself around, not using her arms at all but just her strong legs and feet. Then, though they had seen it before, they all cried out in triumph.

Just as Flo turned herself, Nadine imagined that airship, an elongated transparent bubble, with its strings of diamond lights, floating in the miraculous American sky.

"The planet Venus!" her father said, applauding Flo. "Ten thousand electric lights!"

There was a feeling of relaxation, permission, even a current of delight in the room. Nadine went and stood on her head in the corner, knowing that when they noticed her they would laugh.

The beatings stopped after three or four years, either because Nadine was getting too shamefully big or because her father no longer had the strength to deliver them or simply because the time for them had passed—like the time for losing baby teeth.

YEARS later, on a Sunday morning Nadine turned on the radio. She was living in Vancouver then, with a man who slept late on Sunday mornings. Sometimes she worked as an actress, sometimes she worked in a bookstore. She had an apartment with a view of the mountains—when the clouds lifted and it was possible to see them.

"Well, sir," an old man's voice was saying on the radio. "It was a different kind of place in our day. Yes, it was. It was all horses then. Horses and buggies. Buggy races up and down the main street on Saturday nights."

"Just like the chariot races in the old days," said a smoother, encouraging voice, apparently an interviewer's.

"I have never seen a one of them."

"No, sir, that was well before your time."

"Musta been before my time. I'm a hunnerd and two years old."

"That's a wonderful age, sir."

"It is so."

Nadine left it on. She was up early, making coffee for herself. It seemed to her that this must be a staged interview, a scene from a play. The old man's voice was so vain and belligerent, the interviewer's quite hopeless and alarmed, under its practiced gentleness and ease.

"They must have been fairly dangerous," the interviewer said.

"What was dangerous?"

"Those buggy races."

"They was. Dangerous. Used to be the runaway horses. Used to be a-plenty of accidents. Fellows was dragged along the gravel and cut their face open. Wouldna matter so much if they was dead. Heh. Some of them horses was the high-steppers. Some, they had to have the mustard under their tail. Some wouldn't step out for nothing. That's the thing it is with the horses. Some'll work and pull till they drop down dead and some wouldn't pull your tail out of a pail of lard. Heh. Accidents all the time then. In the mill. Foundry. Wasn't the precautions."

"You didn't have so many strikes then, I don't suppose? You didn't have so many unions?"

"Everybody taking it easy nowadays. We worked and we was glad to get it. Worked and was glad to get it."

"You didn't have television."

"Didn't have no TV. Didn't have no radio. No picture show."

"You made your own entertainment."

"That's what we did."

"You had a lot of experiences young men growing up today will never have."

"Experiences."

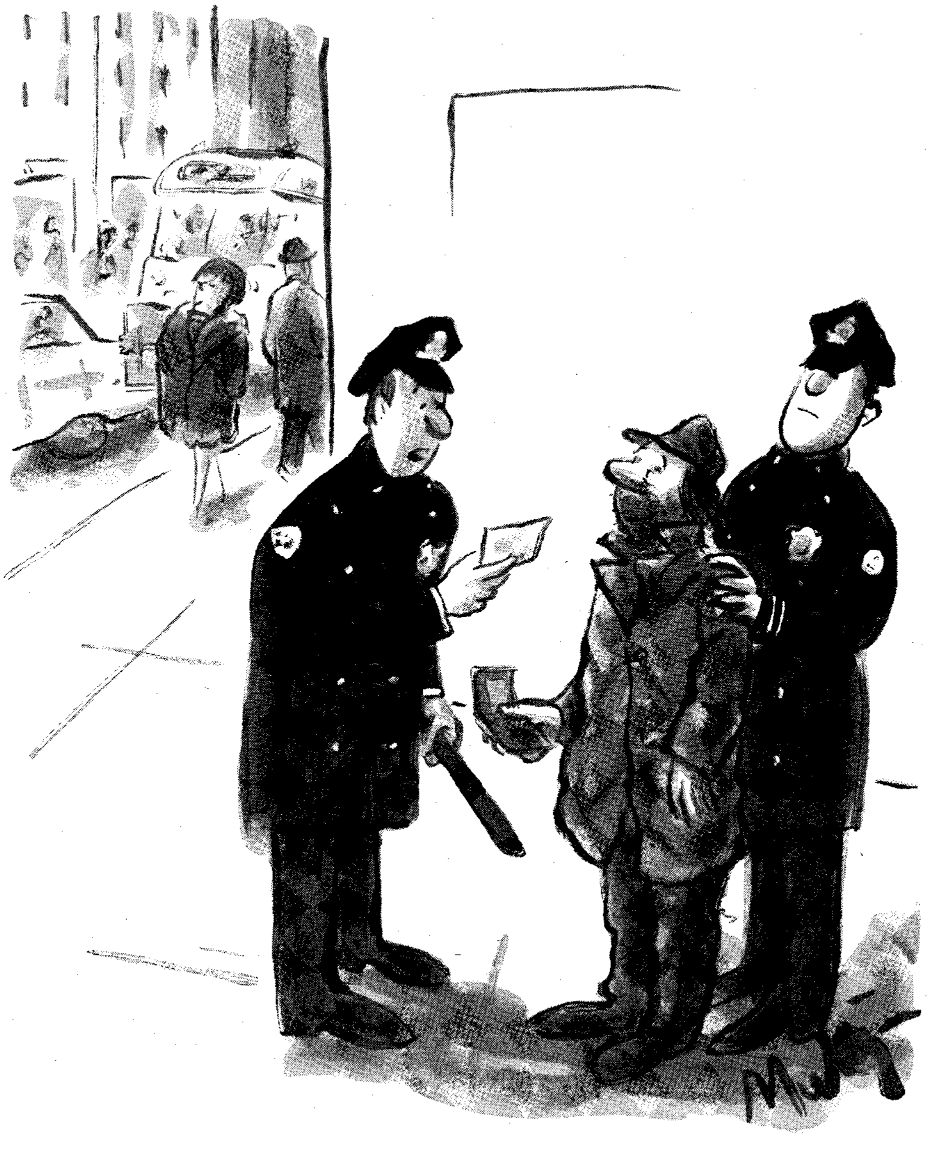
"Can you recall any of them for us?"

"I eaten groundhog meat one time. One winter. You wouldna cared for it."

There was a pause—of appreciation, it would seem—then the announcer's voice saying that the foregoing had been an interview with Mr. Wilfred Nettleton, of Hanratty, Ontario, recorded on his hundred-and-second birthday, two weeks before his death last spring. A living link with our past, Mr. Nettleton had been interviewed in the Wawanosh County Home for the Aged.

Hat Nettleton.

Nadine, looking out from her apartment kitchen toward the mountains of the North Shore, longed to tell somebody. It was Flo who would enjoy hearing. Nadine thought of her saying "Imagine!" in the way that meant she was having her worst suspicions gorgeously confirmed. But Flo was in the same place Hat Nettleton had died in; she had been there when that interview was made, though she would not have heard it, would not even have known about it. It didn't matter to Flo where she was. After Nadine put her in the Home, a couple of years earlier, she had stopped talking. She had removed herself, and spent most of her time curled up into a corner of her crib, where she sat looking crafty and disagreeable, not answering anybody, though she occasionally showed her feelings by biting a nurse. —ALICE MUNRO



"Why, this indeed seems to be a license to beg, borrow, or steal."

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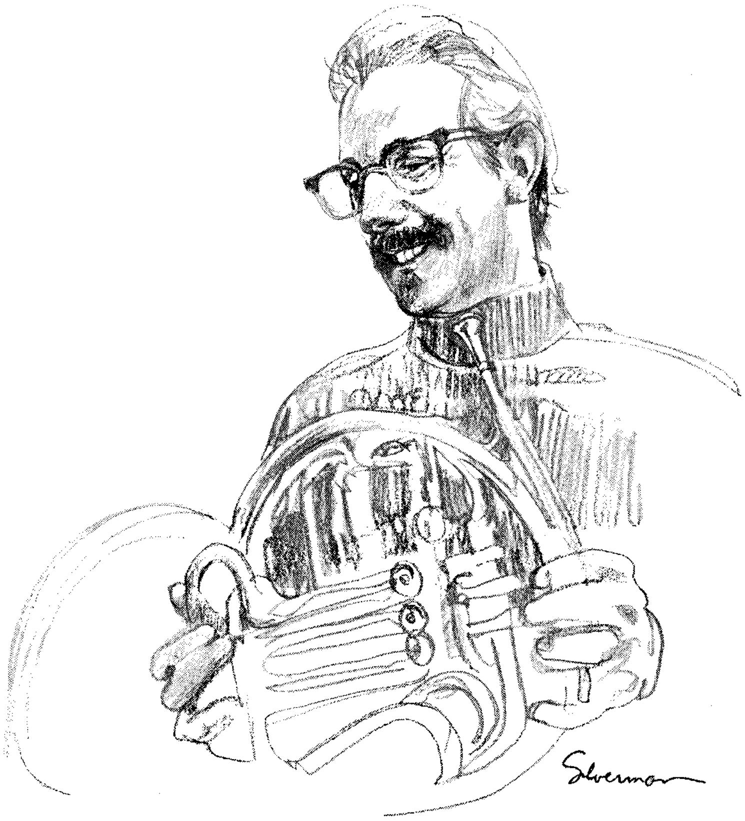
The total land area of the earth is about 57,666,000 square moles. The winter Olympic games were started in 1924. —*Las Vegas Review-Journal.*

To get people's minds off their troubles.

PROFILES

SOMETHING I COULD DO



Barry Tuckwell

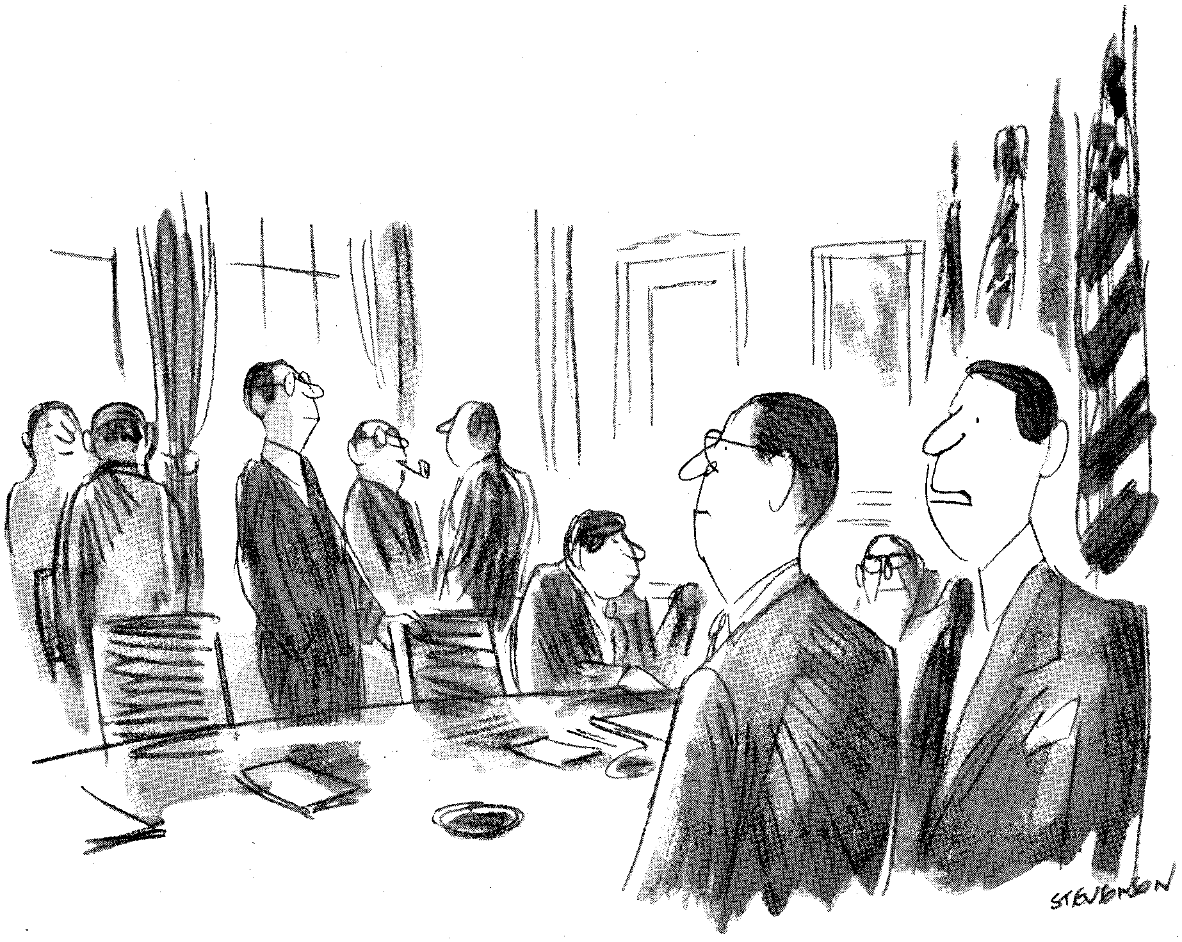
WHAT instrument in the symphony orchestra has the most beautiful sound? Concertgoers would give quite a number of answers to that question. A small and stubborn minority would insist that it is the horn. By horn I do not mean just any brass instrument, such as the trumpet or the trombone. I mean the *horn:* that noble, circularly coiled, gleaming affair that is known in English-speaking countries, and nowhere else, as the “French horn”—a name that is totally illogical, since there is nothing specifically French about it. True, the word “horn” has been applied indiscriminately to nearly all brass instruments at one time or another in America and Britain. But that usage, too, is incorrect. Trombones and trumpets have tubular bores, which is to say that they are uniformly round except for their mouthpipes and flaring bells. The horn, on the other hand, has a conical bore, which means that its tube begins to flare outward at the point where its mouthpiece is inserted, and grows larger in diameter through its length, until it culminates in a very large bell. (The modern orchestral horn, it must be admitted, has been considerably modified, and about half its twenty feet of length is now cylindrical.) The instrument’s name derives from the horn of an animal, which has a similar conical shape, and which in ancient times was made into a musical instrument to be used for military calls or calling cattle.

The horn is quite special among brass instruments. Its enormous length gives it a range that begins two octaves below middle C and stretches upward nearly two octaves above it. Its sound, ordinarily, is mellow—so much so that horn players are seated in the orchestra between the woodwinds and the other, louder brass. When played as softly as possible, a horn can resemble the cooing of a distant mourning dove. When played at a medium degree of loudness, it has a bell-like sound, as pure as that of the flute or clarinet, with a magical nostalgic or atavistic quality that suggests ancient forest scenes or the necromancy of medieval sorcerers. Played at full force, it has a blaring, brassy quality, suggesting military aggression or triumph. It can also be muted, in which case its voice ranges from the softest sound known in music to a muffled blast as of distant battle. No other brass instrument is capable of its great range or of a fraction of its variety of tone.

The horn is also probably the most difficult instrument in the orchestra to play. Missing or splattering of high notes by horn players is notorious. The horn has been called “the wild beast of the orchestra” and “the treacherous monster of the brass.” Naturally, great horn players are rare. There are very few horn players who do not occasionally, and none who do not ever, miss a note. Some are remarkable for their agility, others for their rich tone, and seldom do the two faculties appear in the same player. The horn is a very intimate instrument, as all the brasses are, since, like the singing voice, its vibrating medium is a part of the player’s own body—the lips.

THE finest horn player of the present generation, and one of the finest horn players who have ever lived, is a forty-six-year-old Australian named Barry Tuckwell, once the first horn of the London Symphony Orchestra and now a travelling soloist who gives recitals all over the world and appears as a soloist with various symphony orchestras. This estimate of his powers is not a matter of personal whim; it is supported by most of the world’s horn players. His career is unique in that although many of his colleagues appear as soloists, they are all, as far as he knows, either members of orchestras or hold teaching positions. The character of Tuckwell’s playing is astounding to most of his colleagues as well as impressive to musical audiences. He almost never misses a note. His agility might be compared to that of a coloratura soprano. His tone is rich, and variously colored and shaded. His legato exhibits a singing line and a faultless feeling for accent and phrasing. His staccato attacks, made with the help of the tongue, are firm, and where desired remarkably rapid, and his articulation has enormous variety. All these qualities have caused him to be called, with some justice, the Jascha Heifetz of the horn. As a student, he took to the horn so naturally that he was playing in the Sydney Symphony six months after he had first come in contact with the instrument.

At recitals, he stands at attention like a soldier, with his instrument pressed to his lips, his left hand manipulating the keys that control the valves, his right hand working within the bell, modulating the tone. He is not a big man, and shows no hint of the barrel shape that many horn players develop. He stands about five feet ten—a thin, muscular figure—and he looks slightly Mephistophelean, because of a mustache, which has been compared to Groucho Marx’s, and a small goatee. He always wears spectacles, on and off the stage. He does not pause to turn his horn around and empty the water out of it, as most horn players do, and the reason for this has been a con-



"He's a liberal but not an outspoken liberal."

• •

siderable mystery to many of his listeners. "It's no secret," he has explained to interviewers. "I have several water keys on the instrument, and I empty it all the time during pauses in my playing." Water keys—small, spring-activated keys covering holes in the instrument—have been used on trumpets and trombones for a long time, but Tuckwell is one of the first people to use them on the horn. He has a way of masking the difficulties of the instrument when he is playing before an audience, never permitting his facial muscles to show any strain, even at the most taxing points. His reputation precedes him wherever he plays. Critics have worn out adjectives describing his playing. "Dazzling," "sublime," "breathtaking," "unbelievable," "exquisite," "superb," "flawless," "awesome," "dauntless," and "fantastic" are some of the words that turn up regularly, and in Italy he has been nicknamed Il Corno d'Oro (the Golden Horn). In Germany, a critic once wrote, "If the hunter had ever been able to play like this, the deer would have died from ecstasy."

Tuckwell follows a tremendous travelling schedule, which takes in some two hundred thousand miles a year, to play about two hundred concerts in North America, in his native Australia, in Asia, and in Europe. "My passport is almost worn out with visas," he said the other day. Though he has a wife and a very small child in London, he is away on the road for nine months of the year. Almost all his concert dates are in answer to requests for his services. He travels light, with a suitcase in one hand and his horn in the other. "It's necessary to carry one's own things nowadays," he continued. "There are no porters anymore. I have become a great expert on drip-dry underwear and shirts. I assess the laundry situation as soon as I check in. I keep a book with all my dates written in it. My wife handles the correspondence, which is voluminous, and once a week a secretary comes in to help her. I carry a small plastic knife and spoon with me to keep germs away, and I am very careful of my diet. I like to eat native foods—I find that I enjoy most of them—but I avoid citrus fruits, apples, and anything with vinegar, because they dry my mouth and make playing difficult. I have never enjoyed milk products, except for yogurt, which I eat occasionally. I avoid fatty foods and foods with preservatives in them. Of course, I burn up a lot of calories playing. In India, I take a supply of pills. I like to swim, but I have to be careful of chlorinated water, because of its effect on my lips.

"I've developed a method of practicing in hotels. I turn the television on full blast and then practice with a mute. People are not annoyed by television—they expect it—but they are, for some reason, annoyed by horn playing. I'm very lazy. If I remember, I do exercises when I get up in the morning, but I don't remember usually. Of course, playing the horn is a form of exercise, and I always have an excellent appetite. Funny things happen on the road. Once when I was to play a recital at La Scala, in Milan, I found that I had left my cummerbund and tie behind, though I had my tails. I thought, It doesn't matter—the costume department of a place like La Scala must have hundreds of cummerbunds and white ties. But when I got there I found that the costume department was locked up. So I had to improvise. At the hotel, I made a cummerbund out of a towel, and I managed to make a white tie out of a paper napkin I had brought with me from the plane. It had the monogram of British Airways on it, but I concealed that in the back. Travelling can be tiring. The most tiring thing, I think, is waiting in airports. I know the inside of airports all over the world."

Tuckwell is extremely sensitive to the comments of critics. "Reservations on the part of critics worry me," he admitted. "What did I do wrong? Something that is not wholly complimentary from a critic upsets me. Maybe the man was asleep, but I shouldn't have let him go to sleep." However, adverse criticism is something that Tuckwell seldom encounters. Not only are the critics almost unanimous in their praise but his faithful public will not hear of any carping where his playing is concerned. It takes the position that if a critic does not wholeheartedly approve of everything Tuckwell does,

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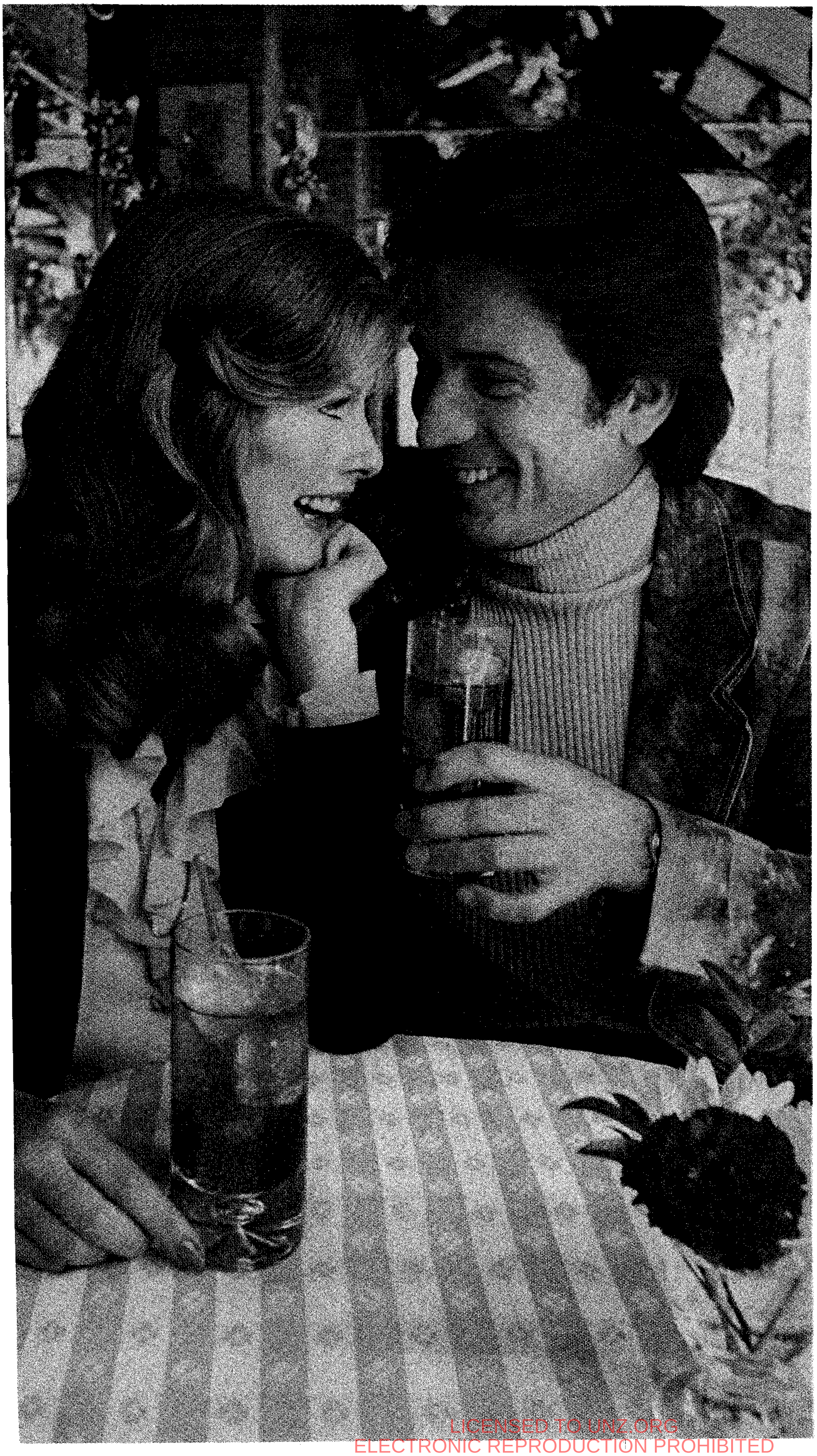

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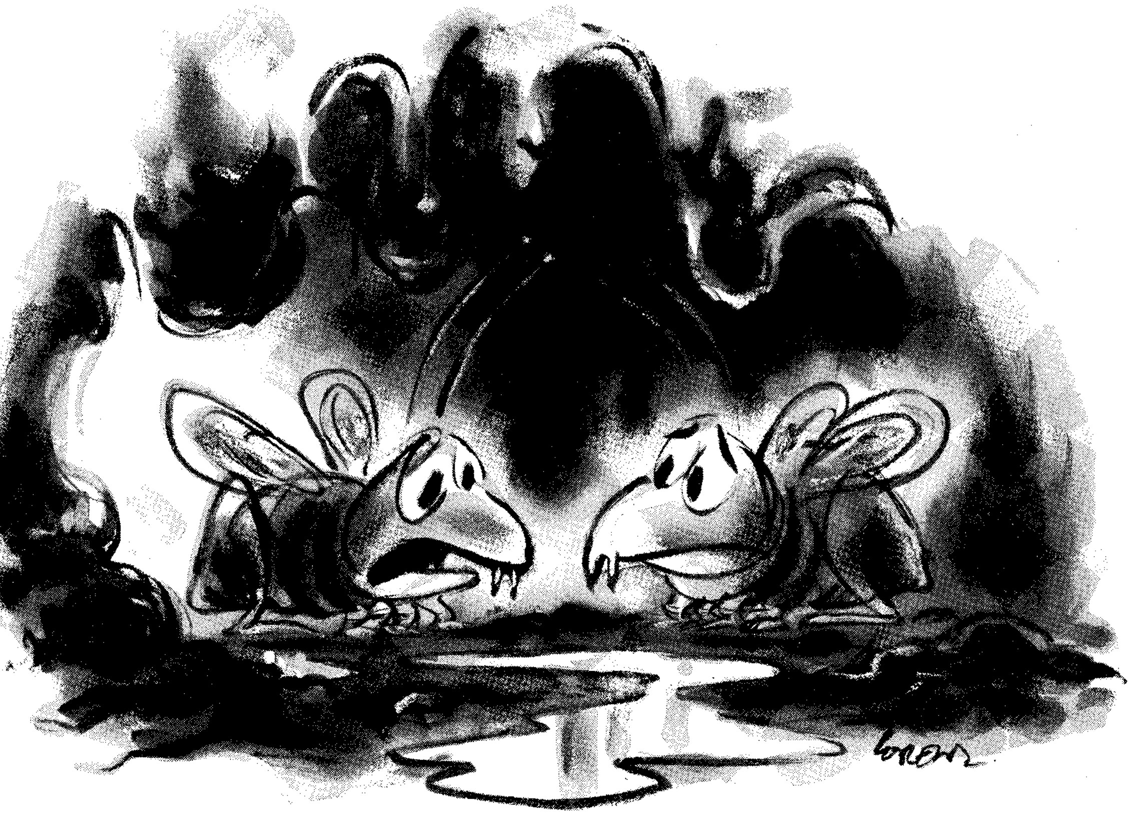
that proves not that Tuckwell is at fault but that the critic is incompetent. His following is deeply immersed in the mystique that somehow attaches to the horn. A dentist in Jacksonville, Florida, named Milton McKnight frequently rearranges his schedule when Tuckwell plays in the United States and takes a plane to hear him. As one might expect, Dr. McKnight is an amateur horn player. Tuckwell has found that many academic and professional people—doctors, lawyers, and so on—are amateur horn players. Physicists, in particular, are attracted to the horn. The first horn player of the Boston Symphony, Charles Kavalovski, is a former physicist. One physicist, the late Malcolm C. Henderson, of Catholic University, not only played the horn but wrote poetry to it. On his deathbed, Henderson asked that his horn be placed on his chest so that he could blow a few last breaths through it.

Tuckwell has had some troubles with his health. He catches cold easily, and the cold always develops into sinus trouble, which is exceedingly painful for a horn player. He has, during his career, cancelled only one concert because of flu. Recently, he had another attack of flu, but he refused to cancel that time, and played a full concert in Alice Tully Hall in spite of it. "I slipped a disc a couple of years ago," he recalled. "I couldn't sit and I couldn't stand. I had treatment for curvature of the spine, and at the next performance I wore a corset and sort of reclined on a double-bass player's stool. I had to carry a cane. I was very upset from a pride point of view. They said I looked twenty years older. That made me realize that I couldn't go on playing the horn forever." Next day, however, he was off for Munich. "Teeth are very important," he continued. "I try to keep out of fistfights. But from twenty-five on one begins to decompose. Gums recede and get soft, and teeth become loose. That is very serious. And, of course, a cold sore on the lip and you are out for a long time. I am allergic to the nickel that is used to plate the mouthpiece, so I have to use a mouthpiece with a plastic rim. Respiratory troubles, too, develop as you grow older. Knowledge helps. I must know what I am doing physically. Pacing is very important—pacing sometimes for a full week. How can one save up for a difficult moment? Sometimes I rest for a whole day before a concert. In any case, I do not practice much that day. Some players overpractice. The problem is how much breath to use, how much to save for the climaxes. Only one side of horn playing is musical. It's a form of athletics as well as an art."

The difficulties of the instrument itself are enough to keep a horn player on his toes even if he is in the best of health. "You have to take risks," Tuckwell said. "Good music-making always involves risks, but the risks are greater on the horn. You may be able to get by playing for total safety, but it won't be worth tuppence musically. When something goes wrong, one always hopes that some part of the instrument has fallen off. But one looks and it is invariably intact. I am always scared before a concert, but I control myself. I see performances as opportunities for the public to hear masterpieces through me, and I feel a corresponding responsibility. The opening measures of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, for example, are marvellously effective but very difficult. It starts with a few notes from the horn over a very soft tremolo in the strings. There should really be no beginning to the first note that the first horn plays, it should just appear. But this is difficult to achieve, and risky to try. Those notes can transform the whole symphony."

The repertoire that Tuckwell plays as a soloist is larger than many people imagine. "The four Mozart concertos and the two by Richard Strauss are my bread and butter," he said. "The first Strauss concerto is the more popular of the two. But there are other works besides. There is a beautiful concerto by Glière, written in 1940 in the style of Glazunov. Richard Strauss's father, Franz Strauss, wrote a concerto. He was a horn player himself. The work is rather Italianate in quality. Then, there are the Leopold Mozart concerto and the Christoph Foerster concerto. Foerster's was the earliest of the horn concertos, written in 1745. It would have been played with the bell of the horn in the air, as was the custom in Handel's time. And there are a lot of smaller works—a Scriabin romance for horn and piano, a Beethoven sonata for horn and piano, two sonatas by Cherubini, a Telemann concerto, a Weber concertino, Schumann's Adagio



"I suppose the truth is that wherever we live it's going to be a pestilential hole."

• •

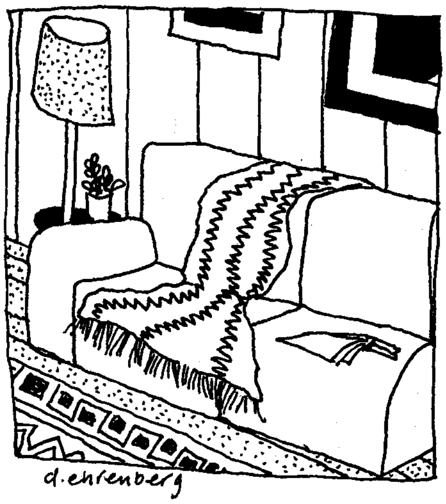
and Allegro, and others. We horn players are luckier than oboe and bassoon players. A great deal of solo material has been written for us. The only trouble is that most horn concertos are short. Glière's is short. It takes one of Mozart's or one of Strauss's to fill up half a program. I have recorded most of these works. I do not have an exclusive contract with any recording company. My recordings are brought out either on Angel or on London records. I am a member of the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society, and we often play ensemble works in Alice Tully Hall. A number of contemporary composers write works for me. Gunther Schuller is writing a concerto. The Scottish composer Thea Musgrave has written a horn concerto—an odd work in which the horns leave the stage and distribute themselves throughout the auditorium during the performance. Iain Hamilton, who lives in New York, has written a piece called "Voyage" for horn and chamber orchestra. Don Banks, of Australia, has written a concerto. Alun Hoddinott, a Welsh composer, has written a concerto and a sonata. György Ligeti has told me he will write a concerto, and Richard Rodney Bennett has written one. I will perform its première this summer for one of the BBC Promenade concerts at the Albert Hall."

FACE to face, Tuckwell is a handsome man, with a slightly aquiline nose, a tanned face, and greenish eyes behind his spectacles. "I didn't grow this mustache and beard for appearance," he explained. "I grew them for playing. My lips became irritated from shaving." His hair is thick, graying, and wavy. He retains only the slightest trace of an Australian accent, perhaps because he has been a resident of England for many years. His manner is cheerful and communicative, with an occasional shaft of dry wit.

He admits to being a perfectionist. "I have a love-hate relationship with my horn," he said. "I'm better only because I work at it. Ability can be a great drawback. I know people who play better than I do, but I think of myself as a musician rather than as just a horn player. The other day, I played into a tape recorder and listened to the tape. I was disgusted. I had done all the sorts of things I disapprove of. From time to time, I rethink every work I play. The second Mozart concerto, for example, might be getting stale, and I have to correct this. When I was with the London Symphony Orchestra, Rostropovich came to play the Schumann cello concerto, with Britten conducting. The cello part starts off with one long note. Rostropovich made that note interesting. I immediately tried to analyze that—how he did it, and so on—and hoped that someday I would be able to make one note interesting, too.

"I am often asked about playing on instruments that the compositions were originally written for—the old natural, or valveless, horn that Mozart wrote for, say. It depends. I don't usually believe in it. Beethoven's sonata is a good example—it certainly benefits from the use of valves. Mozart, on the other hand, wrote very well for the valveless horn, but, again, it is possible to get his sort of cantabile better on a valved horn. A good natural horn is easier to play. All this plumbing results in acoustical problems, a lot of deadweight, and a certain amount of leakage. Our modern horns don't play so easily. People don't realize that in effect we are still playing on a natural horn, with the option of changing from one key to another by means of valves. A lot of people think that the horn has been simplified, but this is not so."

Changing the subject slightly, he went on, "We horn players tend to stick together. Nobody else really understands our problems. With a violinist or cellist, you can see the bow go up and down and the fingers hit the strings. But everything the horn player uses is invisible—the lips, the tongue, the diaphragm. If I miss a note, three thousand people know it, but if I play everything correctly nobody notices. So we have a sort of freemasonry." The main focus of this freemasonry is the International Horn Society, an organization of more than a thousand members, which holds annual horn workshops, each time in a different place. Last year, the members gathered in Montreux; this summer they will favor Hartford. Tuckwell is the society's current president. Hundreds of players attend each workshop, and the din is terrific. "Some like to play all night," Tuckwell said. "Sometimes it's a bit frightening. But we've made a rule that anyone who plays between midnight and 5 A.M. must use a mute." These meetings draw horn players from all over the world, and there are always famous virtuosos among them. They discuss embouchures (the fitting of the mouth to the mouthpiece), how to hold the horn for maximum effect, how to breathe, and a thousand other technical matters. They also discuss mouthpieces. "If we used a cup-shaped mouthpiece instead of the standard cone-shaped one, we would gain a lot in accuracy," Tuckwell explained, "but the tone would be lost, and the tone is the magic of the horn." The International Horn Society twice a year publishes a magazine named *The Horn Call*, and its members keep in touch, communicating the latest theories about or improvements in horn technique or the instrument itself. "The other players of brass instruments are imitating our society," Tuckwell said. One of the International Horn Society's most insistent crusades is to get the absurd adjective "French" removed from the instrument's name.



The International Horn Society's workshops consist of five days of events. There are lectures, master classes, concerts by eminent players, and talks by dietitians, dentists, acousticians, manufacturers, and others. There are also events for massed horns (it is a peculiarity of the horn that several, or many, horns playing together always blend perfectly), and chamber-music performances for anything from two to sixteen horns. Graham Hovey, a diplomatic correspondent in the Washington bureau of the *Times* and a horn player in his spare time, wrote a long report on a recent workshop held at Indiana University, in Bloomington, which was published in a magazine called *The Instrumentalist*. According to Hovey, a high point of the workshop was the performance by four hundred and twenty-eight horn players of a motet by Johann Nepomuk Hummel. The effect, evidently, was tremendous. "Even hardened horn professionals said that the sound of the Hummel had been 'music of the angels,'" Hovey wrote, "and admitted that the sight of four hundred and twenty-eight horn bells in the air [for the official photograph] had left lumps in their throats." Philip Farkas, a professor of music at the university, who has written a treatise on the art of horn playing and was at one time or another the first horn player of the Chicago Symphony,

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the Cleveland Orchestra, and the Boston Symphony, remarked, "I've often heard that horn players are a peculiar breed, and I think this proves it. If dedication to a noble and beautiful instrument is peculiar, then long live peculiarity!" Lectures and performances were given by such premier players as England's Alan Civil, West Germany's Michael Hoeltzel, Tuckwell, Dale Clevenger, of the Chicago Symphony, and Ib Lanzky-Otto, of the Stockholm Philharmonic. There was much discussion of the mystique of the horn, and homage was paid to the great horn player Dennis Brain, who died in an automobile accident in 1957, and to other eminent players of the past, including, of course, Aubrey Brain, Dennis's renowned father. In attendance at the workshop were students as well as highly skilled professionals. It was the first time in history, probably, that so many horn players had got together in one place. Hovey quoted Farkas as having once written, "A horn player is a member of the extremely small and exclusive fraternity of experts who carry on an ancient and beautiful art, its very difficulties creating a bond of understanding and friendship (I might almost say sympathy) between all its members."

In a piece last year in the *Times*, Hovey also reported the fact that during that particular workshop Tuckwell made one of the most dramatic errors of his career. In performing Paul Dukas's extremely taxing "Villanelle" for horn and piano, he had gone triumphantly through a succession of lip trills (made with the lips, without the use of valves), hand stops, and spectacular runs, and then, three notes before the end, attacked a high F. The note cracked, and a hush fell. Tuckwell pointed to the sky, where that note presumably was, and then there was tremendous applause. It was a historic moment. Younger members of the audience treasured it for showing that even the great Barry Tuckwell could miss a high note, and the older and more experienced players applauded because they realized that few of them could have played the piece as well.

THE modern orchestral horn is a descendant of the closely coiled hunting horn of the late sixteenth century. In the mid-seventeenth century, the French *trompe de chasse* appeared. This was a hoop-shaped instrument, which had a greater range, because of its increased length. It was quickly introduced into Germany, where its range was increased further and where it became known as the *Waldhorn*. Crooks—removable sections of tubing—were a later modification, which enabled the player to change the key of his horn, but a full scale, including half tones, could not be played until the mid-eighteenth century, when a Bohemian horn player named Anton Joseph Hampel developed the technique of producing the missing tones by stopping the bell with his right hand. The stopped tones sounded somewhat muffled, but composers soon became interested. All the horn parts of Mozart, and other composers of his period, were played on a stopped horn of this type, and many of Beethoven's were, too. Then, in the early days of the nineteenth century, valves were invented for the instrument. By means of pistons or keys, the valves could be articulated, and a full scale in any key without hand-stopping was made possible. Most single-key horns nowadays are built in the key of F, which is the most congenial one for the range of the instrument, or in B-flat alto, on which it is easier to play the upper register than it is on the F horn. But earlier in the nineteenth century horns in various keys were used. The modern horn player must be able to transpose parts written for these instruments into other keys, and it sometimes happens that, through a process too technical to be described here, the note written on the staff, the note played by the player, and the note that comes out of his instrument are all different. In the late nineteenth century, the double horn was developed. It was the same old horn in F, but it had an extra number of slides—the modern equivalent of crooks—which could be activated by a rotary valve, pressed by the thumb, to transform it into a horn in B-flat alto. Thus, by mere thumb pressure the player could assure greater accuracy in high notes. It was some time before this double horn was accepted by the majority of horn players. Many conservative players, like Bruno Jaenicke and Aubrey Brain, insisted on continuing to play the old F horn in spite of the improvements, and, indeed, the F horn did have a richer tone than the B-flat attachment. But today most horn players use both the F and the B-flat alternative, and Tuckwell is one of them. During the eighteenth century, composers wrote a fairly large repertoire for the solo horn, valveless though it was. In the nineteenth century, fewer such works were written, and composers began using the horn mainly as a component of the symphony orchestra, ordinarily in pairs or in fours—the first and third horn specializing in the higher

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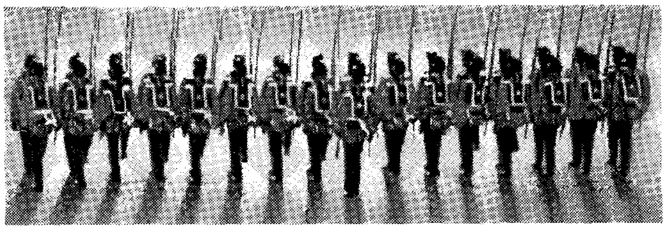

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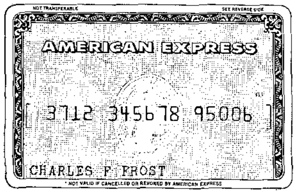

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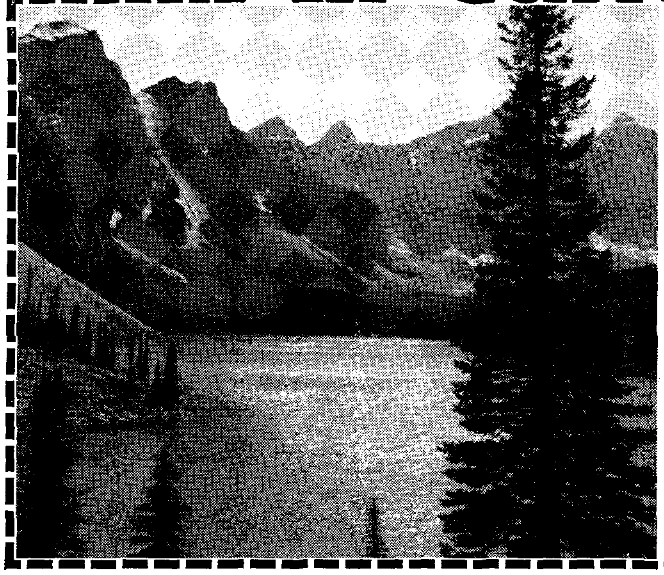

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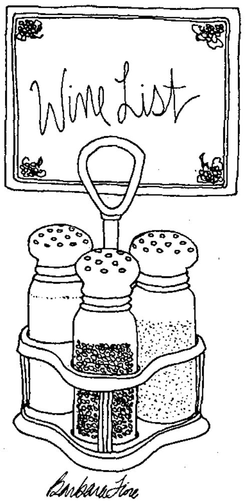
registers and the second and fourth in the lower. The quartet of horns became one of the standard features of symphonic and operatic orchestras from the time of Mozart. "The first horn occupies the hot seat," Tuckwell has observed. It is the first horn that has the most difficult duties in orchestral works, including the production of all those high notes. In fact, in Beethoven's time the solo sonatas and concertos for the horn were written for the second horn, since the first was usually occupied with stratospheric notes and filigree work and did not have the second horn's fullness of tone.

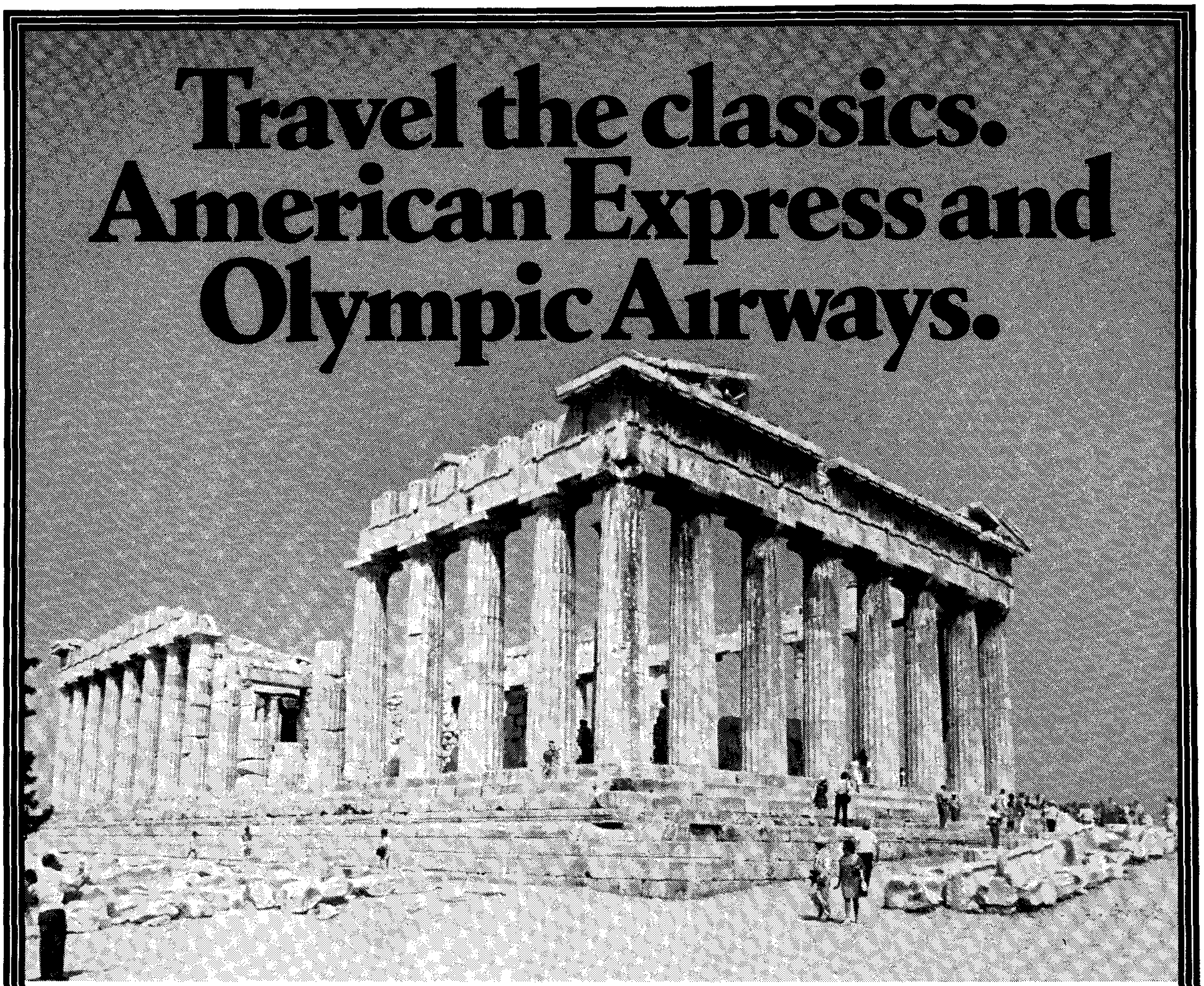


Tuckwell has a large number of horns at home in London. (Once when he was asked how he takes care of them, he replied, "I don't drop them.") He said recently that he has always preferred either a Kruspe (unfortunately, no longer being manufactured) or a Holton. The Holton company manufactures all kinds of brass instruments in the small town of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, where Frank Holton, originally a trombone player with the Chicago Symphony, set up a plant many years ago. Holton horns are now played all over the world, and are favorites in Germany as well as in America. Elkhorn is also the center for the manufacture of Getzen trumpets. Though it is popular everywhere, the Holton horn has its rivals. Some of the better-known makes are the Conn horn, which is manufactured in this country, the Alexander horn, made in Germany, and the Paxman horn, which is made in England. The ubiquitous Yamaha company, of Japan, also makes horns, which Tuckwell says are quite good.

WHY, exactly, is the horn such a difficult instrument to play? The answer to that question demands a brief dip into the science of acoustics. When a column of air such as that inside the horn is put into vibration by the lips, it will be found to have a fundamental (or lowest) tone, involving the vibration of the entire length of the column. This lowest tone is a bit feeble on the horn, and is almost never used. In the case of any brass instrument, greater pressure of the lips and lungs will produce a note an octave above the fundamental, and this note causes the column to vibrate in two halves. Still greater pressure will produce a note a fifth above the last-described note—G if the fundamental is C—and the column will vibrate in thirds. Still more pressure and it will vibrate in four parts, giving a note two octaves above the fundamental. The next two partials (any of the notes above the fundamental) form a perfect triad with the C, giving E and G, with the G causing the column to vibrate in six parts. Then comes a low B-flat, and then another C, which causes a vibration in eight parts. This is the point where a simple, short instrument like the bugle leaves off. The bugle has six notes—those that result from the vibration of three, four, five, six, seven, and eight parts. The trumpet and the trombone are more flexible, with much depending upon the virtuosity of the player. But the horn, because of its great length, goes on upward to the sixteenth. These upper partials are so close together that the lips have difficulty in discriminating between them. This is the cause of the inaccuracies that sometimes beset even the greatest horn players. You could even try out the series on your garden hose. It is long enough to provide quite a large selection of upper partials, but since it is a plain tube, rather than a continuously expanding channel, like the horn, most of these partials would be out of tune. In addition to continuity of expansion, however, the horn needs its bell for correct intonation. "The bell is all-important," Tuckwell explains. "It regulates the intonation of the upper partials. In the manufacture of horns, the bell is rolled from flat metal, then spun on a lathe, buffed, softened by heat, bent, and polished. Only later is it attached to the rest of the horn. It controls not just the intonation but, to some extent, the tone as well. One must maintain the sound of the instrument even at the expense of accuracy. I am not interested in accuracy for its own sake."

In Baltimore, there is a highly respected repairer and restorer of horns named Walter Lawson. He was once the second horn of the Baltimore Symphony, but eventually he gave up his post to concentrate on his present profession. "I wouldn't entrust my horn to anybody else," Tuckwell has said. "Originally, Lawson worked in his garage; nowadays he has two laboratories. He has the same air as a great violinmaker. He knows exactly what should be done. I sent him my old Kruspe, which was just about worn out, and he fixed it. He has done a lot of work on my present Holton, which has been extensively modified and rebuilt. For instance, he has annealed the flare of the bell, which is its last five and a half inches. The annealing has improved the instrument's carrying quality." Lawson has worked with Tuckwell on several experiments with horns. In one of these, described by Helen Henry in the Baltimore *Sun Magazine* of October 19, 1975, Tuckwell was presented with twelve horns lying on a picnic table on an eighteen-acre plot of woodland that Lawson owns in Washington County, Maryland. At a distance of about three hundred and fifty yards from the table stood a jury of four horn players, along with Lawson. Tuckwell took up the horns in succession and played a soft note, a loud note, and a medium-loud note on each. The idea was to determine the carrying power of horns of different makes, and with different types of bell, and to discover the secret of the tone quality of the old valveless instruments. "That secret," the article quoted Lawson as saying, "is comparable to the secrets, still unknown, of the superb tone qualities produced by the violinmakers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. What did they do to make their violins the best in the world? Tuckwell and I are curious, and because we are both horn players we can feel these things." One thing that was discovered at this experimental session, in which horns of various alloys were used—yellow brass (the standard alloy), red brass (containing more copper), and silver-colored nickel alloy—was that the process of annealing the bell's flare seemed to improve the carrying power and the dynamic, or soft-to-loud, range of the instrument. Lawson's fame has spread, and he currently has several hundred horn players as clients. He is occupied with the characteristics not only of the bell but also of the mouthpiece and the mouthpipe (the first three feet of the horn from the mouthpiece), and he is constantly trying to achieve ideal conditions for the player. He has begun to manufacture and anneal a whole selection of bell flares that can be threaded and screwed onto any standard horn.

Tuckwell also has an antiquarian interest in his instrument. A reporter recently accompanied him and Laurence Libin, the head of the Metropolitan Museum's Department of Musical Instruments, through the bowels



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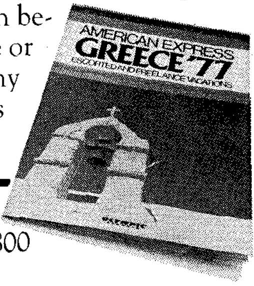

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of the museum, where the reserve collection is stored. The purpose of the tour was to choose ancient instruments of the horn type to use on the CBS program "Camera 3," during which Tuckwell would perform on some of them. He found playable ancestors of the modern horn, including an ancient Roman buccina and an almost equally ancient Scandinavian lure, probably dating from the sixth century B.C., both of which were huge instruments with bells high in the air over the player's head, and both of which produced terrifying sounds. Then, there were horns made from conch shells of a type used in ancient India for military purposes. They had a loud, piercing sound. There were horns made from the horns of antelope and ibex, horns made from the horns of domestic cattle, horns made from elephant tusks, straight Tibetan horns made of brass and sounding only one note, early European horns made of brass on which a fairly satisfactory scale could be played when the hand was used in various positions inside the bell. (This led Tuckwell to explain something about the use of mutes, as contrasted with the hand. "When the bell is stopped by the hand, the pitch changes," he said. "The modern horn can be muted mechanically by the use of a standard cardboard mute, in which case the pitch is not altered. But another type of mute, which is known as a transposing mute and looks something like an oilcan, alters the pitch as the hand does.") There were also early valve horns, a curious hunting horn bent so that it could be wrapped around the left side of the chest under the arm, and a tightly coiled horn made of glass. All these exotic instruments had the conical, flaring shape that made them true ancestors of the modern horn, and Tuckwell tried each of them in turn.

Barry Tuckwell has said that he is tired of touring. It is a lonely occupation. "The novelty has worn off, and I would like to see my family more often," he said recently. "The income from touring as a solo virtuoso is much higher than any salary I could make playing in a symphony orchestra, but the expenses are high, too. The mails are no good anymore. One has to use the telephone, and that is expensive. I would say that my chief expenses are for telephone calls and air fares—and, of course, taxes, which are very high in Britain, although, thank God, foreign taxes are deducted." Tuckwell telephones his wife in London every day, if possible. He has been married twice. His present wife is the former Hilary Warburton, an attractive blond woman, born in Invercargill, New Zealand, whom he met a few years ago while he was on a two-month tour of Australia. She is a pianist, and she also handles many of the details of her husband's complicated career. By his first marriage he has two children—a boy of sixteen and a girl of fifteen—and by his second marriage a boy of three. They all live in London, so he has comparatively little difficulty in seeing them. But the cost of supporting them is one of the things that keep him on the road. Hilary Tuckwell has suggested a series of seminars for the wives of horn players. She worries about her husband's continual air travel, and she points out that Maureen Rittich, the wife of the Canadian horn player Eugene Rittich, died of a heart attack at the age of forty-five. The Tuckwells live in Kentish Town, London, in a house with a garden in back that has a tree in it. He has put double glazing on the windows, so as to avoid disturbing the neighbors with his practicing. His wife does the gardening. "I like gardens in that I like looking at them and sitting in them, but I lack this passion for raising things," he explained recently. "I also have a complete lack of interest in sports. My eyes are so bad that, as a child, I could never catch a ball. I simply couldn't see it. I sometimes watch the tennis matches at Wimbledon, and I saw an exciting game of ice hockey in Phoenix. But I was never able to participate in that sort of thing. After this strenuous touring life, the idea of just sitting in a rocking chair on the porch is very attractive to me."

Tuckwell has always been interested in looking at paintings, and in an amateur way in photography, which he pursues with a Nikon he bought in Japan. He has photographed Buddhist ruins in Borobudur, Java, the ancient Persian tombs of Persepolis, Mayan ruins in Mexico, and many more sights that his travels have taken him to. His home contains thousands of photographic slides, as well as hundreds of old 78 records and tapes of performances by famous conductors and horn players of the past. "When I do get home," he observed of these collections, "there are so many things to keep up with that I doubt whether I'll ever get through them all."

A Third-Generation descendant of Welsh immigrants to Australia, who settled at first in Adelaide, Tuckwell was born in Melbourne on

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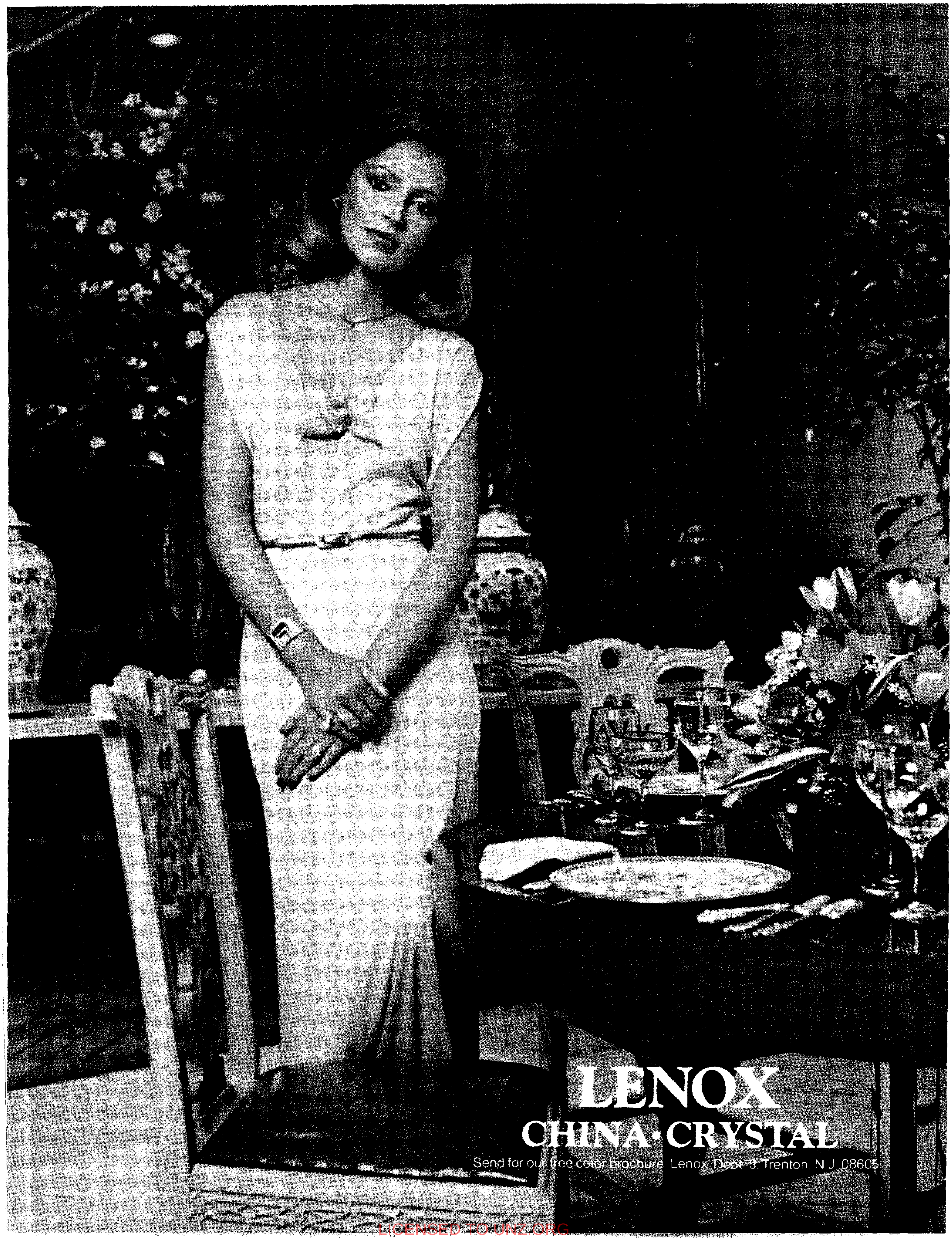
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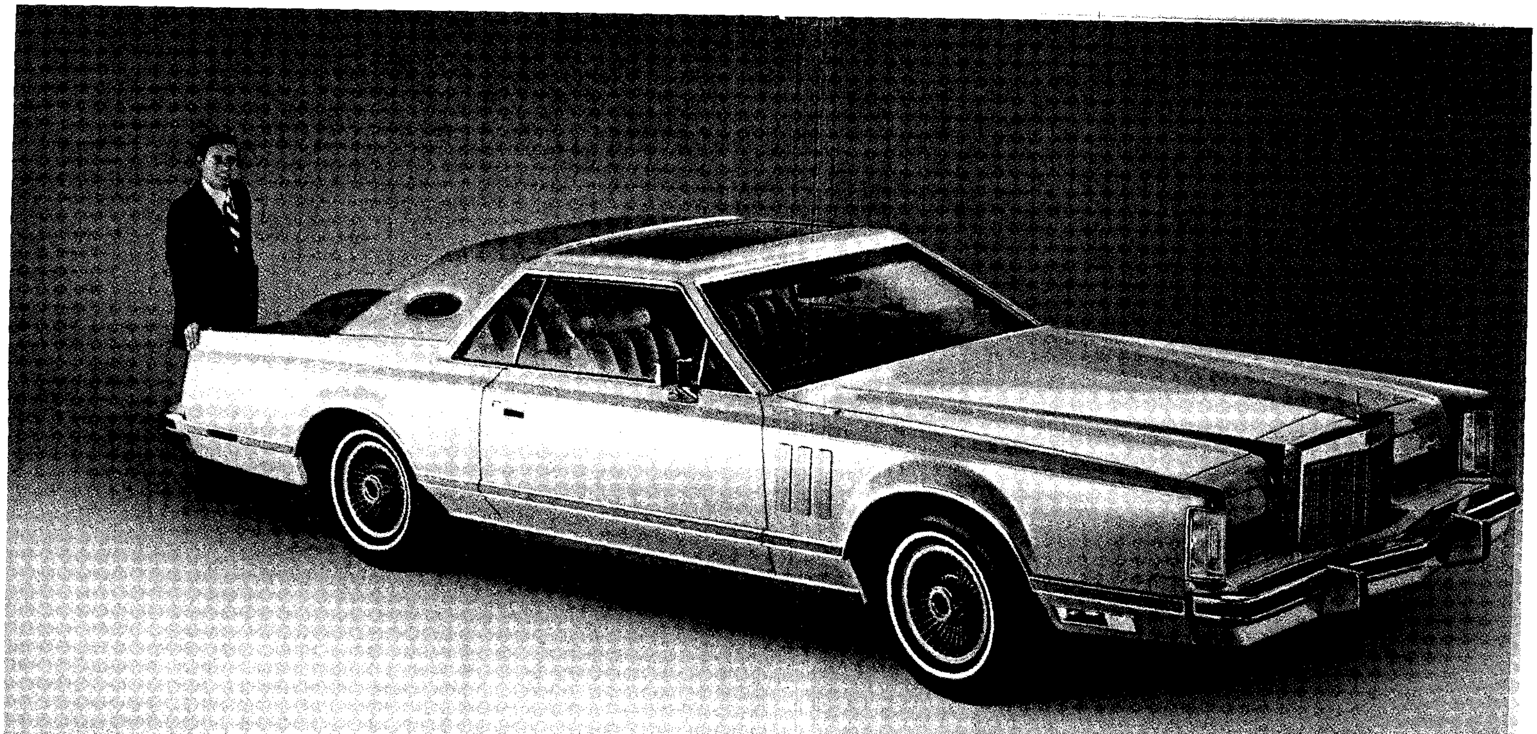

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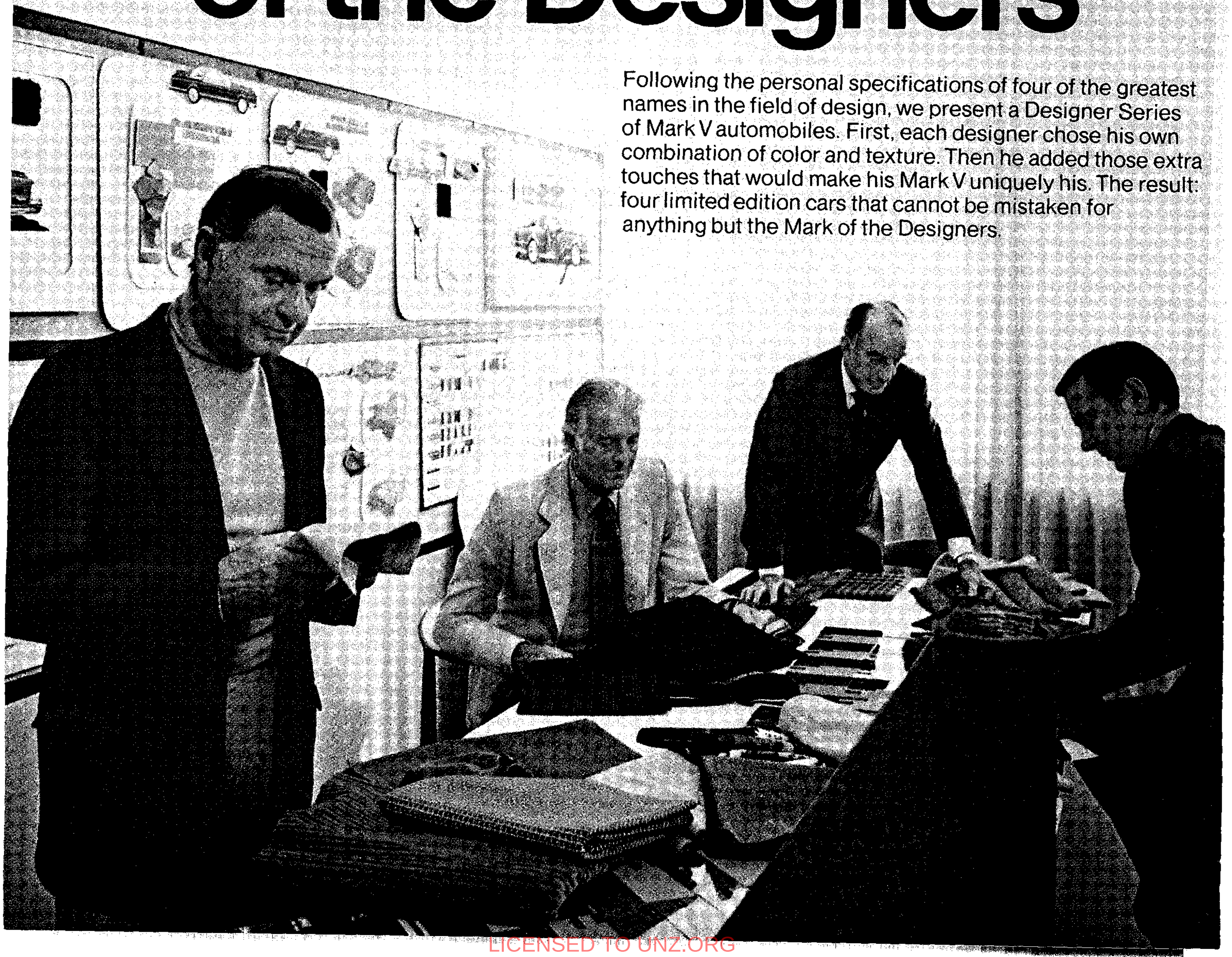

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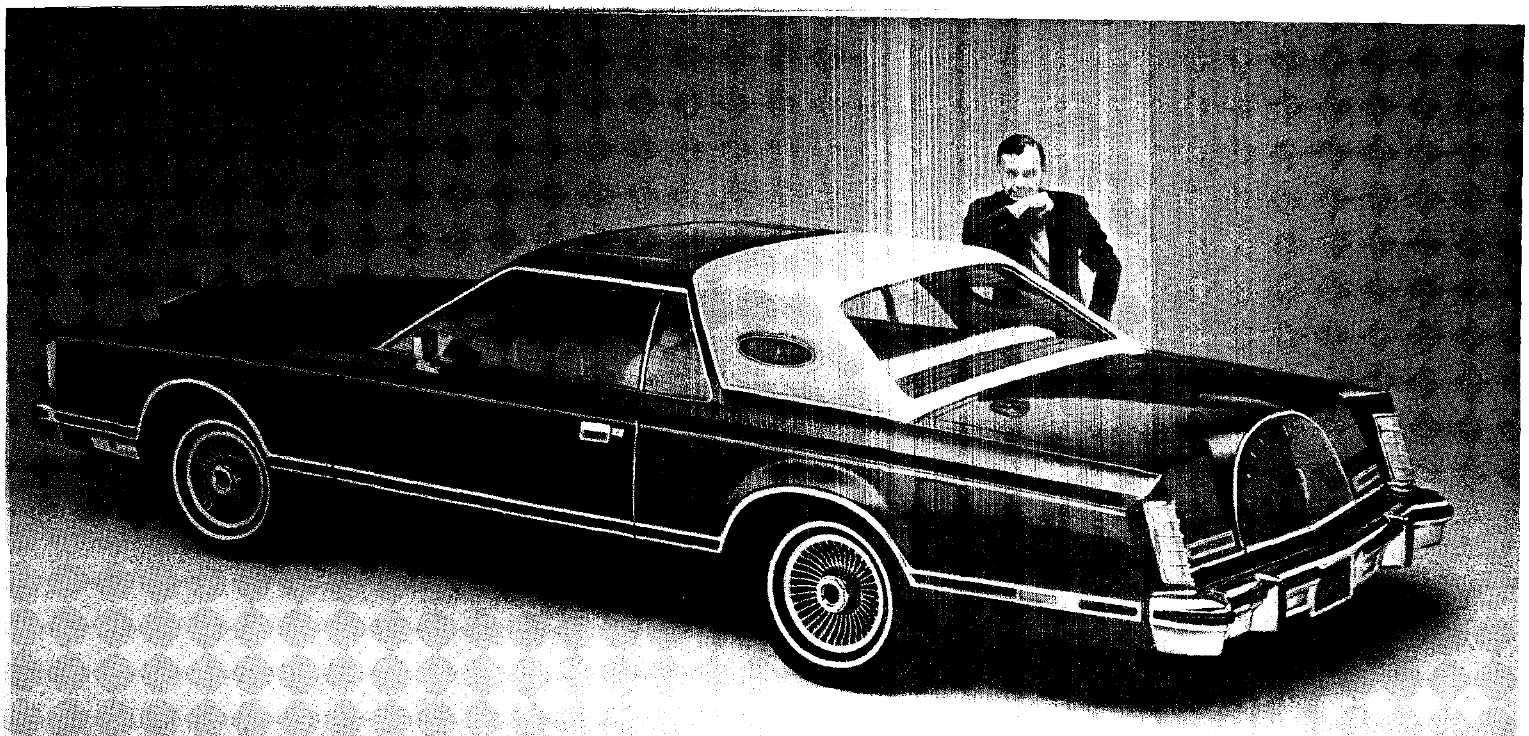

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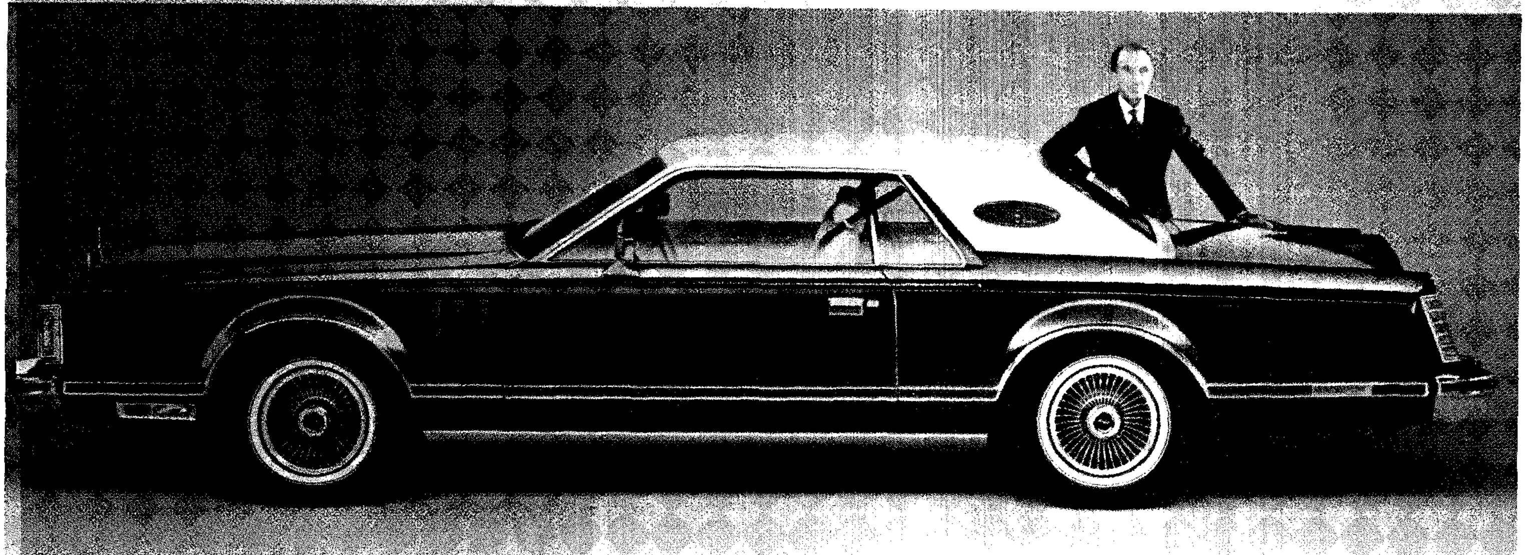

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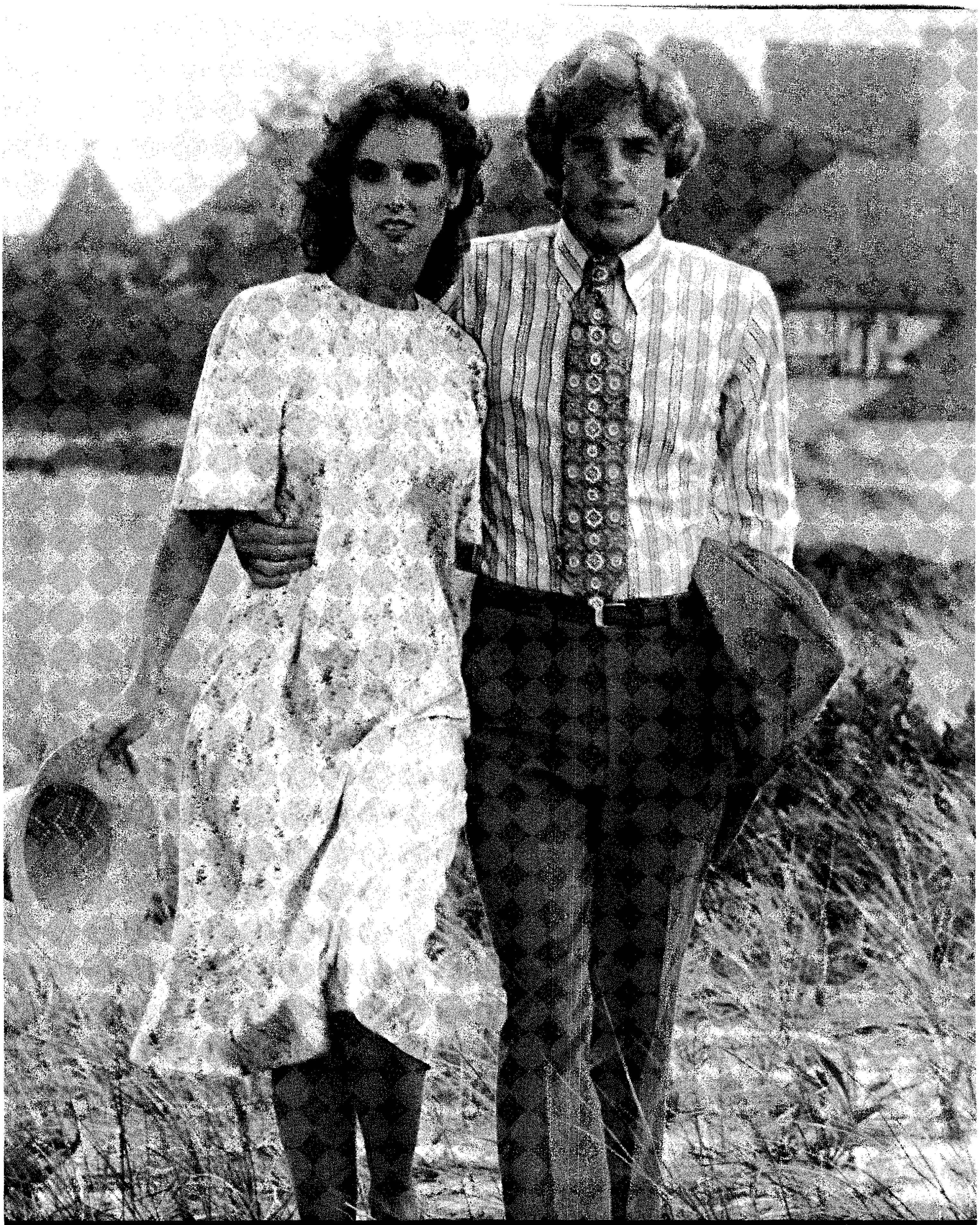

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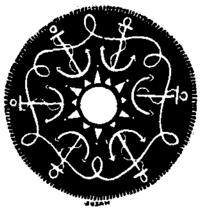
March 5, 1931, into a family of musicians, all of whom had perfect pitch. One of his grandmothers played the violin. His father was a professional pianist and organist, and his father's sister and two brothers were all musicians—pianists except for the eldest brother, who was a violinist. Barry's older sister, Patricia, nicknamed Bambi, was a violinist, and is now married to Lord Harewood, a cousin of Queen Elizabeth. Among Tuckwell's earliest memories is listening intently to the sound of the lower notes of the piano. He could read music before he could read sentences, and as a child he was taught the piano and the violin. "I was interested in the organ, too," he recalled recently, "but my legs were not long enough to reach the pedals." Nevertheless, he did study the organ briefly, and when he was a choirboy at St. Andrew's Cathedral, in Sydney, where the family had moved when he was four years old, he would sometimes take the organist's place. "I seem to have been interested in what I *couldn't* do," he continued. "I was not by any means a fine organist. But that may have been because the organ at St. Andrew's was slightly out of tune, and as a result I suffered some confusion playing on it, because of my perfect pitch. I was not particularly attracted to the horn. I had heard orchestras, but had not thought seriously of playing in one. Then, when I was thirteen, a friend lent me a horn and said, 'Try this.' He gave me a few lessons on it. I found that this was something I could do. It seemed to come very naturally. It has become more difficult since. A couple of months afterward I went to study with a man named Alan Mann, at the conservatory in Sydney. At that time, we in Australia did not attract as many great players as did America. There was no great school of horn playing. Alan Mann taught me by making me aware of the horn's possibilities. I progressed very rapidly. I could read horn music easily, because there was only one note at a time and the pace was usually slow. I found that the instrument was the most natural thing in the world for me. I can't imagine how anybody who hasn't got perfect pitch can play the horn. I had perfect pitch and the physical makeup for horn playing, and everything went smoothly.



"I'm afraid my academic record will not bear scrutiny. I left school at fifteen. At that age, I auditioned and got the job of third horn and assistant first in the Melbourne Symphony. Then, six months later, I joined the Sydney Symphony, with which I had already played, on a sort of temporary basis, shortly after I began studying the horn. The Sydney Symphony was a fairly large orchestra, with eighty-three players, conducted at that time by Eugene Goossens. Goossens was an innovative conductor. We played Mahler and Bruckner as well as the standard classics, and many contemporary works, too. Otto Klemperer visited as a guest conductor and conducted Mahler's Second Symphony. It was such a success that the audience applauded and applauded. Klemperer finally had to come out onstage with his hat and overcoat on. He waved a white handkerchief and shouted 'Go home! Go home!' Later on, when I went to London, I found the programs very pedestrian in comparison with what we had been playing in Australia."

Tuckwell went to England in 1950. "I wanted to go somewhere in Europe or America to see what was happening, and since I was a British subject, London was the easiest place to get to," he said. "I didn't have any idea of staying. I kept my fare home in my pocket, so that I wouldn't be stranded. I went to concerts, heard Wilhelm Furtwängler, Erich Kleiber, Bruno Walter, and several other famous conductors. I also heard Dennis Brain, who was then the greatest of British horn players. I went to visit him. He didn't seem to resent this colonial asking questions. I didn't study with him. I didn't study anymore with anybody. I learned by example. I was certainly influenced by Dennis Brain, and I listened to records of Aubrey Brain, who was the finest player of *his* period. Dennis was a boyish-looking man, with pink cheeks. I think the most important influences on me were Dennis Brain, Gottfried von Freiburg, who was the first horn of the Vienna Philharmonic and whom I heard in Edinburgh, and Tommy Dorsey. Dorsey played an easier instrument, but he played it better than anybody else. I heard him play only on records, but his singing tone and refined phrasing impressed me as being very much out of the ordinary. Freiburg had a glorious sound, and played an old-fashioned F horn without the B-flat attachment and with the special valves that are used by the Vienna Philharmonic. He sometimes took risks, and occasionally he broke a note. His sound was full-bodied—not loud but rich. I would say

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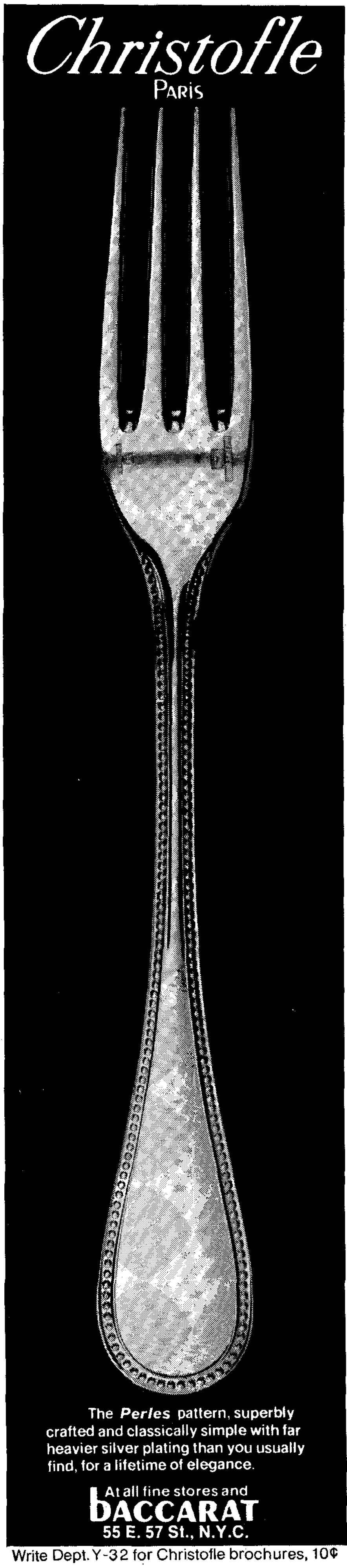

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that I learned virtuosity from Dennis Brain, and also facility and security; sound from Freiburg; and beauty of melody—that singing sound—from Dorsey.”

Tuckwell went on, “I got a job at Buxton Spa for one summer. We had an orchestra of twenty-five to thirty-two people, and we played symphonic music of a lighter sort, frequently without rehearsals. I wrote letters to a lot of orchestras, and finally found an opening in the Hallé Orchestra, under Sir John Barbirolli. He excelled in disciplining the strings, but he left the brass and woodwinds pretty much alone. I was with the Hallé, in Manchester, for two years. I was assistant first horn. I saw a lot of country. We toured a great deal, playing about two hundred and fifty concerts a year. We even got as far as Rhodesia, for a festival of one month. Then I joined the Scottish National Orchestra as third horn for a year. Karl Rankl was the conductor. He was very sensitive. I liked him. He was a pupil of Schoenberg, and he played some of his own compositions. The earlier ones were somewhat in the style of Mahler, and the later ones more like Schoenberg. He was an Austrian Romantic of the Vienna school. I enjoyed that. Then, in 1954, I was offered the post of first horn at Bournemouth. I was twenty-three years old, and this was my first job as first horn. It was a fine orchestra, but I had found the British climate terrible compared to that of Australia. I had arrived in England in midwinter, and it had been very depressing. Australia has a wonderful climate—plenty of climate. The sun shines every day. It is a little like California. I thought to myself, If I am going to stay in this British climate I would rather play in London. It happened that there was an opening in the London Symphony Orchestra, for which I auditioned. I was accepted. It was after that that I had to knuckle down and sort out my playing. There were too many aspects of it that I thought defective. I was playing by instinct, with the abandon of a kid. For the first time, I was forced to analyze how to play. Many wind players crack up by thirty or forty if they don’t know exactly how to play. I played first horn with the London Symphony Orchestra for thirteen years. The L.S.O. was founded in 1904. Originally, it was a breakaway from Sir Henry Wood’s Queen’s Hall Orchestra. It is an interesting orchestra—actually a coöperative. All the players are shareholders. They decide what conductors they want, and hire them. I was chairman of the board of directors of the orchestra for several years. This sort of thing works in London. Whether it would work anywhere else is a question. But we hired distinguished conductors—André Previn, Pierre Monteux, Zubin Mehta, Seiji Ozawa, Lorin Maazel, Istvan Kertesz, Eugene Ormandy, Leonard Bernstein, and many others. We spent the summers of 1966 and 1967 at Daytona Beach.

“I had appeared as a soloist even in the old days in Australia,” Tuckwell continued. “In England, I played with the English Opera Group at the Aldeburgh Festival, under Benjamin Britten. Later, Britten asked me if I would like to take part in the lunchtime recitals at the Royal Court Theatre. It was an institution that aimed at bringing young musicians before the public. We played works for horn and piano—things like the Beethoven sonata and the Schumann Adagio and Allegro. Next, I played with the London Mozart Players, a chamber group under the direction of Harry Blech. This was in the mid-fifties. I was soloist in all their concerts, and we toured East Germany. Dennis Brain was still alive, and there was still some resistance to a new, young horn soloist who aspired to rival him. I thought of it as ‘getting past the Dennis barrier.’ I still play with the London Mozart Players. Things began to build up at about this time. There was a great demand for wind soloists, particularly in Britain. Aubrey Brain had started it all. He played with great purity of tone. Dennis played with more panache. In 1968, I left the L.S.O. and decided to risk a career as a solo-horn player. It was not so much that I wanted to leave orchestral playing as that I wanted to be a free-lance player. Georg Solti, who was then conducting at Covent Garden, had asked me a couple of years earlier to play first horn in a Wagner ‘Ring.’ I couldn’t manage it, because of other engagements. But now Solti was doing another ‘Ring,’ and I asked him if he was still interested. He said yes, and over a two-week period I played two entire ‘Ring’ cycles. I was exhausted at the end of it. My first wife and I separated at about this time, and I started my endless touring.”

SINCE 1968, Tuckwell has played as soloist with practically every symphony orchestra in America, and he has covered Canada with equal thoroughness. In Europe, he has played with all the leading British orchestras; with the Concertgebouw, in Amsterdam; with the Vienna Symphony; with the Leningrad Philharmonic; with the U.S.S.R. State Symphony, in Moscow; with the Israel Philharmonic; and with practically every other important symphonic organization on the Continent. He has played with every outstanding conductor active today, and with countless ensembles. In the meantime, he has recorded more works for solo horn than any other horn player. And his tours have taken him to many odd corners of the world, including little towns in North Borneo (his tour there was arranged by the British consul), Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong, and several cities in India. He has just finished writing a horn method for the Oxford University Press ("When there was no escape, I worked on it"), and is working, when the rigors of his tour allow, on a popular book on the horn. He is also editing the entire horn literature for Schirmer's, in New York. He has his own quintet, the Tuckwell Wind Quintet, with which he plans to visit Russia this April. In the course of his researches, he has discovered that the British school of horn playing, now the finest in the world, is really German. "I belong to the third generation of British horn players," he said. "The standard of horn playing in England in the nineteenth century was not high. About 1870, two Germans brought fine horn playing to Britain. They were Adolph Borsdorf, who had studied with Henri Kling in Dresden, where he was a fellow-student of Hans Richter, and Franz Paersch, who had studied with Friedrich Gumpert in Leipzig. Paersch played for a number of years with the Hallé. These Germans played the horn in use in England at the time, which was a rather small F horn with pistons. Nowadays, there is a distinctive English school of horn playing, founded on the German tradition."

Asked recently what contemporary horn players he admires, Tuckwell immediately mentioned Dale Clevenger, of the Chicago Symphony; Mason Jones, of the Philadelphia Orchestra; Alan Civil, of London's BBC Symphony Orchestra; Ib Lanzky-Otto, of the Stockholm Philharmonic; Charles Kavalovski, of the Boston Symphony; and all three first horns of the Vienna Philharmonic. He expressed admiration for the quality of horn players in America today, and mentioned a recording of Brahms' A-Major Serenade made by the National Orchestral Association, a student-training orchestra. Tuckwell is an eminently sane and cheerful man, with virtually no eccentricities. One opinion he holds might perhaps be considered an eccentricity: he hates the bel-canto school of opera, as exemplified in Bellini and Donizetti. This is because he doesn't like music that is written just to show off the abilities of either a singer or an instrumentalist.

Nowadays, Tuckwell is thinking seriously of becoming a conductor. "You can't play the horn after a certain age, and I have been studying conductors most of my life," he said. "I'm very aware of the pitfalls of conducting. I test conductors. Do they hear? Do they expect me to play this way or that? I used to call conducting 'the right-arm disease,' but now I've developed more respect for the profession. Conducting has become much tougher in recent years. There are no more tyrants. A conductor has to prove himself. There is a point, psychologically, at which the shutters come down between a poor conductor and an orchestra. Once those shutters come down, he cannot affect the orchestra any longer. He is then faced with cynicism and boredom—common complaints among orchestra players. I hesitated about conducting. I've done a bit of it. At one concert of the South Bank Festival in London, André Previn said he didn't want to conduct, so I took his place. It was not a happy holiday by any means. But conducting is an extension of horn playing. I'd be foolish if I thought I could go on playing the horn forever. I enjoy working with musicians, and I know the repertoire. So I see no reason I shouldn't branch out."

As for that treacherous monster the horn, Tuckwell will probably not be sorry to leave it behind. "The horn is not an agile instrument," he said, "and it's bloody hard work to make it sound as if it were. I have always thought horn playing is like driving a fast car on an oily road."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

> Bell served the massa his favorite breakfast — canned peaches in heavy cream, hickory-smoked fried ham, scrambled eggs, grits, heated apple butter, and 144 144 buttermilk biscuits — and waited for him to ask for his second cup of coffee before speaking.
>
> —*Boston Globe.*

It's a wonder he finished the first cup.

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THE THEATRE

IRISH ROMAN

SHAW'S "Caesar and Cleopatra," starring Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley, closed at the Palace last week, after a short, sorry run, and perhaps the fact that it had opened at the Palace was a sign of one of several things that were wrong with the production. The Palace is a very large house (as well as a sumptuously constructed one: marble and bronze as far as the eye can see); it was built sixty-odd years ago, with the intention of its being the premier vaudeville house in the country. It became this at once, and for decades to be a "two-a-day" at the Palace was the booking that all young vaudevillians aspired to; indeed, since the literary gifts of theatrical press agents seem to lead them toward alliteration and away from accuracy, the Palace in its prime was commonly referred to as the Valhalla of Vaudeville. With the decline and extinction of vaudeville, the Palace was turned into a movie theatre, and when movie attendance began to fall off in the forties and fifties the Palace was restored to something like its former purpose, featuring such star turns as Judy Garland and Shirley MacLaine and such occasional bowwow musicals as "Applause."

Now, Mr. Harrison and Miss Ashley are indubitably big stars, but the Palace was an unlucky place for them to bring their "Caesar and Cleopatra" to. For one thing, the theatre itself is so much grander than anything the set designer, Ming Cho Lee, could provide us with onstage; his Sphinx in the moonlit Egyptian desert, his lighthouse at Alexandria, and his royal quarters for the Queen were markedly less gorgeous than the auditorium they looked out upon. Having raised the objection that the settings weren't rich enough, by a Shavian paradox I'll raise the further objection that they were richer than they needed to be. "Caesar and Cleopatra" doesn't demand to be mounted on an operatic scale; it can be put on with a handful of props and no sets whatever—all it requires is that the leading actors have an exceptional amount of energy at their disposal. For despite its heroic trappings, "Caesar and Cleopatra" isn't a non-musical version of "Aida;" rather, it's a thinly disguised drawing-room comedy, consisting of a series of charming conversations between a brilliant, middle-aged man and his obtuse underlings and between him and a pretty, adolescent woman, whose head he is too tired to turn and whose mind he is too skeptical to suppose can be much improved.

Shaw wrote "Caesar and Cleopatra" in his mid-forties, at a time when he was beginning to revel in a role that would serve him well for almost half a century—that of a man who perceives that he must strike the rueful note of farewell at the very moment that he finds himself to be most able and most admired. What pleasure it gave Shaw over the years, both in his work and in his personal correspondence, to describe the contrast between his purported bodily decrepitude and his evergreen heart! Well into his seventies, he bent women to his will by insisting that he had fallen passionately in love with them, though at too late an hour for any good to come of it. And these women would fall passionately in love with him by return mail and seek—always in vain, for he was the most artful of amorous dodgers—to prove him in error about the lateness of the hour. Shaw's Caesar is Shaw at his most characteristic: witty, elderly-boyish, ice cold. And since the action of the play consists of a steady flow of Shavian commentary, interrupted once or twice by deeds of bloody violence, the success of any production depends upon the actor who plays Caesar. In this production, Mr. Harrison's Caesar lacked the necessary vitality. He spoke his lines not as if they had leaped irresistibly to his lips but with an effort; he was not, in short, Shavian. Nor did Miss Ashley bring to Cleopatra the warmth and quickness of apprehension that would one day make her an appropriate consort for Antony; we sensed her bitchiness but not her beginningness—it was as if she had somehow contrived to become a cat without ever having been a kitten.

Other members of the cast were Novella Nelson, as Ftatateeta; Paul Hecht, as Rufio; Patrick Hines, as Pothinus; James Valentine, as Britannus; and Thom Christopher, as Apollodorus. The text was much shortened—as someone noted, it gave the impression of having been edited for television—and the direction, by Ellis Rabb, kept the play marching but could do little to mitigate the thinness of its effect. The costumes were designed by Jane Greenwood, and the lighting was by Thomas Skelton.

A PLAY called "Unexpected Guests" stumbled into the Little Theatre last week and gave six performances there. It was written by Jordan Crittenden and directed by Charles Grodin, and it starred Jerry Stiller and Zohra Lampert. Billed as a comedy, it contained not a single witty line, not a single amusing incident. Nobody knows how curiosities of this kind manage to get to Broadway; if some foundation wanted to offer me a grant of ten million dollars, I'd make an effort to find out. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Feiffer's Follies

THIS is the late news on "Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!," which, after a limited run Off Off, at the American Place's Sub-Plot, has now moved Off Broadway, to the Westside Cabaret. This is a small theatre, perfectly suited to the revue, which is made up of skits—monologues, colloquies, blackouts, and dances—derived from the cartoons that Mr. Feiffer has drawn (and written) over the past twenty years. I must say that although he is a clever fellow by any standards, he happens not to make me laugh much; I must also say that even though I anticipated a number of the punch lines several beats before they were delivered, and even though I think the performance runs well beyond its natural cutoff point, I had a better time at this unpretentious little show than I've had at any of Mr. Feiffer's other theatrical ventures. The five members of the cast, under the ingenious direction of Caymichael Patten, not only have caught his style but actually seem to embody his frame of mind, taking advantage of every modulation in mood. They are Maria Cellario (substituting for Geraldine Brooks the night I was there), Kathleen Chalfant, Paul Dooley, Michael Tucci, and, as dancer, Dalienne Majors. Miss Majors, in a black leotard, is an animated drawing if ever there was one, and her deadpan announcements of her dances dedicated to such matters as rape, torpor, and the loss of innocence are amusing. Scenery by Kert Lundell, costumes by Ruth Morley, lighting by Edward M. Greenberg.

THAT the New York première of "Savages"—which was written by Christopher Hampton (the English author of "The Philanthropist"), directed by Gordon Davidson (who runs the Mark Taper theatre in Los Angeles), and ornamented by such experienced, gifted actors as Joseph Maher, Stephen Joyce, and Mandy Patinkin—should open Off Off Broadway, at the Hudson Guild, and remain there only through March 13th is astonishing. But that's the way this season goes.

The action of "Savages" is divided into three chronological lines, which are interwoven in a very complex manner. Their three main elements are these: the kidnapping and incarceration of Alan West, an English diplomat, in 1971 by a handful of left-wing Brazilian guerrillas ("Most of the characters in this play are fictitious; most of the events are not"—program note); the life, and the ultimate annihilation by various forms of murder, of a tribe of Amazon Indians in 1963; and the visit to West and his wife in 1970 of an American anthropologist who lived with the tribe, recording their rituals and ceremonies, and who has come to the Wests to plead the cause of all Amazon Indians. The action leaps from Indian rites to tea-party conversation to pivotal scenes in West's cell, where, handcuffed to an iron cot, he plays chess with Carlos Esquerdo, his Marxist guard, and is a captive audience to non-stop harangues on United States imperialism and corporate land-grabbing, sprinkled with quotes from the collected works of Che Guevara. As played by Mr. Maher, the diplomat is anything but a stuffed shirt. He is an emotional, sympathetic man (and a Sunday poet), bewildered and frightened by the jam he is in. As for Mandy Patinkin's Esquerdo, he is, for all his Party-line patter, a volatile, attractive, and witty fellow. And Stephen Joyce's anthropologist is self-effacing, passionately devoted to his tribe, and brokenhearted at their fate. All three characters are well drawn and excellently acted, and the production itself is something way beyond the usual limits of Off Off Broadway. How-

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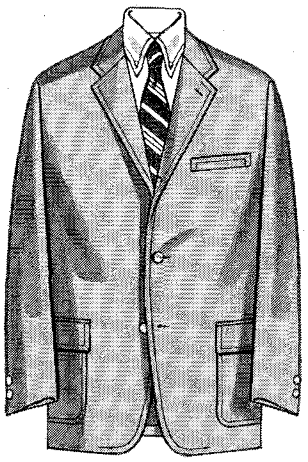

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ever, the very complexity of the production—fascinating as it is—is perhaps a camouflage. If there is a play here, I couldn't find it. There is plenty of action—much of it shocking and melodramatic—but no discernible play. Nevertheless, under Mr. Davidson's capable, inventive direction, and with John Gleason's subtle, explicit lighting, every moment is clear. (One complaint: the performance ends with films projected upon a screen for shock effect—an extradramatic device that is rapidly becoming a cliché and a pain.) The Indian scenes were directed by Kenneth Brecher; the settings and costumes were designed by Sally Jacobs.

I WENT to "Peg o' My Heart," at the Lion Theatre Company, expecting a quaint little period piece, knowing only that J. Hartley Manners had written it for the young Laurette Taylor, and that her performance had become a legend. Miss Taylor opened in the play in 1912. "As the lovable Peg, Laurette came into her own," her daughter, Marguerite Courtney, wrote in "Laurette," the best biography of an actor ever published. "It had been a hard-earned success and shone with the special luster of a golden talent, hammered and worked and polished by ceaseless effort. The critics of the day not only recognized her success, but almost to a man paid homage to the hard work that had gone to make that success, and this last appreciation was not lost on Laurette. Her prayer had been: 'Deliver me from being a personality. Let me be an actress.' And her prayer had been answered."

Quaint, I had thought. Quaint, indeed! Having seen the middle-aged Laurette Taylor as the charwoman in "Outward Bound," and the old Laurette Taylor as Amanda in "The Glass Menagerie," the greatest performance of my audience life, I should have known better. "Peg o' My Heart" is an enchanting play of most meticulous craftsmanship, and the fact that it is also, and still, an entertaining show reflects credit upon the little Off Off troupe way over west on Forty-second Street. Sofia Landon, in the title role, is no Laurette Taylor, but she doesn't coast on charm, either, although she has it. As Peg, the poor Irish girl who, unknown to herself, is an heiress, and who comes from America to her genteel and gelid relations in England to be turned from a hoyden into a lady, Miss Landon gives an intelligent, touching performance, indicating every inflection of feeling and every aspect of humor in the character. It is quite a part. The other actors do well, too, and Jim Ricketts, as Peg's languid English cousin Alaric—a post-Edwardian *Punch* cartoon come to life—is absolutely splendid. His tongue-tied, improvised proposal to rollicking, mocking Peg, and his elation and gratitude when she turns him down make the funniest scene in the show. With remarkable ingenuity, Miguel Romero, who designed the scenery, has turned the tiny stage into a more than reasonable facsimile of the living room of a Stately Home. Good costumes by David James. Gene Nye directed. "Peg o' My Heart" will run through March 27th. —EDITH OLIVER

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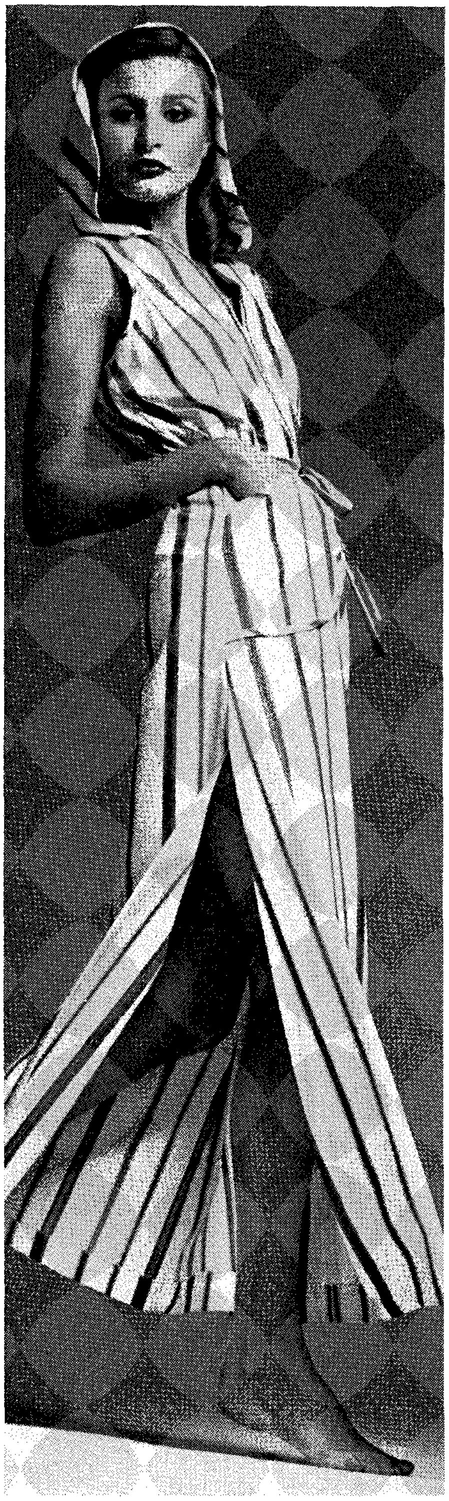
NOTEBOOK ENTRY (PAU, 1971)

Oh, yes, that week. Remember how one day,
Late for class—as usual too slow,
Then fast—I jarred the gatepost from its socket,
Upsetting, too, both you and our landlady?
For days I tried to coax and rock
It back into its secret place,

But no amount of pressure, no lever worked.
Like that poem where things would not click,
The one that, tipsy, angry, looking
For ways to get to me through my thick notebook,
You'd come upon a clumsy fragment of
(*Bored stiff by his own horny verse he'd head*

Down to find her stiff as a board in bed . . .)—
In fact, like you, when you had read it, love,
It was stubbornly unhinged.
So in the end we paid to have it done.
It took a local handyman a half
Hour or less. Ah, how one had to laugh.

—STEPHEN YENSER



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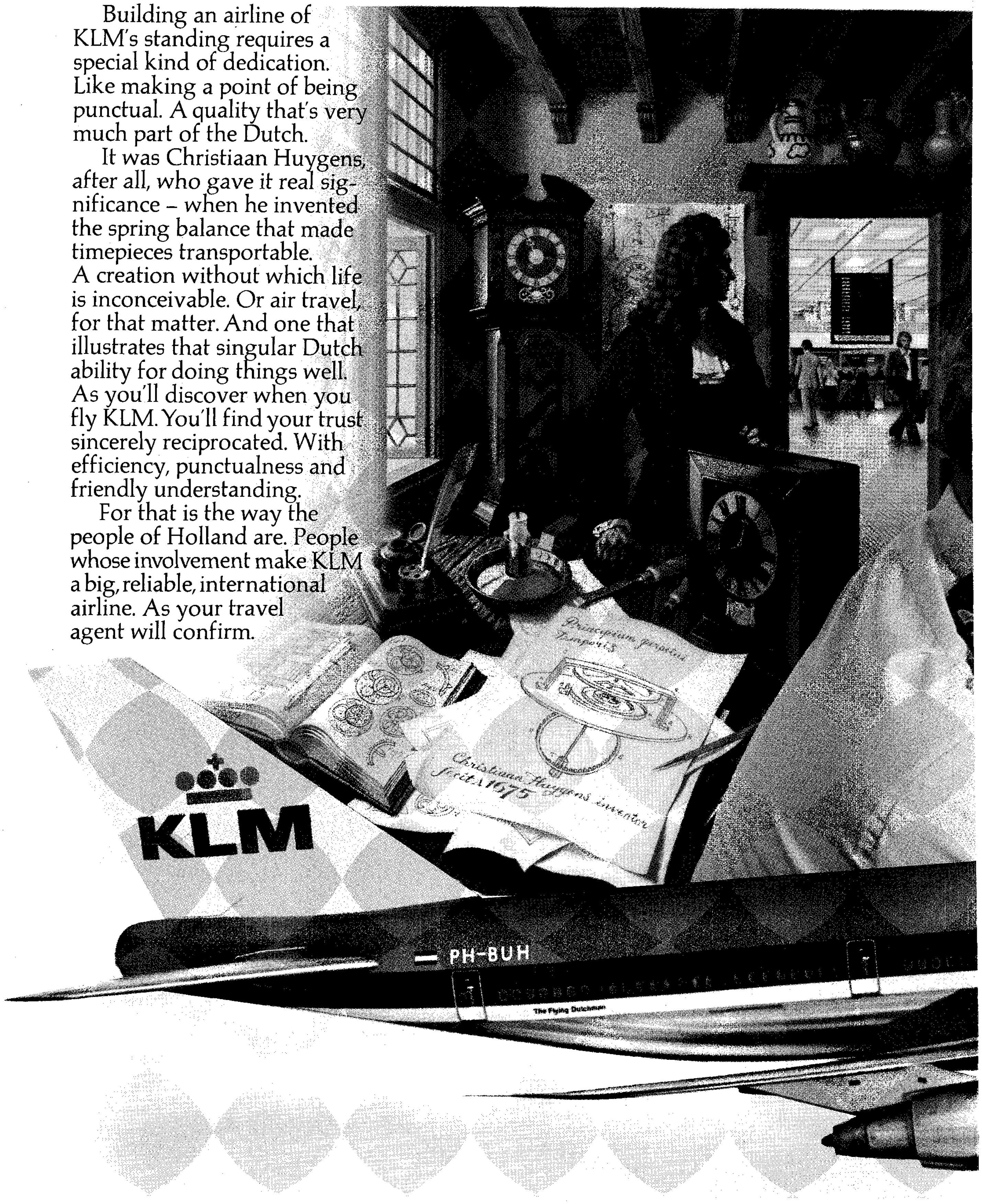
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THE RACE TRACK

The Big A Warms Up

RUSTLINGS of spring brought a crowd of more than twenty-eight thousand, the largest of the season, out to Aqueduct last Saturday. Racing was lively, and most of the finishes were close. One of the surprises came in the Next Move Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and a furlong—the afternoon's main event. Forty Nine Sunsets, whom Frank Gomez has been racing in the South—with a stopover at Bowie, where she finished third in the Fritchie Handicap—stole in a length and three-quarters ahead of Double Quester, with Shark's Jaws third and Illiterate, the favorite, out of the money. The best score of the day for the talent was with Sky Treaty, who won his sixth straight claiming race and paid a $4.80 mutuel. Last Thursday, Steve Cauthen had seven mounts but—for the first day since January 27th—no winner.

AFTER a dramatic struggle, the Santa Anita Handicap was won last Sunday by a California-bred and -owned colt, Mrs. Connie Ring's Crystal Water, in a photo finish with Faliraki. King Pellinore, the favorite, was third. The mile and a quarter was run in 1:59⅕, which set a new track record for the distance. Thirteen ran for the $273,550 purse, and Faliraki, a lightly weighted long shot (he carried 114 pounds), set the pace until Crystal Water, well placed all the way by Pincay, collared him in the stretch. King Pellinore, top weight under 130 pounds, ridden by McHargue, made a good try. I've always thought that the Santa Anita Handicap is one of the hardest races to win. Crystal Water, by Windy Sands out of Soft Snow, was one of the leading three-year-olds last year—in fact, just about the best in California. As for Faliraki, horsemen out there generally agreed before the race that he was just about the fastest thing on the grounds; stepping a quarter of a mile in twenty-one seconds was just play for him. But they doubted that he could carry such speed ten furlongs. He almost did.

Shoemaker, eight-time winner of the Big 'Cap, did not ride in it this year. He was to have been aboard King Pellinore, but last week the Santa Anita stewards sent him down for five days, beginning last Saturday. In a race the Sunday before, he had allowed his mount to drift out in the stretch and interfere with other runners, for which the horse had been disqualified. Shoemaker also had to withdraw from the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park and from Hialeah's opening the next day, because his suspension didn't end until Thursday.

Cuzwuzwrong—how's that for the name of a Derby winner?—took the $150,000 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields track, near San Francisco, last Saturday, winning by a neck from Cathy's Reject. Max Gluck's Make Amends, the eight-to-five favorite, ridden by Cauthen, was last. Make Amends drew the outside post position in the field of eleven runners. It had been the intention to run Mr. Gluck's Replant, winner of three stakes for three-year-olds at Santa Anita, but the colt suffered a hairline fracture in one of his knees, either when he was winning the San Jacinto Stakes, his last start, or in a workout. He's on the shelf for some time to come. As you know, the California Derby is the first leg of the Golden Triple, the others being the $150,000 Santa Anita Derby and the $200,000 Hollywood Derby. A colt winning all three would have almost as fair a start toward a million in prize money as he would if he won the Triple Crown.

FOR THE RECORD: At Gulfstream Park, Gravelines won the Pan American Handicap. Le Cypriote was second, and Gay Jitterbug was third.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The Defenders of Wildlife organization has written to Gov. Jay Hammond to say that plans to shoot most of the wolves living on 144,000 acres of the Brooks Range would wipe out about 80 percent of a subspecies of wolves that live in northwest Alaska.

The state says the wolf population must be reduced to help stop a decline in the number of caribou. Restrictions on caribou hunting were ordered this year for the first time.—*The Times.*

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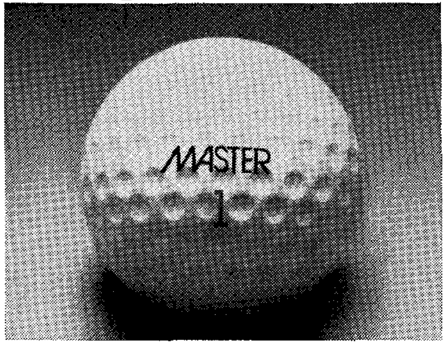

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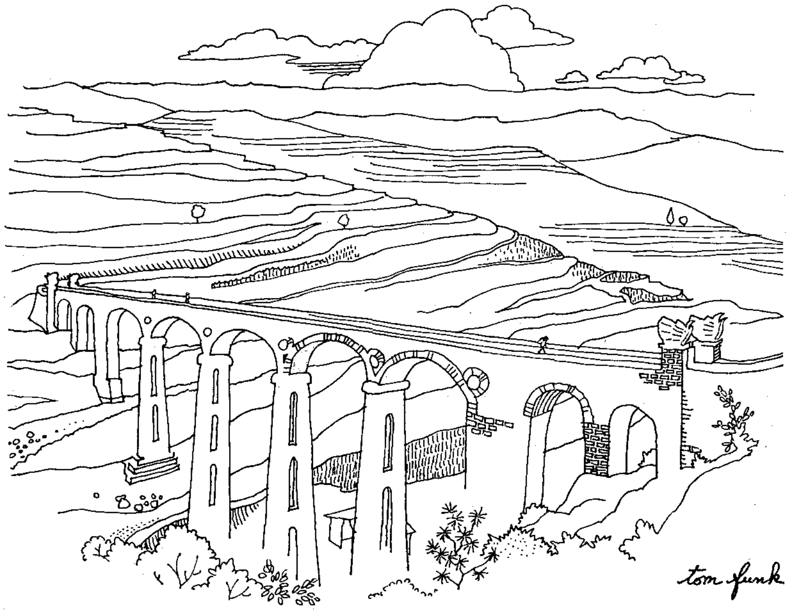
A REPORTER AT LARGE

CHINA

II—THE FACTORY AND THE FARM



THE Shanghai Electrical Machinery Factory is situated in the industrial suburb of Minhang, on the Whangpoo River, about an hour upstream from the city of Shanghai. A large factory, with some four thousand workers, it makes both electric motors and generators. With dormitories, cafeterias, sports facilities, and immense ivy-covered brick workshops, the factory has the ambience of a university rather than an industrial complex. Our group of visiting Americans is housed in a dormitory with some students from Futan University, in Shanghai, who have come to do a stint of manual labor at the factory, and a complement of workers. The dorm, a two-story brick building, was recently inhabited by a group of North Vietnamese who were at the factory for an extended period, receiving technical training. It has twenty rooms, each containing four double-deck bunks, two small desks, a fluorescent ceiling light, some small clothes lockers by the door, and a rack in which eight tin washbasins are stacked like tires. Each bed is equipped with a mosquito net, a thick cotton pad, a quilt, and a pillow. Other than these articles, there is nothing in the rooms when we arrive. The women live on the second floor, the men on the first. There is a lavatory for each floor, with cold water. Showers are taken in communal washhouses nearby—one for men, one for women—with hot water piped in from a heat-reclamation device, which draws waste heat from the cooling system of the factory's rolling mill.

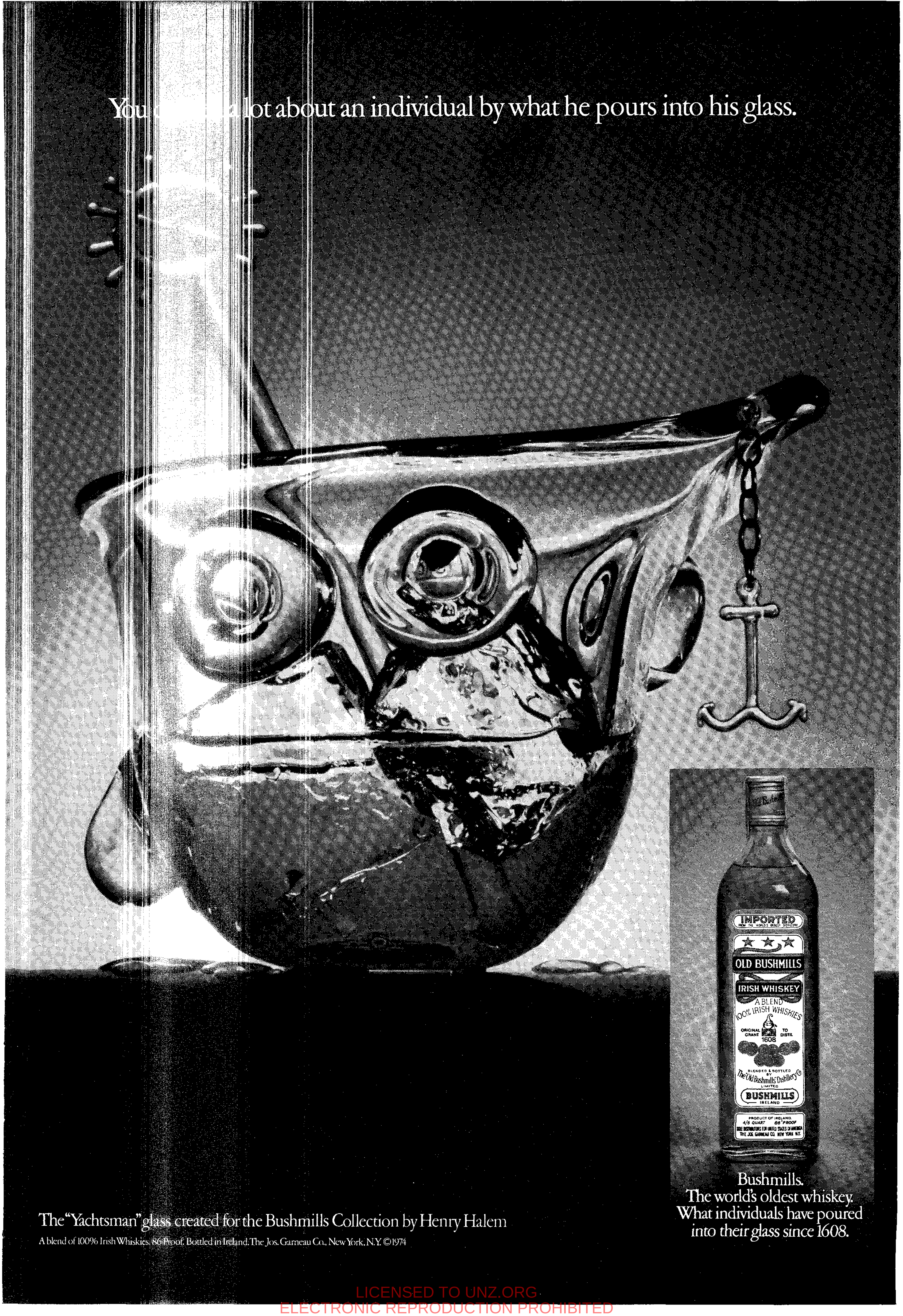
At six o'clock in the morning, the song "The East Is Red" comes on over the factory public-address system. It starts very softly—almost inaudible at first—like one of those alarm clocks that ring louder and louder until you wake up. By the second verse, the music is booming out over the factory complex at full volume, and one hears strange echoes from the more distant speakers. Soon there are hundreds of men and women, sleepy and some only half awake, walking on the asphalt paths to the communal washhouses. Their hair is matted, and they wear long underwear of various colors and carry their washbasins, containing soap, a toothbrush, a cup, and a towel. Inside the washhouse, there is a din of water running and tin pans bumping and scraping on concrete sinks. Above this background noise is an obbligato of spitting and throat-clearing—an exercise that the Chinese perform with gusto each morning.

After returning to the dorms to dress, the workers go to the cafeterias for breakfast. The music stops and the news comes on. Each person has brought along a meal ticket, a tin dish, a tin cup, and a pair of chopsticks. The cafeteria is crowded. The workers line up behind different windows and wait to be served, as though they were at a bank. A small blackboard above each window tells the price of the dishes being offered. On the meal tickets are three squares for each day of the month. The price of whatever one orders is written in the appropriate square on one's ticket. At the end of the month, the figures are added up and one pays for the whole month's meals at once.

Breakfasts are not elaborate here at the factory. Most workers have no more than a bowl of rice gruel or a few buns. Many eat their food outdoors. I see a number of workers sitting on the air shafts and entranceways to the factory's underground bomb shelters. Others sit beneath sycamore trees that have been planted all over the factory grounds. Workers finished with their meals take their dishes over to one of several long concrete sinks on one side of the cafeteria and rinse them under boiling-hot water from the rolling mill. The water flows out into a gutter through a wicker basket, where the odd kernel of rice or scrap of food is trapped. This and other garbage is later sent to a nearby commune for pig food.

Afterward, a sea of workers on foot and on bicycles moves off down the paths to the workshops. We pass a huge billboard at the main factory entrance which shows a beaming Chairman Mao standing in front of a large generator (he visited the factory in 1961), cross a footbridge that spans a small canal, and arrive at a circular area surrounded by glass cases and bulletin boards displaying wall posters and factory directives. Here the crowd thins as people fan out to their workshops. Several young mothers carrying infants head for the day-care center; they will leave their babies there while they work but will return periodically throughout the day to nurse them. A male voice booms out over the loudspeakers, reading an analysis of the current political situation. The passersby seem to pay little attention.

Workshop No. 11, to which I am assigned, has twenty-odd work teams. The shop produces large D.C. electric motors. Our team is made up of thirty-two men and women workers and is called the Coil Inlay and Assembly Team. When we arrive at the shop, the workers on our team stand around a blackboard on which is written, in impeccable script, the words "Let the Ancient Serve the Present and the Foreign Serve China, Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom, Weed Out the Old and Let the New Emerge." The work captain is giving his daily briefing. It is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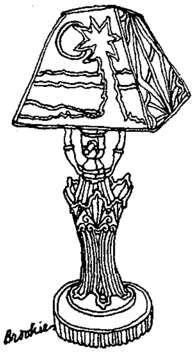
hard to hear what he is saying over the noise of large machine tools that line the aisle and the rattle of a crane as it passes down the tracks overhead, delicately plucking up motor casings that weigh several tons and moving them down the workshop aisle.

It is cool and drafty in the workshop this first day. Hundreds of small birds swoop in and out of open windows and fly up under the cavernous eaves of the shop, where they have their nests. I am introduced to Chang Yuan-k'ang, with whom I will work for the duration of our stay. Like many older workers in the factory, he is addressed as "Master"—an appellation that denotes neither rank nor authority but simply deference to veteran workers. Master Chang seems a quiet, almost shy middle-aged man. He shows me to a stool in front of a large, lathelike machine that holds and turns the rotor of a seven-hundred-and-thirty-kilowatt motor as though it were a large ear of corn. It is the job of the workers in our team to assemble these rotors, which turn within the casing of electric motors.

At first, Master Chang seems troubled by the prospect of his stewardship over me. We make scarcely any small talk as he hands me a pair of white cotton gloves and begins to show me how to put paper insulation behind the copper conductors in the rotor. A native of Chekiang Province, he speaks with a Ningpo accent that is difficult for me to comprehend. He is embarrassed that I cannot understand his Chinese as easily as he understands mine.



We sit side by side in front of our rotor with a pair of pliers in either hand, bending down flanges. It is tedious work. Master Chang has done it for twenty-two years. We begin to chat, and Master Chang corrects flaws in my work. Slowly, he seems to grow fascinated by my presence, and is emboldened.

"In your country, does the state or the factory give the workers their clothing?" he asks, pointing to my factory uniform, a baggy blue garment that has "The Shanghai Electrical Machinery Factory" and "Safety in Production" written in red characters above the left breast pocket. It is the first of many questions that begin with the assumption that the rest of the world must be somewhat similar to what he knows.

"Sometimes workers are given uniforms," I reply. "But factories are usually owned not by the state but by private companies."

"They're run for profit," he half asks and half states. And then, before I can answer, he says, "Oh, yes. I know. It was just like that here before Liberation." He gives a shrug.

I ask Master Chang what his life was like before Liberation, in 1949.

"My father died when I was about fifteen," Master Chang says. "It was after that that I came to Shanghai. My father and I had farmed near Ningpo. We were poor then—oh, so poor!" He shakes his head and then continues, "We lived in a peasant house of earth and straw. Each day, we worked in the fields. Of course, they weren't our fields. We rented them from a landlord. He was a real tub of rice. He never walked a step. He always had four men carry him in a sedan chair. We also rented our oxen and plow from him—very few people had oxen of their own. And renting the oxen meant paying him more money. Anyone who couldn't pay him back had to pay over more of his harvest, plus interest. Sometimes a person still couldn't pay. Then the landlord's gang would arrive. Often they had guns. They'd take the person and lock him up. Then maybe there would be some kind of negotiations. Friends would help if they could spare anything. But usually the person just had to borrow more money from the landlord, at even higher interest. We were always poor. We never had enough to eat." As he speaks, I think how strange it is that such hardship, which at the time had no redeeming feature, has ended up being a political asset to an older worker. He has the invaluable experience of oppression—the kind of experience that now exists only as history—and the Chinese draw upon it tirelessly to remind their young people of the revolution's wellspring.

"After my father died my mother came to Shanghai, and stayed with relatives," he continues. "She began to wash clothes for wealthy Chinese. Each day, she went to a different house—you know, those big mansions in the French Concession. You can still see them in Shanghai. But they hardly paid her anything. Then I came to Shanghai, too, although I was still pretty young—I was about sixteen. But we had nothing in the country. Finally, I got a job as a tailor's apprentice. This particular tailor had several ap-

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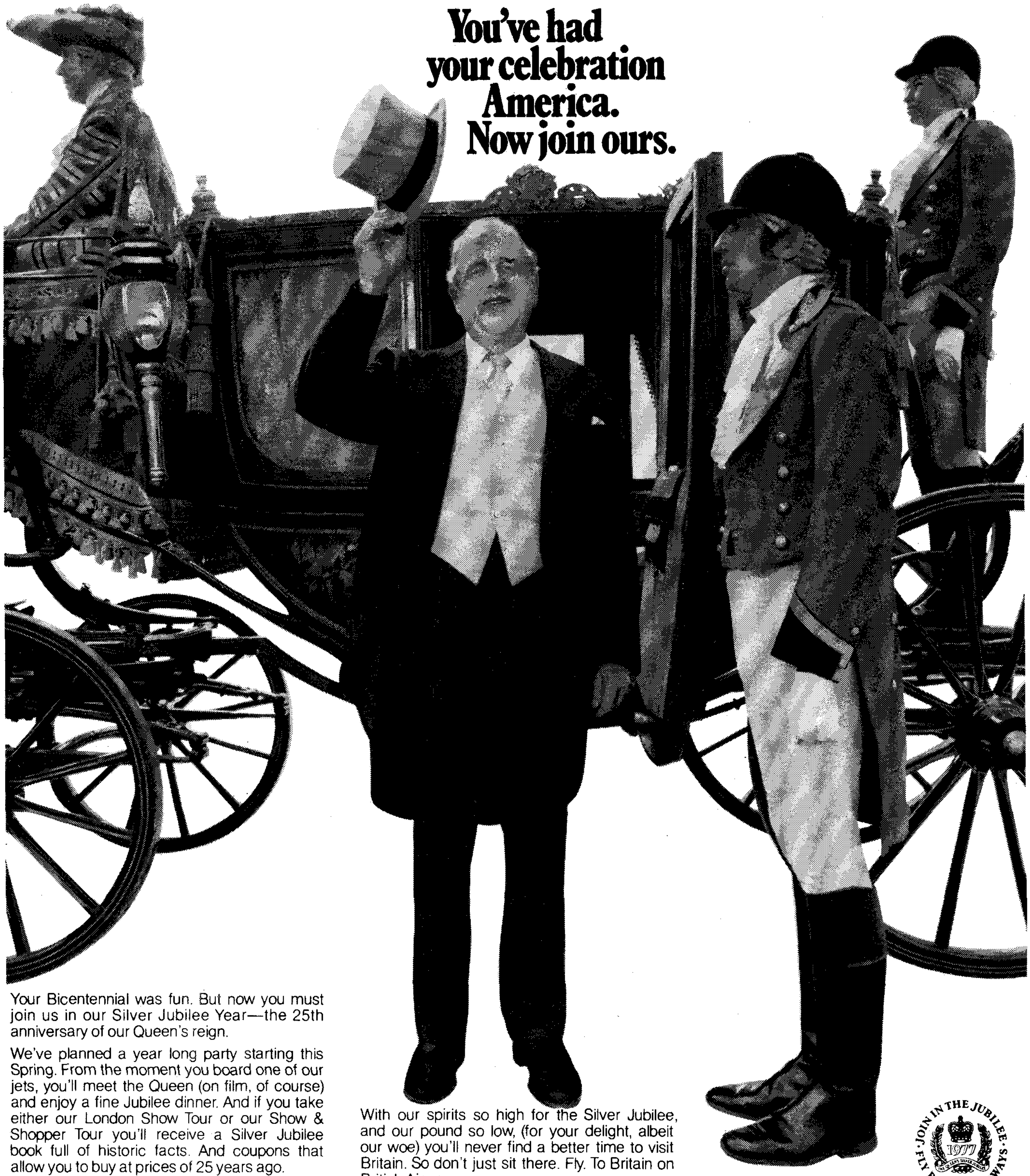

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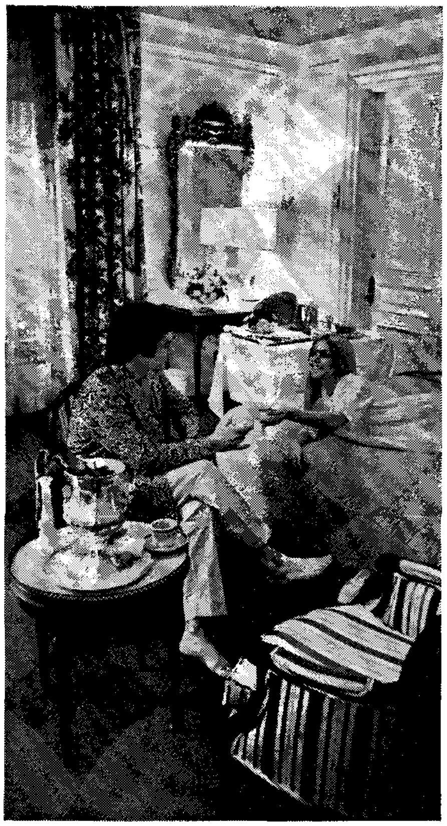

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prentices. If one of us got sick, the boss would just tell that one to go home and rest. Of course, he wouldn't pay a sick apprentice anything. Then, when the apprentice came back after getting well, he would never know whether or not he still had a job."

I ask Master Chang when he first heard of the Communists. He thinks for a few moments and then says, "Actually, I didn't hear much about the Communists until after Liberation. Shanghai was a Kuomintang city, and I couldn't read." Then, almost apologetically, he adds, "But I remember thinking that somehow all the workers and peasants should get together. Yes, I thought about that. Otherwise, maybe I would just have lost hope." Then, getting back on safer ground, he says, "Now if I get sick there is nothing to worry about. I can get treated here at the factory, and the factory also pays for my family to be treated, in Shanghai. They do not live out here in Minhang, so I go home on weekends. If they get sick, they just go to a doctor and get a receipt. I bring it here to the factory, and the factory pays for it."

THIS morning, we leave our dorm for breakfast at the usual hour of six-thirty. I arrive at Workshop No. 11 just as the work captain is starting what the workers call the daily "head-knocking session."

"Today, we must remember our production schedule," the work captain says. "These rotors must all be finished by tomorrow, so that we can take them and bake them in the ovens. And I want to remind you of safety. Be careful. You foreigners are taller"—he smiles—"so watch carefully overhead for the crane that moves machinery down the aisle. And always be mindful of keeping the area around your workplace clean. That's important. Leave it cleaner than when you came."

Each worker walks over to his toolbox, unlocks it, takes out his tools and gloves, and returns to the rotor at his bench.

From listening to the daily pep talk about production and quotas, one would expect a frenzy in the workshops. But the pace is amazingly measured, even mellow. Workers don't loaf, or conspire to be secretly idle, but every now and then they do gather to chat for a few moments, or just sit and watch the crane, which provides endless diversion. I sense little pressure on any individual worker. Our work team's eagerness to produce seems to be collective, even though there is a large measure of individual accountability for each piece of work that is finished.

Our team's work pattern is in many ways the antithesis of the assembly line. Each worker sees a rotor through about twenty different processes, both large and small. Each works at his own bench, and, when necessary, moves the rotor from machine to machine with the crane. It may take a week or two to finish the series of processes, depending on the size of the rotor. There is a blackboard in the middle of the team's work area, just behind the soldering ovens. The name of each of the workers is written on it. After each name is the kilowatt rating of the rotor that that person is assembling. Strangely, the date that work was begun on it is not given. When a rotor is finally baked out and sent on to another team, it is identified as the product of a particular worker, who makes the final tests before sending it on. And—although the worker may consult with others from time to time, or even have their help at various stages—when a rotor moves on, it is essentially that particular worker's craftsmanship that goes with it. So, while the work is fairly tedious, it is not as repetitious as that of an assembly line. People set their own pace, and there are many breaks, both long and short, during the day. It is common practice for a worker who feels that he is falling behind to return to the shop during his spare time and catch up.

At ten-forty-five, all noise in the shop ceases. We remove our gloves, replace them and our tools in our toolboxes, and walk outside the workshop to a large tin sink, where we wash up for lunch. The workers who stand around waiting their turn are carrying their cups, dishes, and chopsticks in small net bags similar to those used by French housewives at the market.

The cafeteria is crowded by the time we get there. Our team is in the first of three lunch shifts, which are staggered at fifteen-minute intervals. The team breaks up as the members move to different lines. Behind the windows, a vast kitchen hums with activity. Tons of food are cooked here each day. Women in white kerchiefs chop vegetables on large wooden tables. Basketfuls of fish and meat are being cut up. Steam rises from a caldron of noodles, partly obscuring the attendants who are stirring it with oversize chopsticks.

Somehow the members of our small

group manage to find one another again, and sit together at one of perhaps a hundred long concrete tables that fill the room. I eat garlic shoots, cabbage soup, and rice. Hsiao Ch'en, who works at a neighboring bench, eats a small whole salt fish and a bowl of rice. Hsiao Ti, another co-worker, eats some broad beans and a five-ounce bowl of brown wheat noodles. (Noodles are sold by the ounce, and five ounces seems to be the maximum a bowl will hold.) There is some joking about Hsiao Ti's large consumption of noodles and his relative thinness.

The Chinese do not waste much time on eating. They eat in a businesslike manner, spitting bones and gristle out unceremoniously onto the table beside their bowls. One rarely hears anyone comment on a tasty dish or say that he is looking forward to the next meal. When a group of Chinese finish eating, they seldom hang around chatting or smoking.

IT is growing dark, and the evening cool is settling as several members of our group walk out through the factory gates to a vast apartment complex for married workers. In 1957, before the Great Leap Forward, Minhang was a rural village of three thousand. Today, it is an industrial hub, with not only thousands of square feet of new housing but department stores, swimming pools, four secondary schools, fifteen elementary schools, two hospitals, and a population of eighty thousand.

We walk down a tree-lined lane between rows of five-story apartment buildings to visit Master Ch'en and his family. Master Ch'en works in Workshop No. 11, and his wife works in a small general store that serves the factory.

Apparently, word has already gone out that foreigners will visit the Ch'en apartment. We are met blocks away by an army of small children, who run, laugh, and trip over one another in their efforts to keep up with us as we walk. They leave a clearing around us, though, indicating a certain failure of nerve at the prospect of getting very close.

We near Master Ch'en's building, a cream-colored concrete structure built around a courtyard. Faces are looking out of every window and doorway. The courtyard is teeming with hundreds of children. We walk up a dimly lit staircase to the Ch'en apartment, on the fifth floor. Families emerge on each floor as we pass, and applaud us on, as though we were entries in some sort of obstacle race. As we round the stairs on

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the fourth floor, we see Master Ch'en, his wife, and their three children waiting on the landing.

Master Ch'en is a small, thin man with a nervous habit of blinking when he is uneasy. Tonight, his blinking is incessant. His whole face squinches up as he leads us through a windowless, sparsely furnished anteroom into a bedroom with two neatly made double beds, in which the whole family sleeps. These two rooms constitute the family's apartment. (The family shares a kitchen with three other families on the floor.) There is no wall between the beds—only a wire along which a curtain can be drawn for privacy. Under one bed is a spittoon. Several trunks are stacked in a corner next to a large wardrobe. A wooden table occupies the center of the room. The table is piled with candy, gum, glasses of tea, and carefully shined apples.

We sit down on the beds and on several chairs hastily gathered from neighboring apartments. There is a moment of awkwardness. No one is quite sure how this visit should begin. Then, being the host, Master Ch'en shoulders the responsibility and says, “We've lived here only one year. But I have worked at this factory for twenty-four years.”

To keep the conversation rolling, one of us asks if he was at the factory when Chairman Mao came to visit, in 1961.

“Chairman Mao?” he says. “No, I missed him. I was in the city. It was a weekend. But what does it matter?” He adds, quoting a line from “The East Is Red,” “ ‘Wherever the red sun of Chairman Mao shines, there it is light,’ and I can see Chairman Mao's presence.”

This small man sits tensely on the edge of his stool, like a child who has just finished a classroom recitation and is waiting for a reaction from the teacher. He is still wearing his blue factory uniform. He has a wristwatch, attached to his thin wrist by a strap several sizes too large. His gray tufty hair fits his head like a cap. He has a small moth-eaten mustache and wears thick glasses, through which his eyes can be seen only dimly, as if through ice. Finally, he makes another effort. Picking up a dish of cigarettes, he urgently offers one to each person in the room. His hands tremble as he lights one for himself. His young son, wearing a crimson Little Red Soldiers neckerchief, sits quietly at the back of one bed, watching and listening.

Suddenly Master Ch'en begins to talk about his life, as if he knew that this was expected of him sooner or later. It's a relief to everyone. Even he relaxes as he speaks. Then, momentarily, he is overcome with emotion as he tells us how his mother was lost in the nineteen-thirties, when the Japanese invaded Shanghai, his native city.

“We couldn't find her after the invasion,” he says. “She just disappeared. It was not until 1960 that, with the help of the Party, we learned where she was, and we were reunited.” Master Ch'en's eyes become watery as he speaks. It is the only time I have seen an adult in China even approach tears. “When I was fourteen, I began to work for a man in a hardware store in Shanghai. He let me sleep only three hours each night. It was then that my eyes began to go bad.” He points to his glasses. “My boss expected me to work like an animal. I knew that I could not survive such suffering very long. Finally, I ran away and became a small-time peddler. But it was not easy to sell my goods. People did not buy them. So again I was forced to move on. This time, I went to the country, and began to work for a man who kept cows. But I couldn't make a living working for this man, either. There is an old Chinese saying—‘All crows are black.’ Again I fled. By that time, I was sixteen. I went to join my father, who was then living in a town in Chekiang Province. He was a tailor. We went from house to house making clothes, although we had almost none ourselves. Our income was meagre, and we could hardly survive on it.” He pauses a moment and, with his head lowered, says, “People my age or older have a deep memory of those days. We have a strong hatred of the old society.

“For three years and six months after that, I worked in a knitting mill as an apprentice. Then the factory went bankrupt. It couldn't get enough raw materials. So I was laid off and was again at loose ends. I couldn't find another job in a knitting mill. I couldn't find any job that I was trained to do. I ended up as a janitor, mopping and sweeping. Then came 1949 and Liberation. We stood up at last. It was then that I came back to Shanghai, to work

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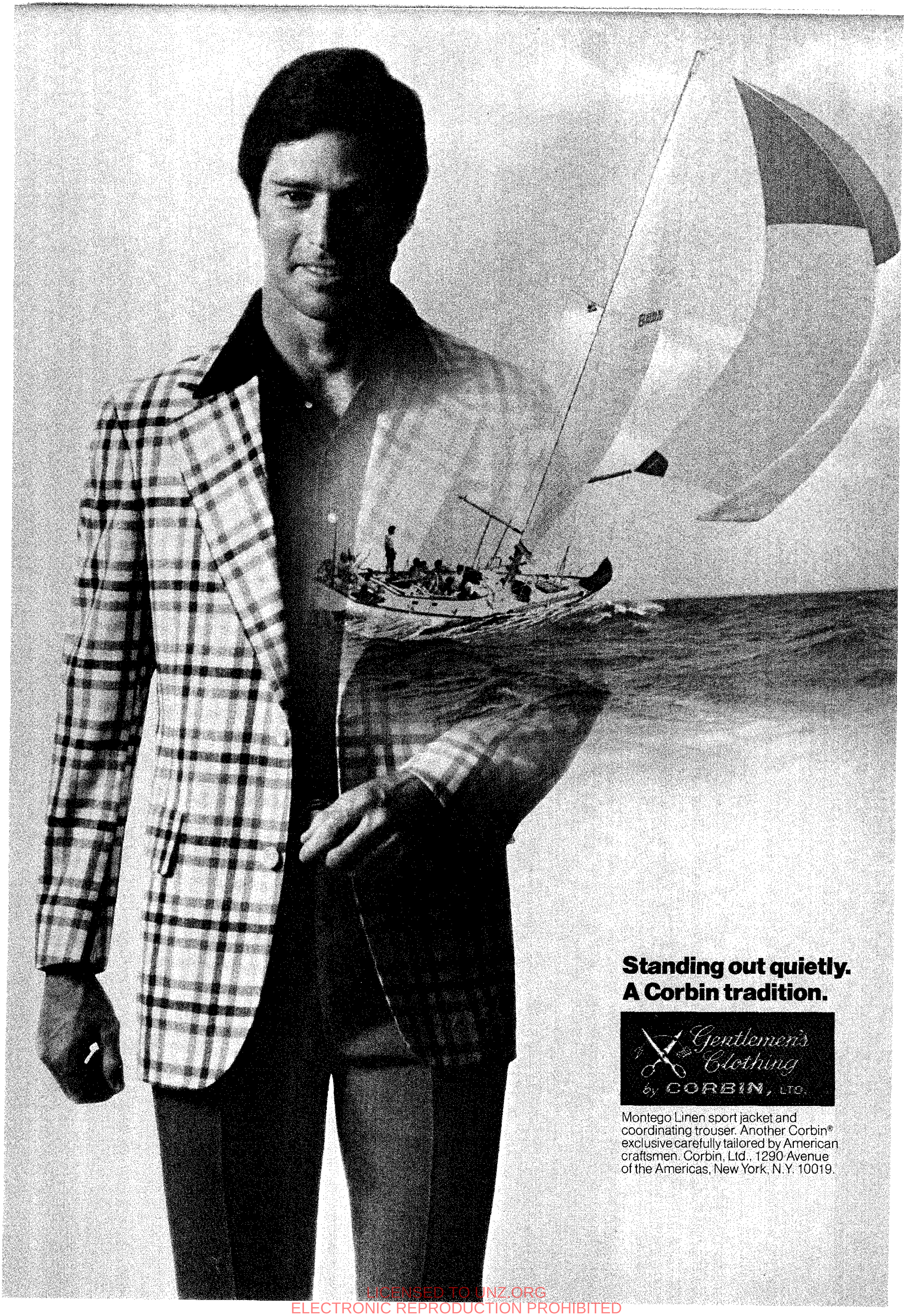

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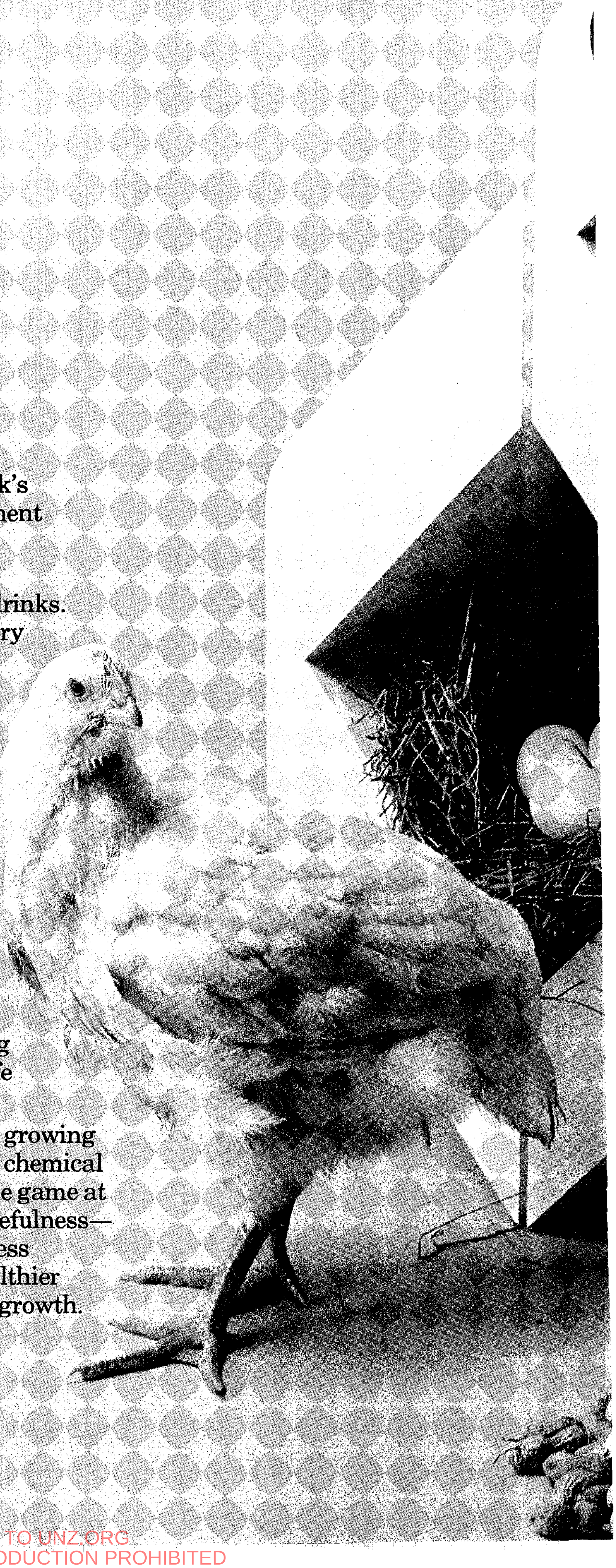

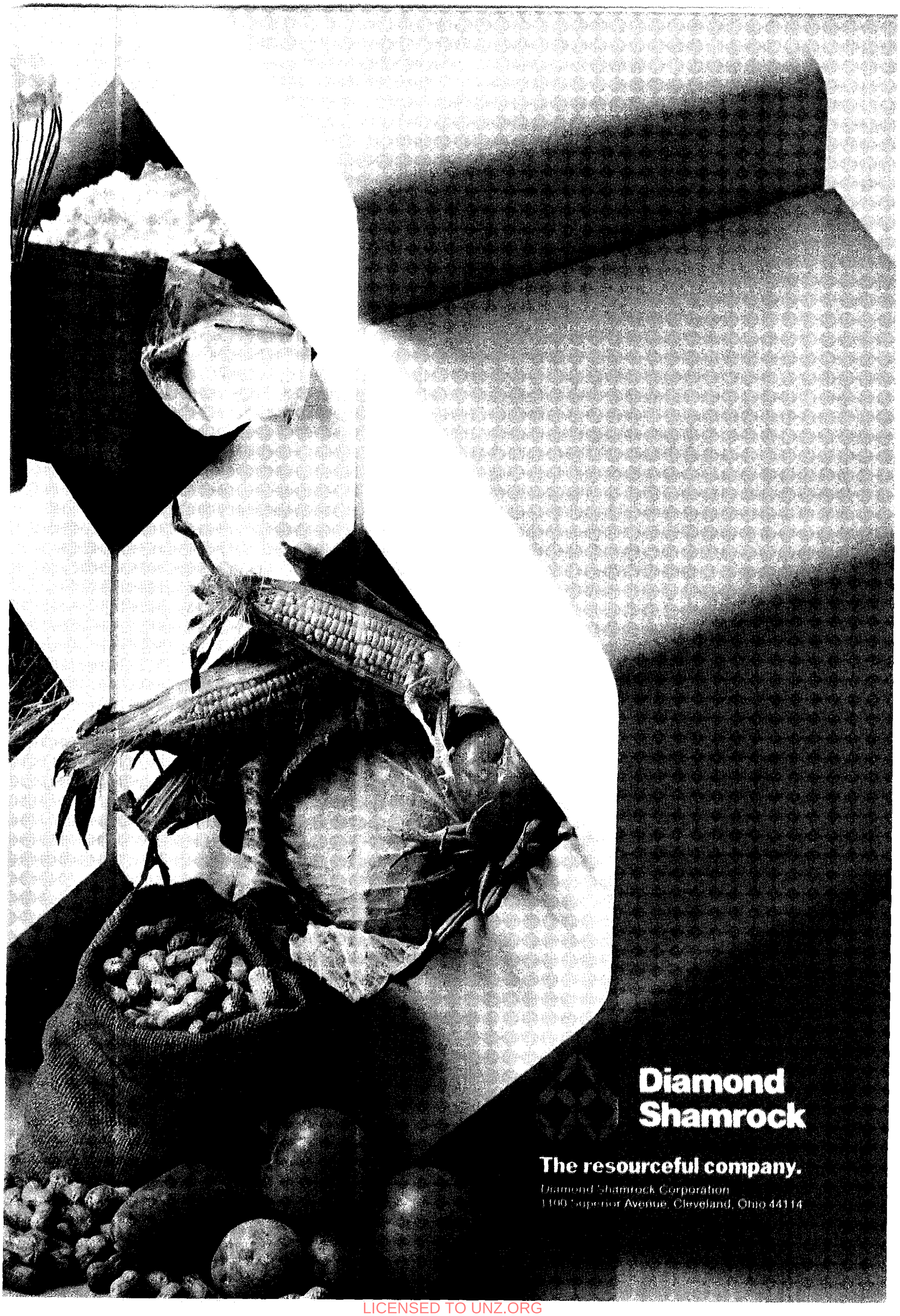
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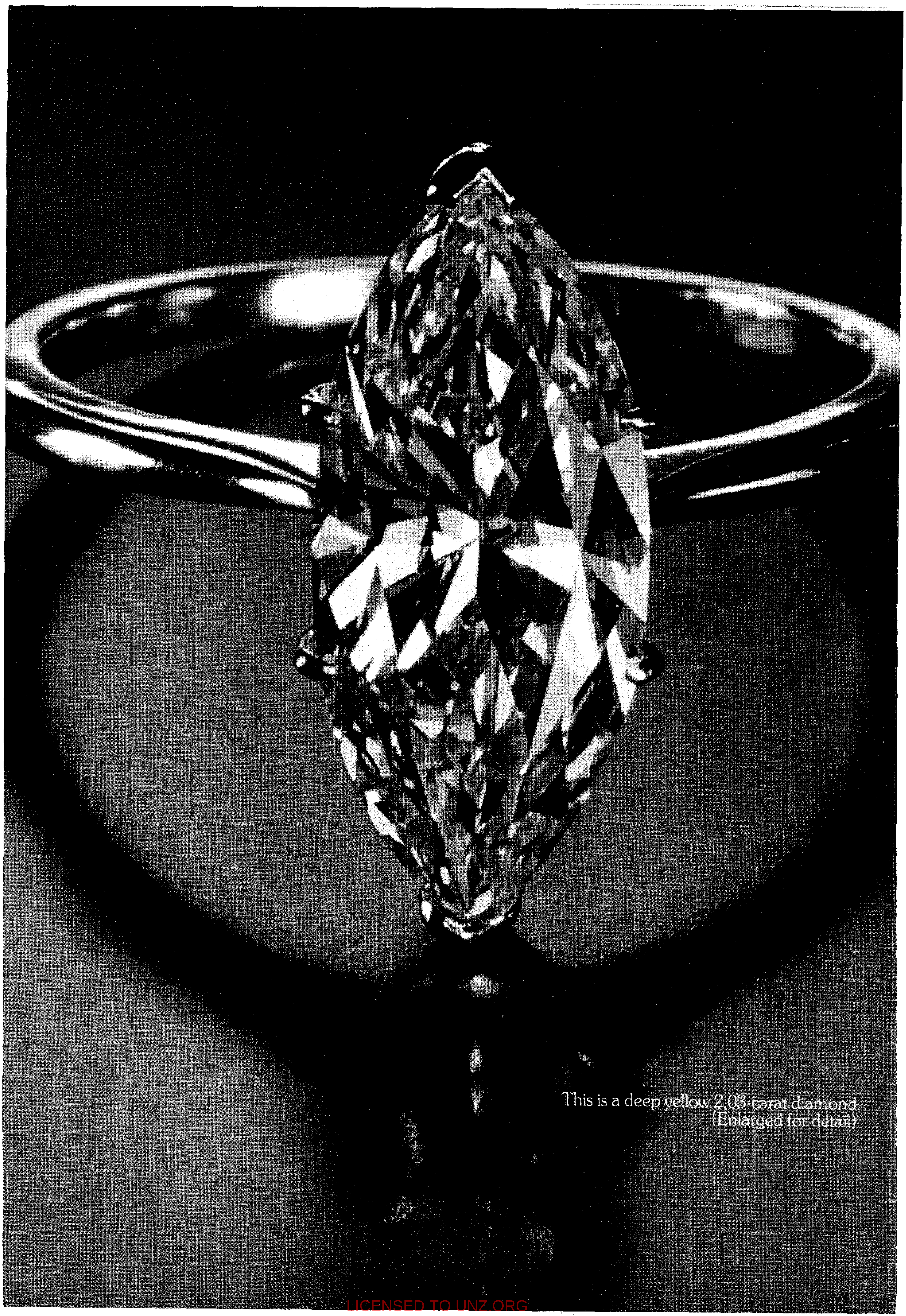

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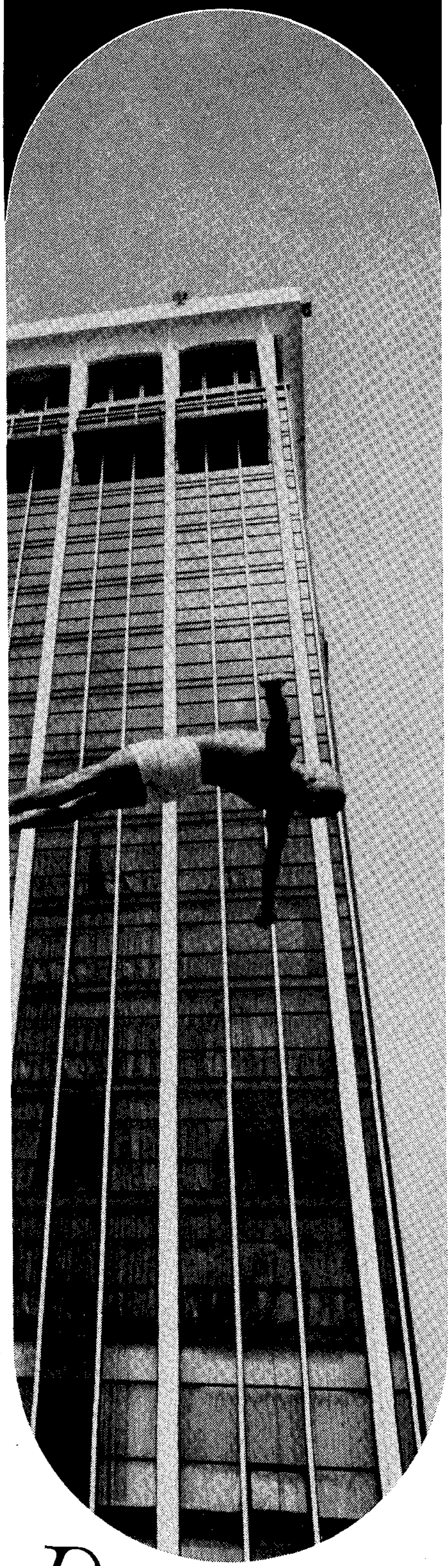

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at the old Electrical Machinery Factory, which was still in the city."

Here his manner of talking changes abruptly. Instead of staring at the floor, he begins to address us as though we were a class. "As Chairman Mao taught us,", he continues, " 'we must work for our self-reliance through struggle.' So after Liberation the factory started to expand. And over the next twenty years our situation improved tremendously. There is such a difference between the life of us workers before Liberation and now. Before Liberation, we only had small shacks and huts. And now look! We have apartments. We pay only four yuan a month in rent. I make ninety yuan a month, and my wife makes seventy yuan. We even save a little money each month." Master Ch'en's manner is effusive as he delivers this Communist commercial.

Master Ch'en's wife sits behind her husband as he talks. She listens intently, leaning forward as though her undivided attention and supportive posture might help him speak. In spite of the impressive equality that exists between men and women in China, a man is usually deferred to in his own house by his wife, and she normally does all the cooking, washing, and cleaning.

"In the evenings, I come home directly after work except on Mondays and Tuesdays," says Master Ch'en. "On those evenings, we have study groups. We are studying the dictatorship of the proletariat now. Other nights, I just come home and read, or listen to the radio." He indicates a red plastic radio that has been playing quietly in the background. "I made it myself," he says, giving a wide, sleepy grin. His teen-age daughter, who has just entered the room, takes the cue and jumps up to turn the volume up, as a testimonial to her father's skill at electronics. The radio makes crackling shortwave noises, and then the sound of a Western orchestra comes booming out. "Its tone is still not good—I must fix the bass," says Master Ch'en, grinning again and continuing to blink. "I'm working on it. Some of the other workers like to get together and talk about international affairs and politics, but I prefer coming home and just being here with my family. And I like to listen to music."

The noise in the courtyard is picking up again, perhaps in anticipation of our departure. Master Ch'en leans toward the window, which is open, and listens to the voices outside. "You hear the noise outside?" he says. "It's the children. They all know that foreign friends are up here. They are welcoming you. The children now are so lucky. They never knew the bitter past."

Yu Shao-feng is in her mid-twenties. She is quite tall and lithe and wears her shiny hair in two long braids. She is a vivacious woman who would probably be found attractive by most men in Western society. She is intelligent and politically active, and is clearly a worker who is trusted. Although I have talked with her on several occasions in a group, our most intimate activity together has taken place at the dormitory before we retire. She and a friend have been teaching several of us a song written by a factory worker—"Chairman Mao Meets the Truck Driver." We stand in front of the men's washroom like kids on a Harlem street corner singing close harmony. It is an agreeable, if somewhat distant, form of contact.

Today, as we start down a path to visit the factory clinic, I find myself walking next to Yu Shao-feng. We begin to talk about the health-care system at the factory. Although other members of our group are all around us, she appears to grow more and more restive as the conversation goes on. Finally, she breaks off in mid-sentence and calls to her friend Sun Chien-p'ing, farther down the path. Sun Chien-p'ing runs over, and the three of us walk together, continuing the conversation. Yu Shao-feng now seems completely at ease.

SLOWLY, a procession of dripping raincoats and umbrellas moves out of darkness and pouring rain into the half-light of the thatch-roofed factory auditorium. Tonight, there is a movie. It costs a tenth of a yuan. Inside, the auditorium looks like an oversize Tahitian house. It is a large building, seating more than a thousand, and has walls of bamboo lashed together with rattan. The auditorium contrasts oddly with the modern brick factory buildings all around it.

"You see," says Hsiao Ti, my co-worker, crouching under a wet plastic poncho as we stand in the doorway, "this is the auditorium that Chairman Mao came to when he visited the factory in 1961. So, naturally, even though it is old-style, we did not want to tear it down."

The structure is caught in a kind of time warp, in the "backwardness" that the Chinese usually shy away from, but it has been hallowed by Mao's presence. It has, in effect, become a monument to him.

Master Chang, Hsiao Ti, P'eng Hung—all co-workers in Workshop No. 11—and I walk down the aisle and find four free spaces on one of the benches. We sit and chat as we wait for the film to begin.

Someone sits down on my left. To my surprise, I find that it is Yu Shao-feng, who has arrived with a girl friend. She seems just as surprised (perhaps even unsettled) at finding that she has sat down next to me. It is probable that she did not recognize me from the back in my blue jacket and cap, but I toy (only briefly) with the possibility that she has sat down beside me deliberately. In any event, I am not displeased by her presence. Master Chang is sitting on my right, and I know that if I should need help with the movie it will be difficult to understand his dialect. Perhaps Yu Shao-feng might whisper quick translations in my ear. The thought is a mild one for our world of sexual revolution, but in the world of the Chinese revolution it is almost too tawdry to handle.

"Hello, Shao-feng," I say as casually as I can, hoping I have expunged any suggestion of a leer from my face.

"Oh, Comrade Hsi-erh, how are you?" she replies, using a Chinese transliteration for my name. She then quickly returns to her conversation with her friend. A tenseness emanates from her direction.

The lights are dimmed, and the shorts begin. The first is a documentary called "The New Face of Shanghai." The managers of a Shanghai alarm-clock factory "go among the masses" to find out what kind of alarm clocks the people find most useful and appealing. Just as I am savoring the anticipation of putting my first question to Yu Shao-feng, I feel a hand on my knee. In the dark, I cannot see whose it is. It pulls me to the right—the opposite direction from Yu Shao-feng. Then Master Chang whispers something incomprehensible to me. He and P'eng Hung begin to tug me politely toward them. "Here. Take Master Chang's seat," says P'eng Hung, pulling me awkwardly to my feet. Before I know it, Master Chang has slid beneath me into my seat.

The jig is up. I move compliantly now, aware that something of significance has occurred in this pas de quatre. Perhaps I have crossed the invisible line of demarcation where relations begin to become private rather than public. As the shorts continue, I recall Hsiao Ti's having told me a few days earlier that if an unmarried man and an unmarried woman are seen walking

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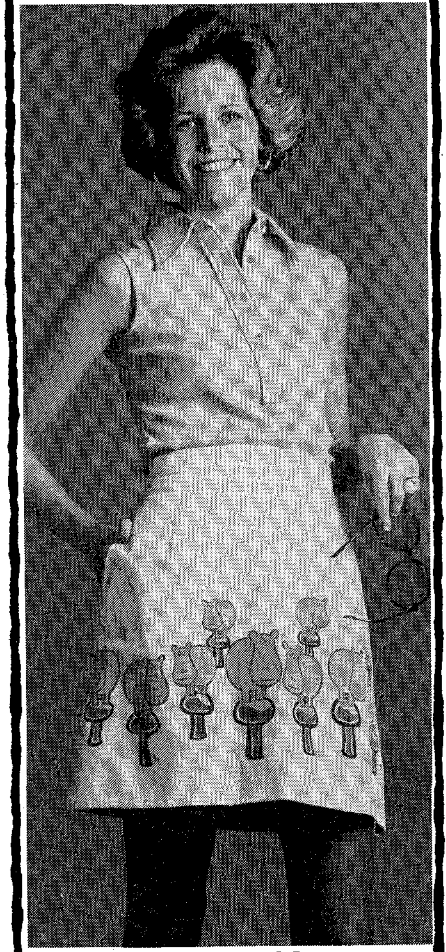

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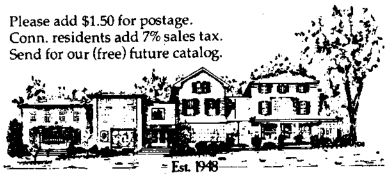

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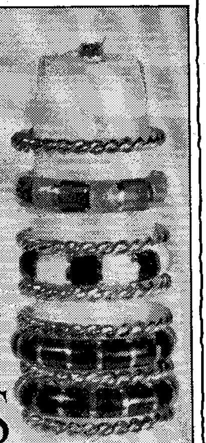

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alone several times, it is tantamount to a public declaration of intent to marry. Just today, one of the women in our group remarked on how modest she has found her roommates in the dorm. "At night, when it's time to get ready for bed, the women usually get into their bunks fully clothed, drop their mosquito nets, and change into their pajamas out of view of the other women," she told me. "And, unlike the men's shower room, the women's is divided into stalls."

There is an old expression in Chinese for a person who always has the opposite sex on his mind. It is *feng-liu*, and suggests a kind of licentiousness. I look at Yu Shao-feng's profile now. She is beautiful. She is intently watching the movie. I wonder if she knows the term *feng-liu*. I wonder if there are any people left in China today who might be so described.

The feature comes on. It is about the "two-line struggle" in a steel mill around 1959—just after the Soviet Union pulled all its technicians out of China, in some cases taking the blueprints for unfinished projects with them.The struggle revolves around the question of whether or not to import a special high-tensile steel for Navy ships from a pointedly unnamed Socialist country or to try to make the steel at the factory. The factory head is basically a good guy who has fallen for the wrong line of going abroad to buy steel. But by the end of the movie he sees the light. He stands in his office with the good worker-cadre and criticizes himself, with tears in his eyes. He admits that he has taken the wrong line in renouncing self-reliance. There is the usual assortment of bad guys, whom Master Chang refers to as "bad eggs" (*huai tan*). He becomes uncharacteristically agitated when a "bad egg" is on the screen. As one villain slinks and skulks around, up to no good, Master Chang grabs my shoulder. He points to the screen as this "bad egg" is about to sabotage a blast furnace. "See that! See that!" he exclaims. I am relieved to find Master Chang so engrossed, for until the movie began I feared that he was accompanying me out of a sense of duty rather than a craving to be entertained.

Often during the film as a character enters, P'eng Hung or Hsiao Ti will speak his exact line, leaving the strange impression that the actor, as he repeats the words moments later, is mimicking *him*. I am reminded of Bogart film festivals during which Bogart seldom gets one of his heavy lines off before some aficionado in the audience beats him to the punch.

As the film ends, with the camera panning across the factory smokestacks belching smoke in psychedelic colors, I lean over to P'eng Hung and ask him if he has seen this film often.

"Oh, yes," he says. "I have seen it several times. It's a good film to study. The first time I saw it, I was so excited my head was spinning for days."

SEVERAL of us visit the Shanghai Electrical Machinery Factory Workers' Children's School, which is a large, multi-story concrete building set behind several blocks of workers' apartments. It has a hard-earth playground surrounded by tall green poplar trees. Inside, sounds of grade-school children reciting their lessons in unison cascade out of each classroom and echo up and down dark halls.

Suddenly the bell rings and the children pour out the main door under a banner that reads "Friendship First, Competition Second." Then the children stand in neat lines in the schoolyard. It is the daily exercise period for several classes. When the exercises are finished, the athletic instructor asks if we visitors would like to have a tug-of-war with the children. It is suggested that our six men pull against eighteen of the children, who range in age from about ten to about thirteen. The children are electrified by the idea. There is much talk in our group of winning and losing. Our competitive sense is unmistakably piqued by this challenge. We line up along the rope, strutting, kicking heel-holds in the earth, and trying to organize ourselves. We decide to pull in cadence, and appoint one man coxswain. The athletic director stands at midpoint on the rope. He raises a track pistol and fires. The children heave on the rope, grimacing with concentration. They pull from low, crouched positions. We tug and strain, passionately trying to keep our cadence regular. Suddenly we are pulled off balance. Our bodies jerk upright, and we are dragged relentlessly across the line. Our group is crestfallen. The children watching on the sidelines clap.

A second pull is organized, against another class. We are eager. We are determined to win, although no one quite knows what kind of honor is at stake. The gun goes off. We grunt and puff. Our cadence is more effective this time. We can feel each tug slowly dislodging the children a little

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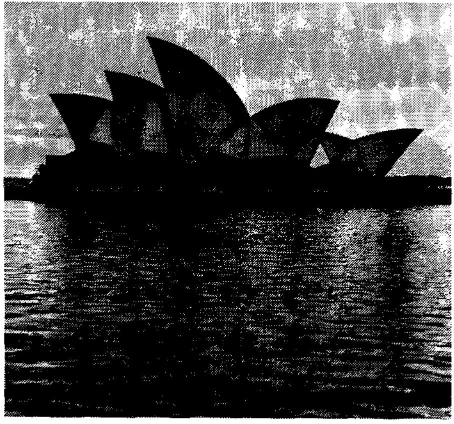

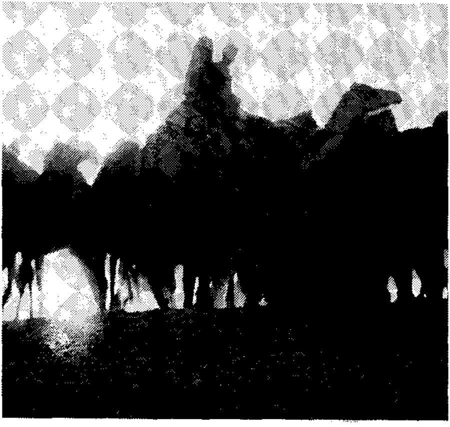

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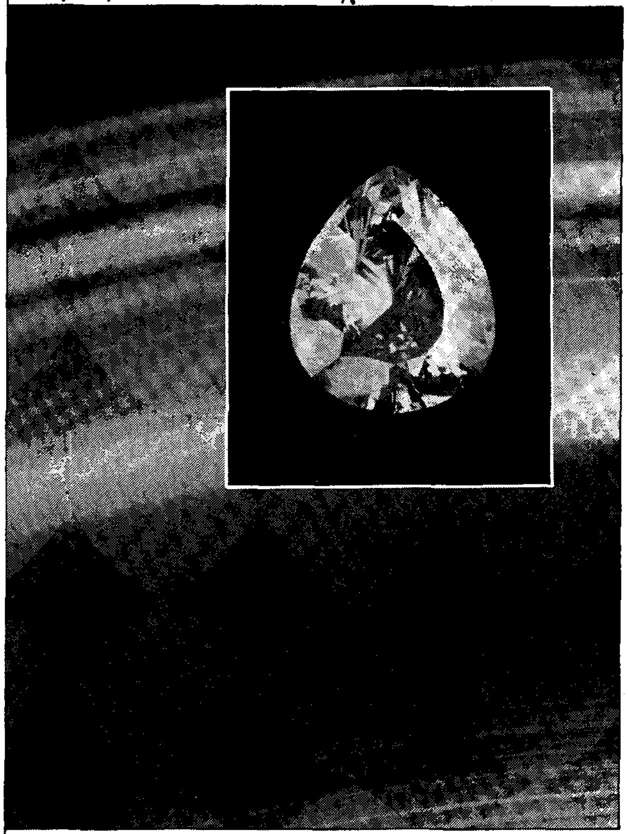

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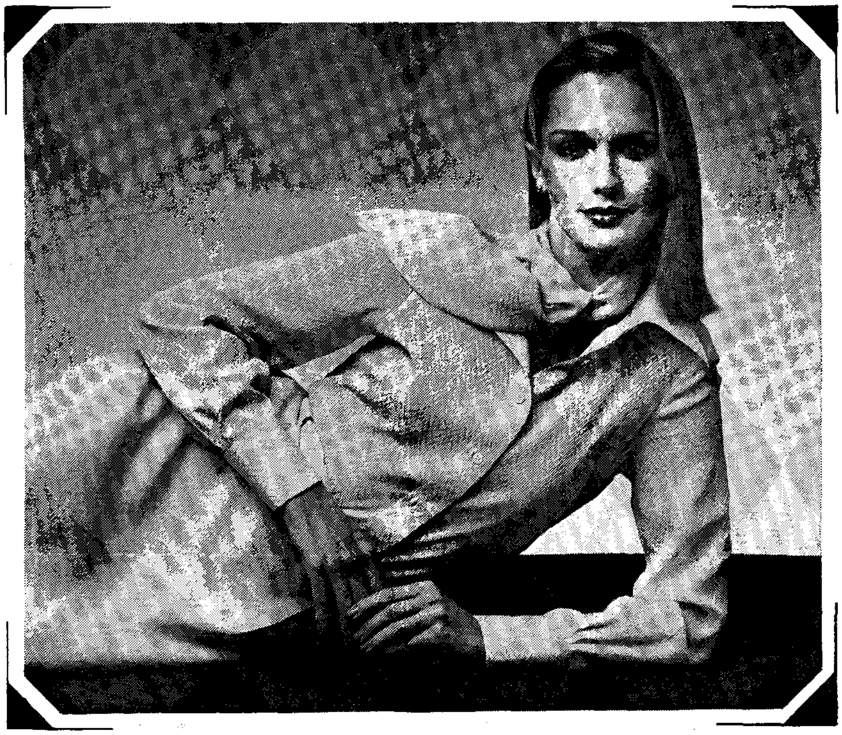

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more. We give a huge tug. We have them on the run! In a few seconds, we have pulled them over the line. Again the children on the sidelines clap.

We feel satisfied with this schoolyard conquest. We congratulate ourselves on our good sense and swift improvement. I walk over to the sidelines, feeling very stiff. A woman from our group sidles up to me. She wears the smile of someone who is about to share a wicked secret. "Did you know that the coach went over and bumped three kids off the rope just before the second pull?" she asks.

SOMETIMES I *simply cannot* make my mind up about this country. This morning, for instance, I spend an interesting time working in the shop. I begin to feel that I understand the human purpose behind hitherto obscure phenomena or prohibitions as I see the country functioning smoothly around me. Walking back to the dorm, I find myself wondering if perhaps China is not some utterly new experience in history after all—one in which all the caveats against too much regulation, regimentation, and organization ought to be reconsidered. The old assumption that human energy and imagination can be released only with generous doses of freedom and self-expression ends with a question mark in my mind. Perhaps this is a new world, as yet unfathomable by someone with Occidental experiences.

Then, suddenly, the loudspeakers come bellowing over the rooftops. Oafish piano accompaniment plays behind an operatic soloist wailing on about how Chairman Mao is a great red sun, a fearless helmsman, a savior of the masses. I feel myself freezing again, doubt congealing. I find myself thinking back to accounts written with glowing enthusiasm by foreigners who watched and experienced the Russian Revolution but failed to see the seeds of brutality and sourness until long after their bitter harvest under Stalin. It occurs to me that perhaps the very weakness of democracy is its strength; it is often so disorganized that it is almost impossible to get as many as half the people to move fervently in any direction. Are there signs shrouded in all this hope and energy around me of a frightening force that is moving hellbent on the future? Can I divine the future beneath China's proletarian optimism? Do I dare?

IT is a warm day, with the sun shining colorlessly through thick, moist clouds. During the rest time after lunch, I stroll down toward the Whangpoo River to enjoy the cool breeze. I take my camera, intending to shoot some film of the factory and the workers, but I soon feel clumsy, very much an intruder. People along the way are shy, and far from eager to have their photographs taken.

I cross the canal on the main footbridge. A string of small barges towed by miniature tugs is heading up the canal. They bring food to the factory and remove garbage. Boatmen stand on either end of the barges with long poles, helping to push the convoy upstream against the current. I take a few photographs. A worker passing by from the washhouse and carrying a washbasin and a towel walks over. "Those boats and those people are not from the factory," he says. "They are from a nearby commune." His face is expressionless, but his meaning is clear: Don't photograph them.

I walk on. At the river, a fresh breeze is blowing off the water. Large tugs are hauling strings of barges and rafts upstream, and junks under sail are moving rapidly downstream. I take a few photographs, and begin to walk down the railroad tracks that parallel the river. A middle-aged man runs after me. "What are you doing?" he asks, in an unusually agitated and unfriendly manner.

"I am taking pictures of the boats," I reply.

"Why?" he demands.

I am about to reply that they are beautiful, but I realize this will be an incomprehensible answer. "We don't have any in America," I find myself saying idiotically. Then, groping for something more practical, I add, "Wind power is a sensible means of transport."

"It is rest time," my interceptor says coldly. "You should be resting." He is speaking fast now. "The Chinese people and the American people are great peoples," he says, in a tone that collides with the meaning of his words. "The friendship between the Chinese and American people is . . ." He rattles on, but I cannot follow him.

"I'm sorry to have caused this trouble," I say, and I put my camera away.

"Even the workers in the factory are not allowed to take photographs," he says, relenting only slightly.

I beg his pardon again and retreat, wondering if it is a question of security or a question of Chinese sensitivity about foreigners' taking pictures of traditional, or "backward," scenes. I am shaken. I return to the dorm, fearing

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It's quite possible to be so wrapped up in the intriguing business of day-to-day living that you can go for months (maybe even years!) without giving much thought to how young—or old—you look. Then something happens that reminds you that the years are indeed passing, and with them that youthful look that you may take for granted.

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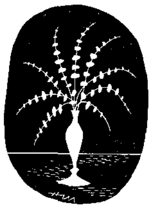
repercussions. In China, incidents are rarely just forgotten. China is a society in which all acts have political significance.

Tonight, we retire at the usual hour, about nine o'clock. Lao Chang, one of the interpreters accompanying our group, who shares a room with me, several other Americans, and some factory workers, carefully folds the trousers of his gray cadre suit and puts them under his pillow before sliding into bed. He is going to "iron" them by sleeping on them. As he gets ready for bed, he seems to be trying to stir up a conversation. Once I have shown the slightest responsiveness, he sails into a full-blown discussion of the Italian movie director Michelangelo Antonioni's 1973 film on China, which has been severely criticized in the Chinese press. Lao Chang has not been feeling well lately, but now he is tenacious. His persistence finally draws me into the discussion. Almost every day, the interpreters meet to talk about our stay in China, its problems, us, and what political approaches are correct to follow. It is not uncommon for two or three interpreters in one day to find time, singly, to sit down next to a particular person during a meal and raise the same point. The process is never crassly direct, but after a while it becomes inescapably clear. It is a kind of political education. If one resists the point being made, one feels a distinct coolness, a withdrawal of approval, even of friendship, during those probationary moments.



The incident at the river has apparently got back. There has perhaps been a discussion of it. I feel singled out and somewhat trapped. My impulse is to try to explain my purpose in taking those photographs, though I realize the futility before I even begin.

"You see," says Lao Chang, lying in the dark beneath his mosquito net in an upper bunk, "Antonioni came to China and he concentrated on the backward features of China. He showed old people straining to pull carts, and old methods of plowing with water buffaloes."

I say that perhaps Antonioni saw them as colorful or artistically pleasing, and filmed them for reasons having nothing to do with the issue of China's astounding development.

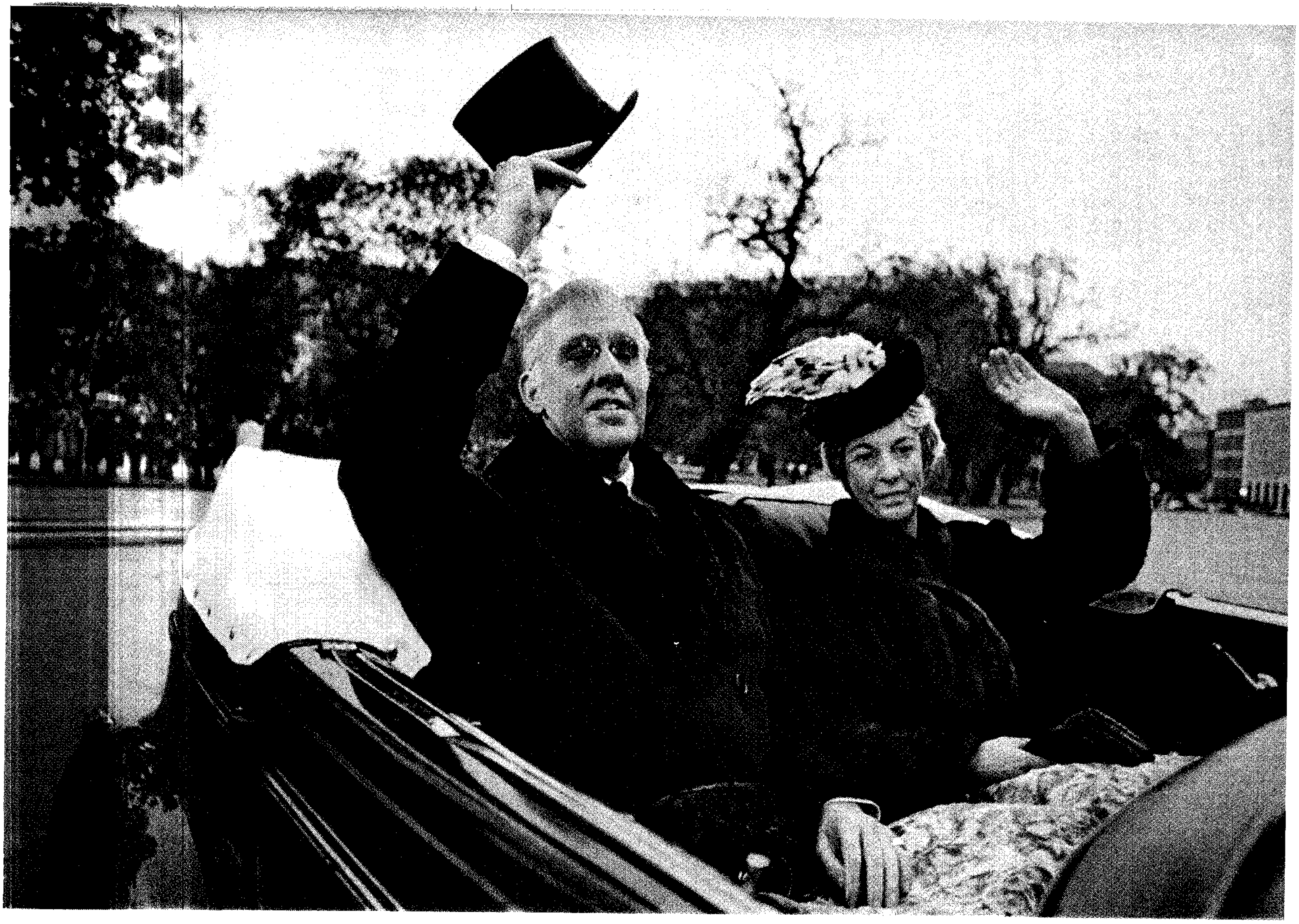
Lao Chang remains silent for a moment. It is evident that he does not believe in art for art's sake, or in aesthetics detached from politics, and that he does not understand or accept the notion of artistic self-expression. "It's all political in nature," he says, coldly and emphatically. "There is no such thing as a photograph or film without a political viewpoint. Why did he want to take a picture of a junk, and not a new freighter? Why did he want to take a picture of an old peasant planting rice, and not a tractor? Why do you want to take a picture of people in patched clothing?"

He is talking to me now as though I had become Antonioni. A hint of suspicion has crept into the conversation. I have been growing sleepy, but now I'm wide awake. I have a thousand thoughts. I reply that Antonioni's film was viewed in the United States and Europe as favorable to China. I halfheartedly explain that in nations like our own there has been a disenchantment with industry and its benefits, and a nostalgic return in many instances to older, less technological ways of doing things. "Listen, Lao Chang," I say, not without some irritation now. "You must understand that we are not Chinese. We are not always interested in learning lessons exactly the way you did. Our problems are different. Perhaps there is a wisdom in planting rice by hand, in using sail-powered junks and fewer manufactured goods. Doesn't patching clothes so you can wear them longer show common sense, and throwing away half-worn-out clothes represent stupidity and wastefulness? Doesn't the use of human waste as fertilizer show rational intelligence instead of backwardness? In our country, we treat it with chlorine and put it into the rivers and oceans."

My explanations now, as has often been true in the past, do not seem to have smoothed out the difficulty. In China, the object of conversation usually is not achieving free give-and-take but providing the other person with a chance to reëducate himself to the "correct line." I do not know how to handle our discussion. I wish I could end it. But it continues.

"We think Antonioni came to China looking for images of the past," Lao Chang says. There is truth in this, I admit to myself. Foreigners do still seek to understand China through many of the old stereotypes. We are gratified by quaint, pastoral, peasant scenes, and tractors repel us. "Yes," Lao Chang says emphatically, "you can take photos of anything you want. But they must show the future as well as the past."

"Lao Chang," I say, "many people in America are beginning to feel that



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in certain respects the past may be the future."

Finally, one of our roommates tells us to shut up. He wants to go to sleep.

The room becomes quiet. I hear mosquitoes trying to find a way through my mosquito net. Someone begins to snore.

TONIGHT is a special night. It has been set aside for a discussion of the United States with some of the factory workers. It was we rather than the Chinese who suggested the idea. The Chinese agreed, compelled by politeness and perhaps by the realization that they had not been as much interested in our country as we were in theirs.

We gather in a large meeting room adjacent to the factory store. There are about a hundred Chinese present—friends from the shops, factory leaders, and a scattering of other cadres and workers. This time, we give some prepared B.I.s (as the Chinese refer to the "brief introductions" that they provide so often) of our own on various political aspects of America. We cover such subjects as the labor movement, women, the counterculture, minorities, and the economic situation. Our presentations seem to us long and uninspired, and, in any case, they are rendered flat by the laborious process of translation. I am amused to note that the Chinese respond to our B.I.s with just about the same degree of electrification as we respond to theirs. Nevertheless, I am again astonished by the lack of interest these workers show in the United States. Our tales of social strife, cultural change, and economic uncertainty seem to neither surprise nor please them. I glance around the room during the B.I. on the labor movement. People sit with their eyes out of focus, lost, staring off into space in some Socialist reverie. Several comrades, kept up long past their normal bedtime, fight off fits of yawning. Only the most gung ho pay full attention or take notes.

The audience displays some signs of life as we prepare to show them a series of slides. A large, almost gaudy oil portrait of Mao is unceremoniously taken down by two men when it becomes clear that it is occupying the only stretch of wall where the slides can be shown. The lights go out. Images of Rocky Mountain landscapes, wealthy suburbs, ghettos, farms, factories, and highways flash on the wall. A succession of billboards advertising liquor, cigarettes, the Air Force, and gasoline seem to impress us more than our audience. These banished commercial images reappear before us as a shock. A slide of a large illuminated outdoor advertisement for Black Velvet Canadian Whiskey comes on. It shows a blond woman in a décolleté black velvet dress sprawled seductively across the length of the mammoth billboard. Above her body are the words "Feel the Black Velvet." I look around the darkened room. Faces are blank. People look as though they had been paralyzed by some new, unknown force. What is filling the heads of these comrades? I lean over to Hsiao Ti, who sits beside me. "What do you think of that?" I ask him.

He wrinkles up his face in puzzlement. "Why do they want to do that?" he whispers back.

In many ways, the Chinese still seem culture-bound and self-contained. Tonight, I have the distinct sense that for most Chinese the outside world is little more than a distant fantasy, about which they receive occasional predigested shreds of information in newspapers and on the radio—an unreal world. Since there is little fascination with the exotic or the bizarre in China, people are hardly titillated at all by the strange practices and problems of a faraway land. They seem to look upon us as a sort of retarded and essentially dull society—a society that is wallowing in complexity and confusion, and does not have the good sense to make a rigorous Marxist class analysis and get on with a revolution. We may be powerful, but to them we appear as a sideshow, devoid of inspiration. We are a model of decline, which, in a land of Socialist reconstruction, has little appeal.

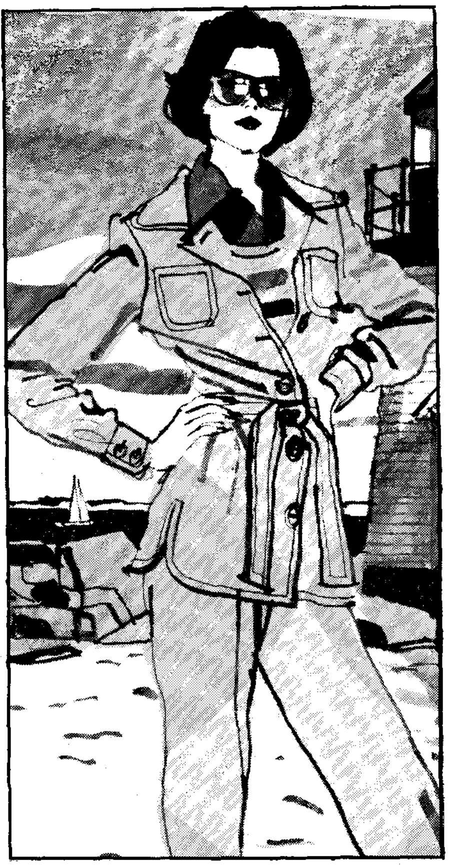
"OUR university is called May First University, because this was the date when Chairman Mao visited our factory, in 1961," says a young teacher who was once a shopworker. He speaks hesitantly and turns often to one or another of his three comrades, who sit on either side of him, for affirmation. His openness and vulnerability lend a feeling of genuineness to his words. "At first, we had courses only in science and engineering at the factory university—all courses that related to technical production," he continues. "But then our Party branch suggested that we should try to do more than just teach the workers how to produce generators. They felt that we should begin to train workers in various other fields as well, to help them master other aspects of their lives. The first year, our new liberal-arts program graduated twenty-three students. Of course, the university still has the older departments, covering engineering and science. But now we have also instituted ten new night classes for workers, in subjects like English, drafting, and electronics."

"At present, we have three courses in the literature field," says a young woman, breaking in. "One course is on Chairman Mao's thoughts on art and literature. Then, we have a course on Lu Hsün, a novelist and essayist of the twenties and thirties. And we have an experimental-writing course, combining theory and literature. You see, most factory workers have never really written anything. So we ran into a lot of difficulties at first, but we began to overcome these by working in collectives. For instance, we wrote a collection of short stories, called 'Young Pathbreakers,' by dividing the class into five groups. Each person discussed his or her ideas about how to write a story. Then, if one person had problems, we would all help work them through. Finally, each person began working on his or her own short story. But the stories were rough, and not very well written. It was not until after many discussions and some criticism that they improved. But then we still had too many stories. So we sent the students down to the workshops and let the workers read and criticize the stories. We read the stories out loud to old workers who could not read. Other workers, who were too busy to attend a class, read them in their spare time, and then sent notes back with their suggestions. It took half a year to work it all out. Some stories were discarded, and others were improved. Then we decided to form a group and write a whole novel, called 'The Big Beam.' "

One of the comrades passes around a copy of "The Big Beam." It is a slender paperback, like most books in China. The cover shows a drawing of a large metal girder being set in place. "It was a joint project of teachers, worker students, and people from a publishing house. The book took over a year to finish. And it was not easy for these workers to write a novel, because most of them had written only one short story."

Some members of our group exchange incredulous looks at the thought of the Chinese having collectivized the writing of fiction.

"These stories are very important for younger workers," says a recent



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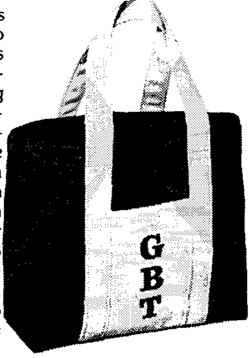

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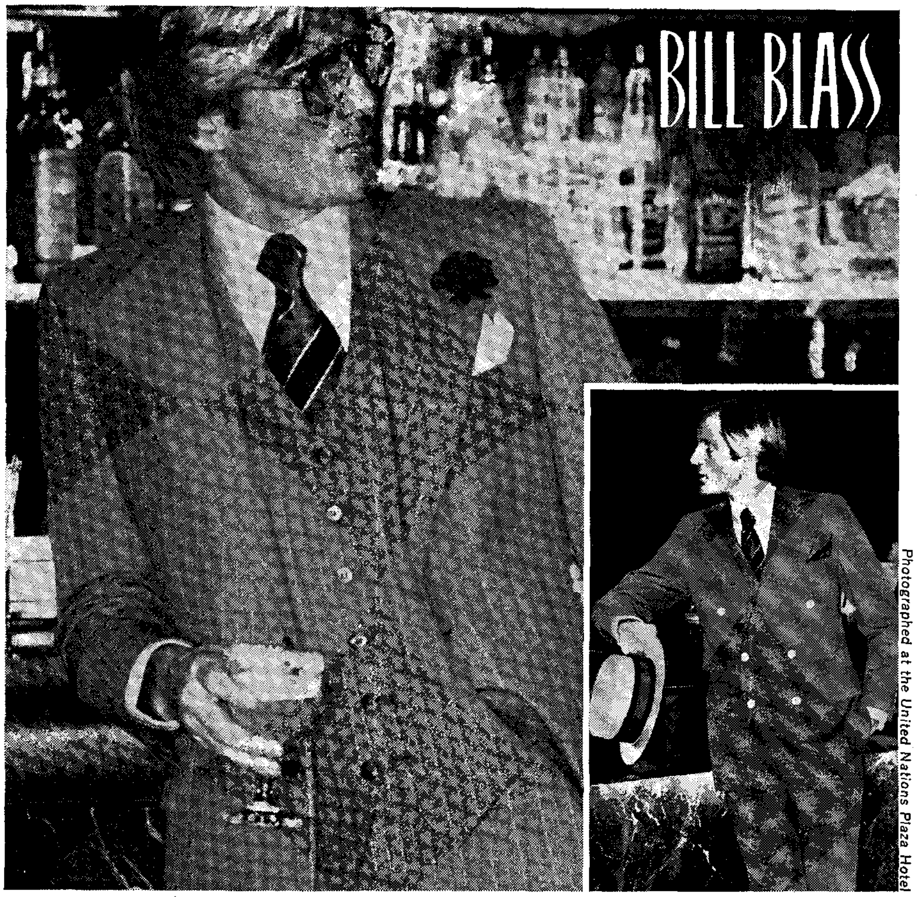

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woman graduate, who has been sitting quietly, taking notes with awesome thoroughness. "The younger workers never knew the old society. Now they can read about it. The stories are popular among the older workers, too, some of whom now read and are able to enjoy them. One of the main challenges in writing fiction is to work out the contradiction between realism and romanticism. Some works, of course, have good revolutionary content but are not written very artistically. They have no attracting power for the reader. We firmly believe that the artistic level must be just as high as the political consciousness. But we oppose counter-revolutionary works with high artistic merit. A work must be artistic *and* revolutionary. Take 'The Big Beam,' for instance. It tells how a new cadre fought against the restoration of capitalism during the Cultural Revolution. It illustrates the vigor and spirit of youth. But it was not clear how we should put our experiences into writing and properly portray proletarian heroic images. Granted, we might sometimes use darker figures to make our heroes stand out. In reality, a hero cannot be perfect in everything, but since we are trying to create more nearly perfect men and women in our revolution, the hero images in our literature must stand higher than reality, in order to educate people. The heroic images should show the high aspirations of the proletariat. This is the function of art and literature. This you could call our revolutionary romanticism."

"What books by Western authors do students at the university read?" asks a member of our group.

There is a long silence. The four comrades look searchingly at one another.

"Which ones?" says the woman who has just discoursed on revolutionary romanticism, her face breaking into a sheepish smile. "Well, you see, there are four periods in literature," she begins, but she quickly realizes that her answer is heading toward a dead end. "Mainly, we've done critical work on Soviet writers," she says at last.

"Which ones?"

"Well, we have criticized some Gorky," says one of the men. "We don't view Gorky from the present, because conditions are different in China from what they were in the Soviet Union at the time he was writing. But he did reflect the struggle of the Soviet people to lay the groundwork for proletarian art. And, of course, Gorky has some weak points—perhaps some traces of belief in a basic human nature apart from class background. Often he just wrote about reality. He just wrote down what he saw. It was 'truthful writing.' He wrote about bad as well as good phenomena. And we find traces of naturalism when he describes situations. But we in proletarian art and literature should not indulge in this kind of truthful writing. We do not see it as our role to portray the dark as well as the light. For instance, hungry people cannot inspire others to Socialist reconstruction. Why write about them? If we do write about people's faults, we must put the emphasis on their transformation. It is the heroes who provide a good influence. We want to write about the spirit of the proletariat. Only within these broad guidelines can we embroider on the lives of our heroes. Otherwise, it is not permissible to write. One cannot write a novel in which the hero is an overthrown landlord. This is outside the main current. But if you wish to write about a landlord and use him as a backdrop for a proletarian hero, well, that's all right. That's allowable."

THE Chinese believe in symbolic occasions. Arrivals, departures, births, deaths, transformations are all duly noted. Today, we have a gathering with the factory leaders and the workers from our teams to mark our departure. The event is neither a party nor a meeting. It hovers somewhere in between—though as close, perhaps, as the Chinese come to a party.

The leader of the factory Party branch gives a short speech. Without having been introduced to him, one would have no way of picking him out of the crowd of workers. He has a large patch running across the seat of his pants. He is slightly older than most of the other workers. There is an air of thoughtfulness and refinement about him. He need speak no more than a few words to make it clear that he is a person of stature, a leader. Even so, what he says is somehow unmemorable. In one way or another, it has all been said before, many times. It is as though the Chinese had decided that their revolution will succeed through the sheer force of repetition.

The gathering seems to provide one last chance for the Chinese to "put politics in command." But I find myself unable to concentrate on politics today. My attention wanders. I find myself looking around the room and picking out the people I have come to know: Hsiao Ti, Master Chang, P'eng Hung, Yu Shao-feng, Master Ch'en. Tomor-

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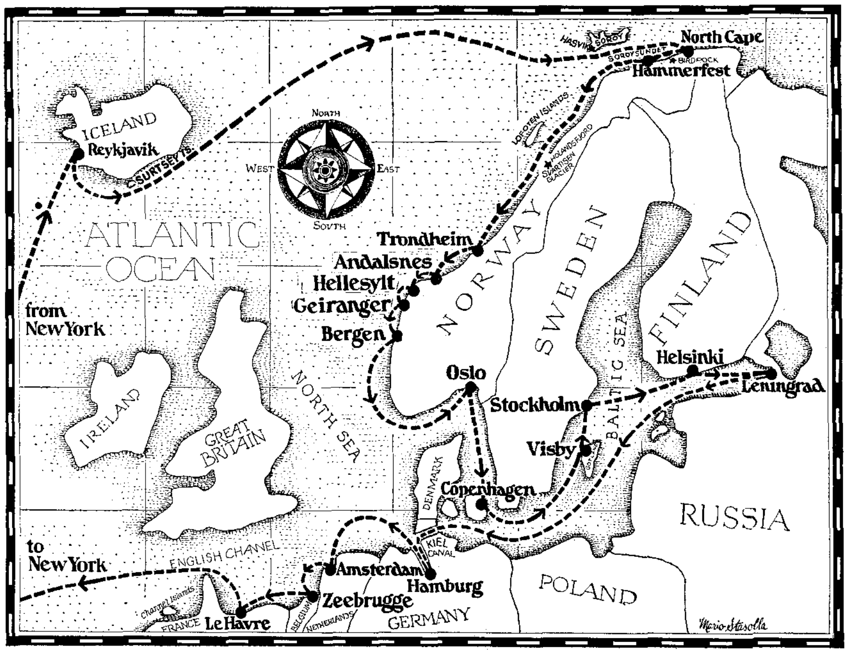
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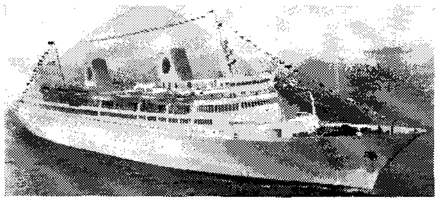

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row, the friendships that we have so ardently cultivated during these few weeks will be cut short. If I were Chinese, I wonder, would this emotional reaction constitute a "wrong line"? That sets me wondering about the role left for feelings in the Chinese revolution. The Chinese are not an emotional people. There is often a formality about Chinese reactions which mystifies and troubles Westerners, geared to catharsis and interpersonal drama. Perhaps our world of careless emotions is frighteningly individualistic, and somehow disruptive of the Chinese collective consciousness. I do not know. But it is at moments like this that I sense how different we as people are from those engaged in this Chinese Socialist experiment.

Another speaker rises. He expresses pleasure that we were able to spend such a long time at the factory, instead of just "looking at the flowers from a galloping horse." He asks us to take "regards to the American people." He says that he hopes we will have a chance to return soon.

Gripped by some need to reciprocate, I lean over to Master Chang and say, "Perhaps someday you can visit us in America." I feel almost stunned by my own words. Master Chang gropes for a response but finds none. The idea is too farfetched. Chinese have repeatedly expressed hope that we will return to their country. I cannot remember anyone suggesting that they visit ours. I try to envision Master Chang in America, and I realize that if by some stroke of fate he were to arrive on my doorstep, in his blue worker's jacket and cap, I would not have the slightest idea of how to go about incorporating him into the life I lead.

◆

WE are scheduled to work for three weeks in the countryside in Tachai, which is a village and one of China's most celebrated "model" work brigades, in the Northeast province of Shansi. We arrive in Tachai at dusk. Structures of masonry and brick cling to both sides of a steep gully, giving the village a medieval appearance. We are lodged in a recently built reception center. It can hold two hundred people, but tonight the only other occupants are ten People's Liberation Army soldiers.

I am disappointed at our being assigned special quarters and a special dining room. I wish that we could live in the midst of the people we have come to work with. But then it is hard to see how a peasant village could accommodate a visiting group of foreigners like us, with a lot of baggage and a retinue of interpreters and guides, merely in the name of "world friendship." And surely no one can blame the Chinese for wishing to withhold some part of their private lives from an inquiring group of foreigners.

Almost everyone in rural Shansi lives in a cave, the traditional dwelling in China's Northeast. The caves are dug into banks of loess soil that has slowly been deposited over millennia by dust storms blowing down from the Mongolian steppes, on the other side of the Great Wall. The caves at the reception center are of the new variety, with vaulted, plastered ceilings, masonry facings, and wood-and-glass doors. The old-style caves were simply hewn out of the earth, the walls plastered with mud and rice chaff, and the windows made of oilpaper set in wooden frames at the cave mouth. These caves, though cool in the summer and warm in the winter, were subject to flooding and collapse during heavy rains. Now, in Tachai, the old caves are gone, except for one or two that have been left as reminders of "the bitter past." New caves have been built for Tachai's eighty-three households and four hundred and fifty inhabitants. They are perched in long tiers, up against the hillsides, one above another.

Whereas the old caves were scattered about on various pieces of rented or private property, the new caves are centralized. People live cheek by jowl. The ambience is that of a small housing development. There is a congeniality about this neighborhood. Children play in front of the caves. Chickens wander in and out of the doorways. People chat at the communal water tap as they wait for their buckets to fill.

TODAY is windy and cool. The sky is clear save for a reddish haze of Shansi dust. We Americans have been divided into two teams for work. The group that I will work with walks up Tiger Head Hill on a new tractor road, topped with cinders. We have been issued our tools for the day: baskets and carrying poles; a broad hoe (*ch'u-t'ou*), for weeding; a long, thin mattock (*chüeh-t'ou*), for trimming back earthen banks; and a large wooden mallet, not unlike the mallets used at county fairs to test your strength, for smashing clods of clay and earth behind the mule-drawn plow. We are to work today with an older women's work team. There is some joking about this.

The women wear colorful red-and-green kerchiefs and the traditional blue cotton pants and jackets. The blue is a perfect complement to the red-brown earth and the blue-gray of the stones used in the seemingly endless tiers of terraces that rise up the mountainside. We stop at a series of quarter-acre terraces that have been reclaimed from a steep ravine. Like so much manual labor in China, our job is inglorious. We pick up stones from a field and load them into the baskets hanging at either end of our carrying poles (still the standard tool of almost every peasant in China) and take them to the edge of the field. Then we pick up old sorghum stalks and roots and pile them up here and there in the field to be burned. Ash is a key ingredient in soil management here in Tachai.

The peasants work hard—up at sunrise and home at sunset, with a two-hour siesta at noon. The day is long, but the work pace rarely seems frenzied. It is uncommon to see anyone animated with rage at a job that is not easily done. The Chinese are slow, steady workers. They take evenly spaced rest breaks. The draft animals lie down, and so do the peasants, in whatever shade they can find. The men take out their pipes and light up a bowl of homegrown tobacco, which smells like burning leaves. Throughout the countryside, a common sight is a man resting in the fields, sometimes asleep, head on a conveniently placed ox.

THERE are no private toilets here in Tachai. In the old days, every house had its own (usually insanitary) arrangement, but now even defecation has been collectivized. Public toilets occupy a masonry building at one end of the rows of stone-faced caves. There is a plaster wall down the center of the room, and the character for "man" is painted on the left side, the character for "woman" on the right side. A concrete slab has been placed over a large underground holding tank, and on each side of the dividing wall there are five narrow slits, above which people squat to relieve themselves. Few peasants use toilet paper, although it can be bought at the brigade store. Instead, they make do with any kind of paper scraps available. There are shreds of the *People's Daily* and *Liberation Army Daily* scattered around the room. Since there are no individual booths, there is a certain amount of conviviality to the process of elimination. I recall one man who entered the latrine and, seeing the squatting figure of a

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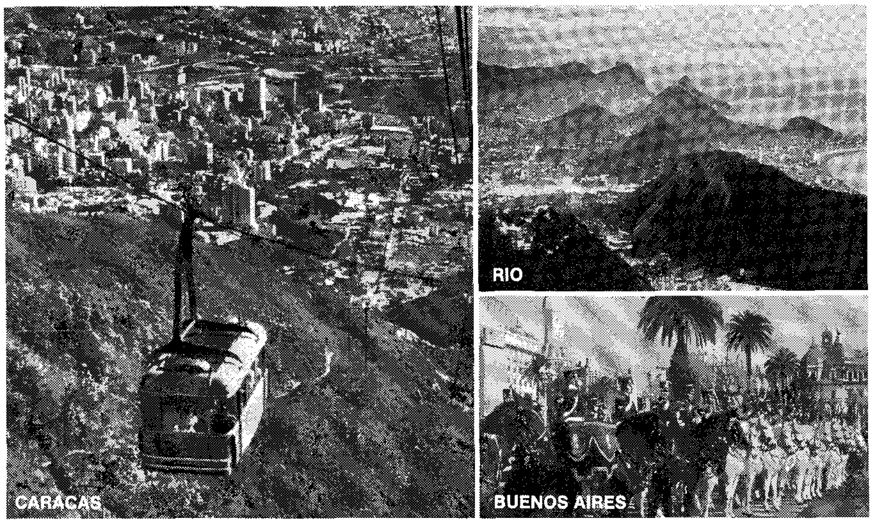

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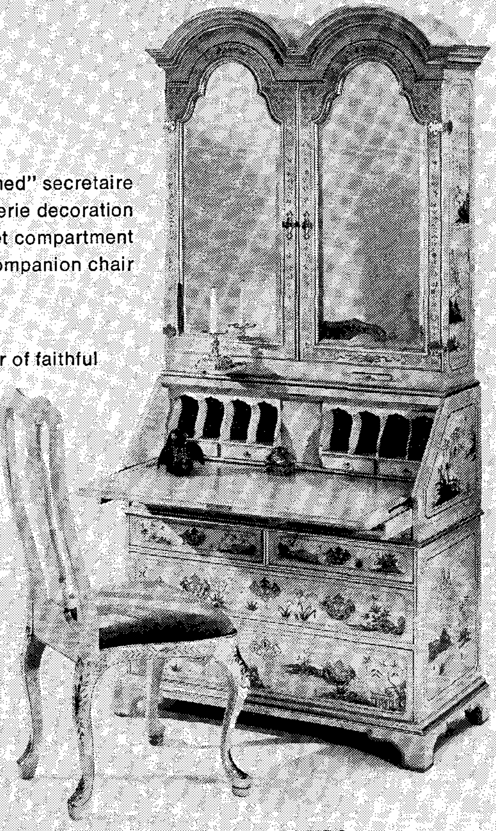

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friend, joked, "Well, Comrade Li, I see you're making your daily contribution to agriculture." There are even some graffiti, but these are mostly children's names scrawled in awkward characters.

In Tachai, all human waste is used as fertilizer. It is collected in the underground holding tanks and is periodically pumped or ladled into tank carts, in which it is transported to maturation ponds, some distance from the village. These ponds are large holes dug in the earth and often lined with stone or clay. They may have thatched A-frame roofs over them to keep out the rain. Here the sewage is anaerobically digested, so that parasites and pathogens are destroyed. The digested night soil is then layered into shredded agricultural waste products, such as stalks, husks, bean pods, and chaff, to make compost. (The Chinese occasionally still use night soil "hot" on the fields, but, for health reasons, this practice is less common than it was in the past.)

China is making great efforts to increase its production of chemical fertilizers. Leaders speak of decentralizing production, so that every one of the nation's counties (there are more than twenty-one hundred) will have at least one chemical-fertilizer plant. Here in Hsi Yang County, enough fertilizer is produced at the local plant to provide approximately fifty-four *chin* per *mou* (there are one and a third pounds to one *chin*, and six *mou* in one acre) each year. This is an ammonium-nitrate plant that was built in the county seat—also named Hsi Yang—during the Cultural Revolution. It uses locally mined coal as its raw material. Although the factory, working three eight-hour shifts a day, produces three thousand tons a year over its designed capacity of five thousand tons, it is unable to produce anywhere near enough fertilizer to adequately cover the county's four hundred thousand *mou* of cultivated land.

Most work brigades are still dependent largely on organic fertilizer. And, although they are eager for more inorganic fertilizer, they know that their soil needs as much humus as it can get. Experience has taught the peasants that unless their soil is light and spongy it will compact on the terraces, causing floods and slides.

TODAY, our work group climbs the hill to several broad, terraced fields overlooking the valley. It is time to fertilize the fields and make them ready for sowing. A thirty-horsepower Chinese-made East Is Red tractor has brought the compost up and dumped it in huge piles on the edge of a field. We are to work with a team of younger women today, spreading the compost with the aid of carrying poles and baskets. The women break into uncontrollable laughter as we shoulder our heavy loads and stagger out across the fields to dump the contents of our baskets on neatly spaced smaller piles. The women, using pitchforks, load our baskets as well as their own, and are careful to put less in ours. Only slowly do we get the hang of bearing the carrying pole on our already aching shoulders. Some of the women wear shoulder pads made of layered cotton, but the real salvation of the basket carrier is the taking of light, quick, rhythmic steps that set the two baskets bouncing in cadence. If a carrier breaks out of this cadence, the feeling is not unlike that of coming down on a stiff diving board just as it is on its upward swing. It is a mild shock to one's body, which, if repeated, is exhausting. Now I understand the strange prancing step I have seen peasants use throughout Asia when they carry a heavy load with pole and baskets.

THE people of Tachai receive a salary according to the number of work points they get. The usual procedure in China is for each work brigade to get together once a month, once every few months, or perhaps only once a year to decide how many work points each member should receive. "Less advanced" brigades may meet monthly, to allot points according to the tasks that each worker has performed. Under this system, the more work one does, on a piece basis, the higher the number of points and the larger the share of brigade revenue the worker receives. Although this system is still widely in use, it is considered backward and unprogressive. It stresses piecework, and puts a premium on the individual's working for himself or herself, often by choosing the easiest jobs or the jobs with the highest number of work points affixed to them. Like private plots of land—which exist in some places but not in Tachai—this system is considered to have bourgeois vestiges.

The system used in Tachai emphasizes the need for people to work for the commonweal rather than themselves, and is considered "more Socialist." No strict accounting is kept of the number of tasks done by any worker. Instead, the brigade holds a meeting once a year, at which each person is asked to assess his or her own performance and to suggest how many work points it is worth. The worker's suggestion is then discussed by the group and either accepted or adjusted.

THE theatre in Hsi Yang is packed when we arrive this evening to attend an opera. Most of the more expensive seats, in the center front, are filled with P.L.A. soldiers. The back and sides are filled with young people, factory workers, and a few peasants. (Since it is not easy for most peasants to make the journey to the city, the county troupe spends much of its time on the road, playing at communes and brigades.) As guests, we have been given seats in the center front. There is an air of informality about the audience, and there is much talking and some craning of necks to see the foreigners. The lights dim. A woman in costume dress slides through the slit in the curtain. In the stylized falsetto voice of traditional Chinese opera, she recites a quote from Chairman Mao. The curtain rises. An orchestra in the stage wings, consisting of both Chinese and Western instruments, begins to play.

The plot of the opera revolves around the "two-line struggle" during the nineteen-fifties. The good revolutionary comrades favor collectivization of livestock and the building of a new bridge. They are pitted against the "bad bourgeois elements," who are scheming to ruin collectivization by dividing up all the animals among individual owners. The actors are dressed in colorful Tibetan style. (The Chinese are fond of plays, operas, and ballets about their minority peoples, which give them a chance to dress up in the eye-catching costumes of Tibetans, Muslims, or Mongolians.) The "good elements" are played by handsome actors and actresses with heavily rouged cheeks. They use stalwart, resolute gestures, such as thrusting one arm defiantly into the air and looking past it piercingly into the sky while delivering a line. The revolutionary cadre is a fatherly, slightly rotund man with a face somewhat reminiscent of Chairman Mao's. With his rouged cheeks, he suggests a benevolent Chinese Santa Claus. His clothes are modest. He exudes kindness and fairness, and listens intently to the problems of "the people." When he comes onstage, not a single member of the audience harbors any confusion about the part he is playing.

The "bad bourgeois elements" are played by actors made up to be evil-looking reprobates. These caricatures

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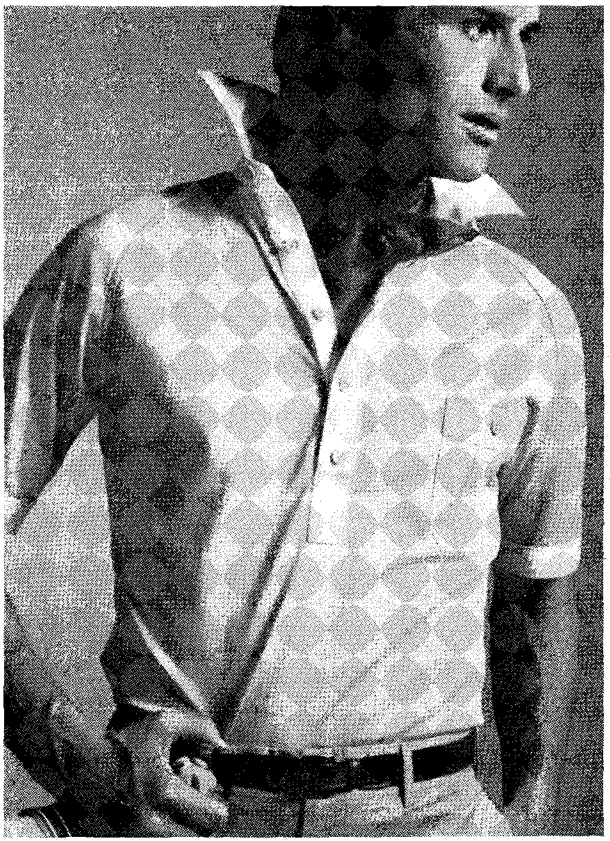

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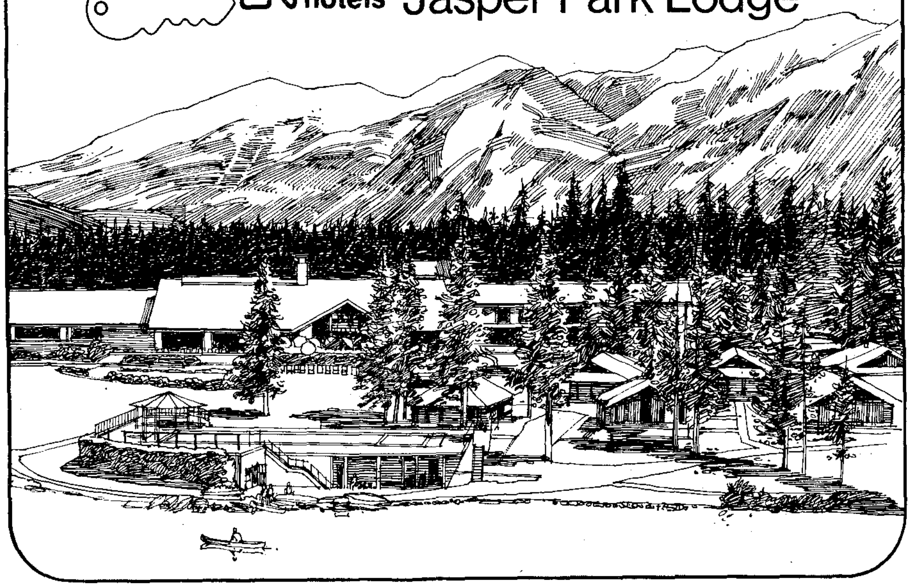


are invariably not only evil but comical. For instance, the revisionist cadre shows up wearing a neatly pressed powder-blue Mao tunic and carries a briefcase that fairly reeks of bureaucratic officiousness. He wears dark-rimmed glasses, which set off a sallow face. He is the epitome of the arrogant, bookish intellectual who disdains manual labor, and everybody in the theatre knows it. At one point, this anti-hero extracts a silver cigarette case from his spotless tunic with a grand gesture, and lights up. The crowd goes wild. Make no mistake about it, this man is bad!

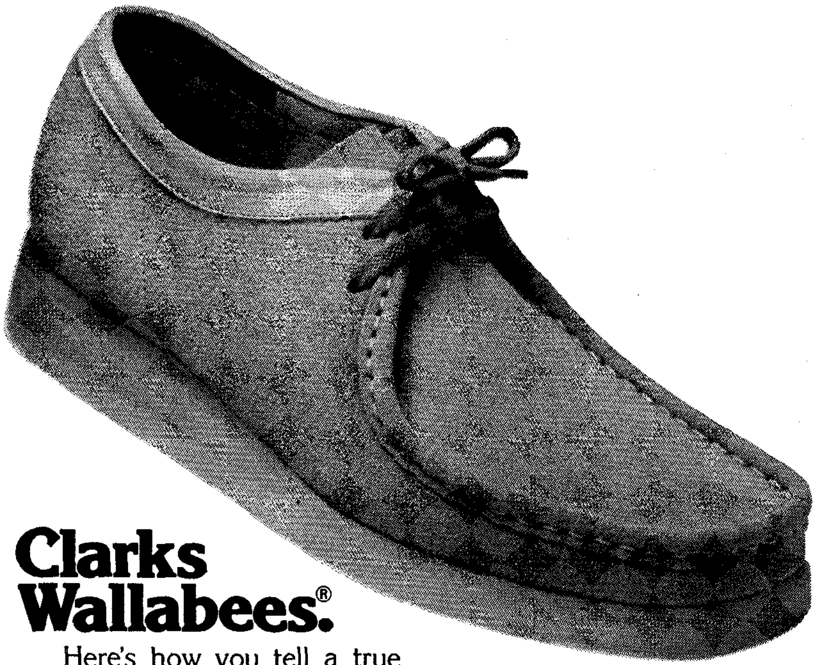
Then, there are the running-dog accomplices of the revisionist cadre. These full-tilt villains include an ex-prisoner and a reactionary land profiteer who wears a regulation "poisonous weed" mustache. Instead of walking with proud, defiant steps, he walks hunched over, as though trying to hide his indelible evilness. The villains usually dress in a quasi-Western manner. One of the favorite villain props is a fedora pulled down over the eyes in sinister fashion. Just where the Chinese get such hats is unclear, but they seem to have an ample supply. There is also a plethora of in-between characters, who start off being uncommitted and confused. These include rich peasants (Mao said that they could "go either way") and a trusting brigade leader who is not clear about which is the correct line. In the end, of course, the bad elements are purged, in an orgy of scowling and vindictiveness, and the uncommitted see the light.

TODAY, we work with a group of twenty-five boys and girls from the sixth grade of the brigade school. We walk together up the mountain for about a mile, through terraced fields of winter wheat. It seems almost incomprehensible that the people of this small village could have accomplished by themselves projects on such a grand scale. On the stone terraces all around us, peasants with teams of oxen or mules are planting millet, sorghum, and corn, usually in groups of four—one person with a team to plow the furrow, one to lay a bed of compost in the furrow, one to drop the seeds and kick in the earth on top of them, and one to walk on the furrow and pack the earth around the seeds. Each of us is shouldering a mattock. The children walk in two columns. The girls are dressed in reds, pinks, greens, and purples, and have pigtails tied with strips of bright-colored plastic. The boys wear blue or khaki tunics. At first, the children are a bit shy. They give polite one-word answers to our questions. As we walk higher, the path narrows and the terraced fields grow smaller. Where the terraced fields stop, walnut orchards begin. The trees are just beginning to turn green after the winter. Our task is to cultivate them and to make a small berm around each of the trunks to hold the summer rains.

Each child carries the family mattock. The children wield these adult-size tools with ease and coördination, and they work as if they were playing. The girls are as adept as the boys. There is something about work that makes conversation come more easily. As we loosen the soil, the children begin to laugh and talk, and occasionally stop their digging to examine insects, worms, wild garlic. They joke, but there is no meanness; no one sticks a worm down the back of a class sissy. Their merriment seems to exclude no one.

Toward midmorning, we sit down to rest. The children begin to tell us some of the English words they have learned in school: "gooda-bye," "mappa China," "peng" (bench). They repeatedly ask how to pronounce certain words. Several children seem to have no intention of learning these words but just enjoy having something to ask. They want to know how to say "work" and "People's Liberation Army." About eight of us sit together on the ground under the walnut trees. The children start singing. Like all children in China, they are forever singing, and always in a group. Their songs are all *ke-ming ke-ch'ü*, or revolutionary songs. We make a few lame attempts to sing some "representative" American song for them. We end up with "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," painfully aware that there have been almost no songs written in America in the last twenty years with which the Chinese would feel comfortable. Names flash through my head: Janis Joplin, Bob Dylan, Alice Cooper, Merle Haggard, the Grateful Dead, Ike and Tina Turner. None of these seem right for China.

LI CH'ENG-YUAN stands about three feet six inches tall. He has a crew-cut, nearly always hidden under a blue cap. His small face is flattish and burned brown by the sun. He has ruddy cheeks and dazzling white teeth. His hands are unmistakably those of a little boy, with ragged cuticles and plenty of dirt under the nails, but his palms are callused and rough from working. He is twelve years old. Li Ch'eng-yuan usu-



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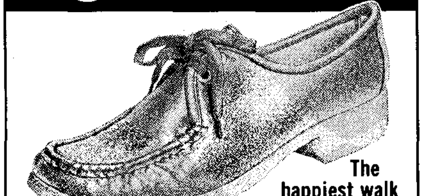

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ally wears three faded-blue cotton jackets, one on top of another. The necks and cuffs are frayed. In a breast pocket he carries a key ring on which are a small pocketknife, a key to his chest back in his family's cave, and, for some obscure reason, a nail clipper (with which he has several times tried to clip my nails). His pants, of meticulously patched blue corduroy, sag clownishly around his waist. They are held up by a belt that goes around him almost twice. He wears khaki-colored sneakers and no socks, and several inches of brown ankle are visible between shoe and pants. To temporarily postpone the purchase of new pants, Li Ch'eng-yuan's mother has sewn several inches of green cloth onto the cuffs of his blue pants.

Li Ch'eng-yuan climbs around the rock terraces like a goat. He holds people's hands with abandon, and chatters away at full speed in his heavy Shansi dialect, oblivious of whether or not he is being understood. If he gets no answers to his questions, he will sometimes answer them himself and continue with a monologue. There is a toughness in his lack of inhibition, but it is a childish, gentle toughness; there is no posturing or game-playing for attention. When Li Ch'eng-yuan wants attention, he puts down his tools, runs over, grabs your hand, and starts chattering. In the fields, he grits his teeth as he swings his oversize mattock. He often stops to inspect a grub, a spider, or a worm, sometimes holding one up and asking with a grin what the English word for it is. His finds are usually followed by "Aiyaa! Hey! Look at this!"—and then he drops to his knees to watch the creature.

Most Chinese children who are asked what they want to do when they become adults reply, "Whatever the Party wants, I will do," or "I want to serve the people." When Li Ch'eng-yuan is asked, he jumps up and says, with boyish cockiness, "I want to join the P.L.A. and get the bad guys!"

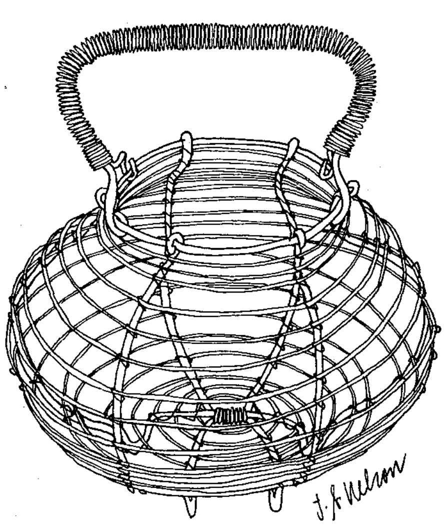
Li Ch'eng-yuan is only vaguely aware of the existence of the United States. He asks me where it is. I tell him that it is thousands of miles away across the Pacific Ocean, but the expression on his face shows that he cannot visualize the distance. I trace our journey backward from Tachai to Peking by train and bus, from Peking to Canton by plane, from Canton to Hong Kong by train, and from Hong Kong to America on a plane ride that took almost twenty hours. He squints as though trying to understand the magnitude of the distance. Then he breaks off a piece of grass, puts it between his teeth, and says, "When are you going to come back?"

I try to explain that we probably will not come back.

"All right," he says, as though the whole subject were too elusive, "let's rest." He takes his mattock, digs the end into the rocky earth of the terrace so as to make a small bench, and sits down beneath a walnut tree. "Tell us a story or sing us a song," he says.

The children often ask us to sing songs and to tell stories while we work. They listen to "Froggie Went A-Courtin'" and "I Know An Old Lady (Who Swallowed A Fly)," and to the tales of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Snow White" (told in abridged form) without fascination. They seem bewildered by something more profound than the shortcomings of my extemporaneous translation. The fact is that they have never heard stories about giants, fairy godmothers, talking animals, frog-marrying mice, or ladies swallowing flies, spiders, birds, dogs, and horses. Sometimes they laugh wanly, but one can see from the tentative expressions on their faces that they are on unfamiliar ground. They are not used to fantasy stories, because fantasy is too close to superstition, and for the Chinese peasant superstition is almost coterminous with "the old society." I find that the children prefer to hear episodes from history. I begin to tell them how black people got to America. The children are curious. They stop work and listen with rapt attention.

Chinese children's stories are all political. They tell of young children who perform incredible feats to help the revolution. The message is always indelibly clear at the end. The plot is always resolved with a decisive catharsis, and good triumphs over evil. In movies and plays as well as in books, the



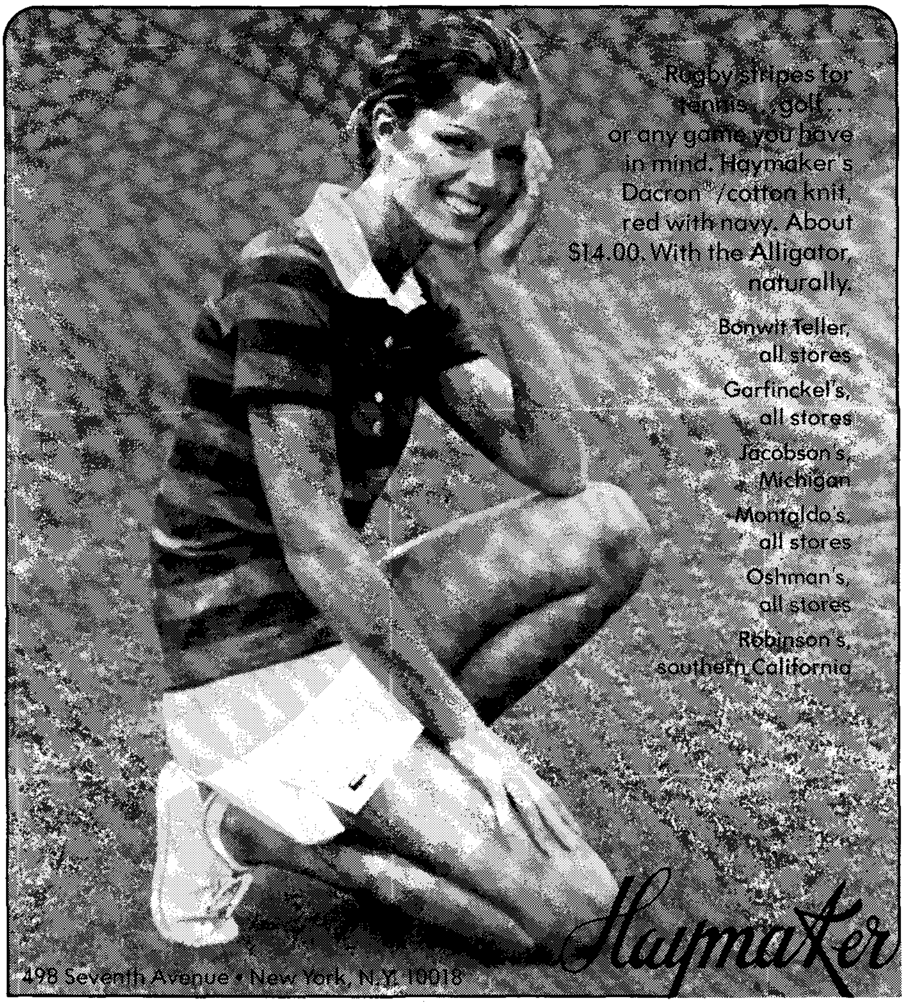
children always know what the ending will be. Such endings seem to reassure them that their universe is in order. In China, there is no escapist literature for any age group. Children's stories are not supposed to transport a child into a world of fantasy and imagination; rather, they are supposed to transport him into the practical world of "building Socialism."

ALTHOUGH we are here in Tachai primarily to work with and observe this one brigade, the Chinese arranging our trip apparently can't control their urge to continue the dizzying pace of outside excursions to dams, rug factories, and canals, and to other communes. There is a repetitiousness about these trips. Even the startling accomplishments visible at each stop begin to take on the character of routine.

Today, during a visit to a neighboring commune, the "responsible member" drones on. Even the interpreters are dropping like flies, heads banging on the tabletops in a bored stupor. The comrade has it all written out in front of him. (How many times has he used it?) I see people staring at the pages of his monologue, trying to divine how many are still unrecited. We are served endless cups of green tea poured from thermos bottles. This briefing room sports the usual boiler-plate portraits of Mao, Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin on the walls; the beards of Marx and Engels give the Chinese peasants their only tonsorial connection with the various long-haired Europeans and Americans who sit around their hall, listen, and later ask loaded questions.

I wonder how many Chinese and foreigners have visited each place we go, heard the same spiel, been served tea from the same thermos bottles by the same rosy-cheeked peasant women—for Hsi Yang is a "model" county, and is much on display. I wonder what the members of each Revolutionary Committee really feel about still one more group to lecture to: people they have never seen before and will never see again; people who come from a land that they can hardly imagine.

We are a society that is fascinated by the power of personality. The Chinese are a society fascinated by the power of a system, and they do not seem to understand the deep yearning of Westerners to put faces on the facts and statistics, to give personalities to the people who are making their revolution. Or perhaps they do understand



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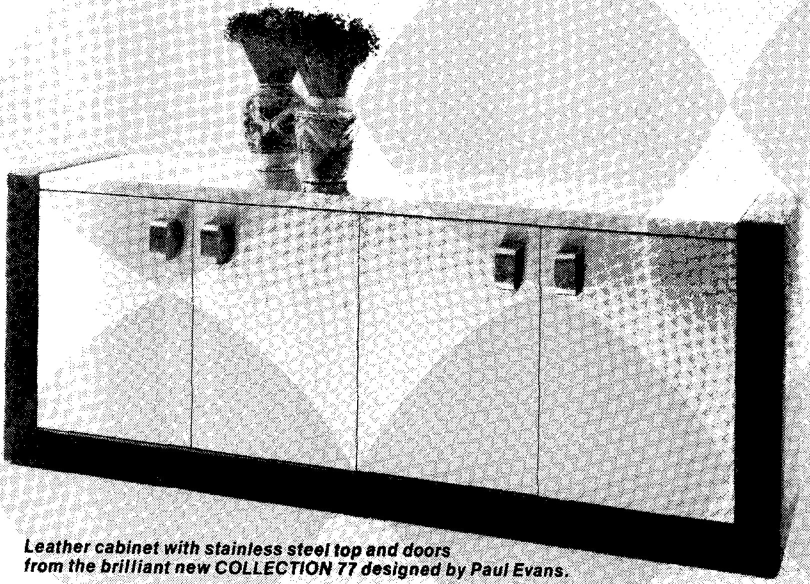

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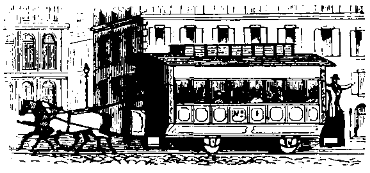

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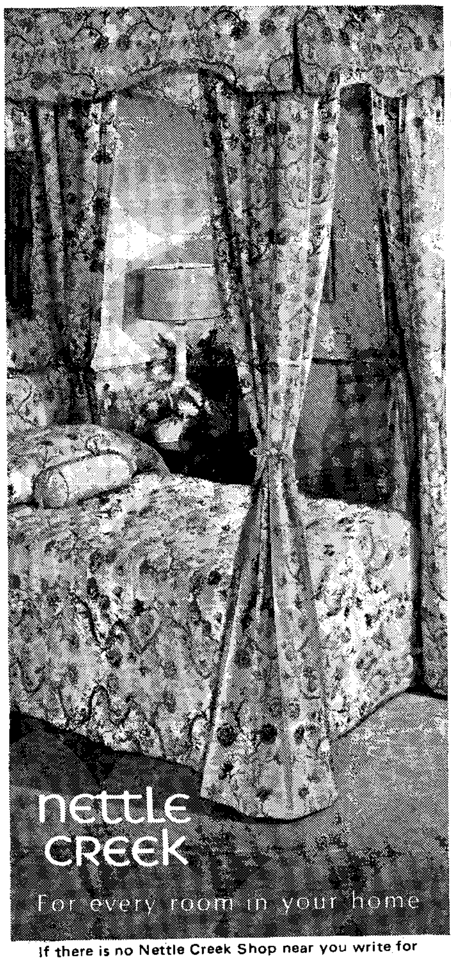

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the yearning but reject it as a bad tendency.

TODAY, we work again with the children, cultivating and banking walnut trees. During the first break, some of us sit and make shadow pictures with our hands in the sunlight. Several of the girls sit together and play jacks with a bright-colored beanbag and small pieces of bone painted red. Instead of bouncing a ball, they throw the beanbag into the air and catch it before it hits the ground. Watching them as they play, I observe only a single moment of mild disagreement, and that dissolves with ease as one of the girls smiles and acquiesces.

I find myself working beside Liu Hua-ming, a poised young girl. Her mother and father are doctors and have worked in Taiyüan, the provincial capital, as well as in Peking. As she digs into the earth and lifts rocks, we talk. "My father and mother are always busy—they go all over," Liu Hua-ming says. "Sometimes my father has three meetings in one day. They are not home much. But neither are we children. I don't get home until seven o'clock, after my *wushu* [martial arts] practice. It's just before dark. Sometimes my brother does the cooking. Or sometimes, when everyone is busy, I cook for my mother and father."

"What do you want to do as an adult?" I ask.

She stops her work and stands motionless for a moment. Then, giving me a radiant smile of beautiful, straight white teeth, she says, "Whatever the Party needs, I will become."

When we rest again, Liu Hua-ming sits next to two girl classmates. One, Pien-chih, leans on Liu Hua-ming's knee. Liu Hua-ming has an arm draped around the shoulders of the other, Yang-erh. They are in the same class in school. They live in the same village and work in the same fields. They are at ease with one another. But there is a difference between Liu Hua-ming and the sons and daughters of the Tachai peasants which is at once subtle and obvious. Pien-chih, for example, is a solid, small girl with a chunky round head. Her cheeks are red, and her features have a certain coarseness. Her teeth are slightly yellow. She does not speak much. There is an unmistakable air of the countryside about her. Liu Hua-ming has an aura of cultivation and ease—traits that have traditionally belonged to the children of educated urban Chinese. She is tall and slender. She seems well bred but not spoiled. She asks questions with a directness and

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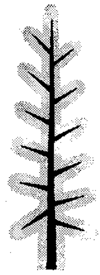

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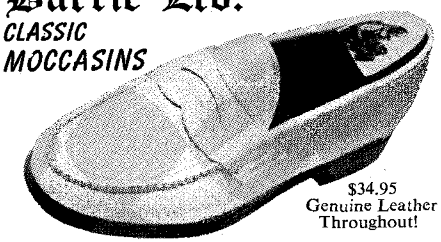

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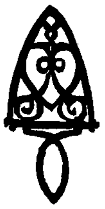
confidence uncharacteristic of many peasant children. (Li Ch'eng-yuan is an exception.) She has a winning way of looking at you, laughing nervously, and then taking your hand. There is an air about her which bespeaks what the Chinese would call a "different class background." The living quarters of her family are larger, better lit, and more refined than those of many other families. There is a sink. There is a newspaper rack on the wall. And yet, for all the differences, I find that what stays in my mind is the way this pretty and able twelve-year-old girl fits into the routine of peasant life. It is at once incongruous and reassuring to see her working beside Pien-chih. There is a distinct contrast between the two, but it is not one that appears to divide them. It is a difference that is surprising not because it exists but because it is not greater.

THE sun is hot and glaring. It is the midday siesta. The village of Tachai is quiet.

My young friend Li Ch'eng-yuan and another boy, Hsin-kuo, come up the hill to find us as soon as they have finished school and eaten their lunch. The two boys arrive while I am asleep. I wake up to find Li Ch'eng-yuan pulling at one of my arms. He cocks his head to the side like a bird, looking at my face for some sign of life. Hsin-kuo stands in the cave with a goofy, awkward look on his face, not quite as confident as Li Ch'eng-yuan of his right to wake foreigners. I get up. We walk along the steep cobblestone roadway to the third tier of caves, where Li Ch'eng-yuan's family lives. I ask him if his family isn't resting. In his cavalier manner, he says that it doesn't matter. He throws back a rattan curtain hanging across the doorway to the cave, and drags me inside.



His father is asleep on the *k'ang*, a large clay platform bed that is heated by a small fire underneath, but he immediately wakes up. I apologize for disturbing him. He presents a large, sleepy smile that immediately puts me at ease. He urges me to sit down.

Li Ch'eng-yuan's father is about fifty. His head is shaved. His skin is coffee-colored. There is dark stubble on his chin. His hands are large and strong but so callused and gnarled from work that they look like the claws of some ancient reptile. He wears a brass-stemmed soapstone pipe and a tobacco pouch slung around his neck. A patched, faded cotton jacket lies beside him on the *k'ang*.

Five of Li Ch'eng-yuan's brothers and sisters—there are eight children in the family—suddenly appear in the cave. Li Ch'eng-yuan's mother comes in through the door with a stack of cornmeal pancakes in her hands. She nervously holds them out in my direction. Li Ch'eng-yuan seems oblivious of the uproar he has created. Like a lord of the manor, he urges everybody to eat.

The cave is neat, though it is crammed with grain vats to feed this large family. Like almost every other family in the village, they have a large mirror that is festooned with photographs. One photograph shows an old peasant couple. The woman has bound feet. The man sits expressionless. He is wearing an old-fashioned round hat and has a long, wispy beard. They have been posed in front of a turn-of-the-century roll-down romantic backdrop in a photography studio. "Those are my parents," says Li Ch'eng-yuan's mother. "They're dead now."

Two of Li Ch'eng-yuan's brothers are climbing around on the *k'ang*. When I look at them, they grin and retreat behind their father, who sits smiling, obviously trying to think of something friendly to say. But he is not a man from whom words flow easily, at least when he is in the presence of a foreigner.

Two daughters-in-law walk in, each holding a baby. Our visit is beginning to attract the attention of people in the adjacent caves. I remark that I have a small son just about six months old.

"Was he born at home?" one of the daughters-in-law asks.

"We wanted him to be," I reply. "But there were complications and we had to go to the hospital at the last moment."

"I see," she says. "This one was born at home. Most people here in the country give birth at home. But it's up to the family. Some people go to the hospital."

The baby she is holding in her arms is naked from the waist down, and wears an almost comical pink-and-white wool ski hat above coal-black eyes, incredibly fat cheeks, and a round chin, creating a J.-Edgar-Hoover-as-a-baby effect. She suddenly begins to cry.

Li Ch'eng-yuan's father is still smiling, but siesta time is a time for rest, and he appears to be only semiconscious. I apologize again for barging in, and suggest that before I leave, the children come outside so that I can photograph them. Li Ch'eng-yuan's father sparks

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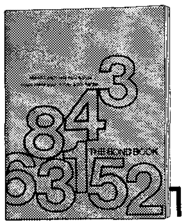

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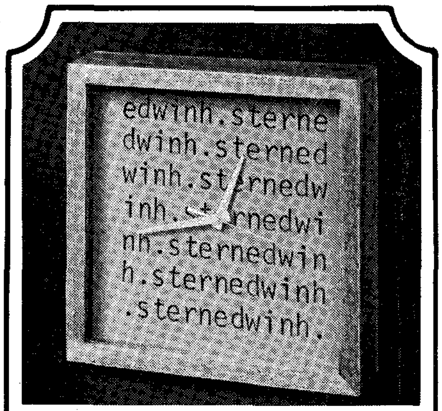
briefly to life. He shakes my hand vigorously between both of his hands and says that I should come again.

The children pour out of the mouth of the cave to have their photograph taken. The older women hang back uncertainly, just inside the doorway. It is clear that they would love to have a picture to put in their mirrors, but they are shy.

I take several pictures, and Li Ch'eng-yuan walks back up the hill with me, immensely satisfied with himself and with the success of the visit.

THE brigade store closes at seven o'clock each evening. Tonight, several of us slip off after dinner on a candy run. The Chinese are fascinated by our buying habits. The woman behind the counter has grown accustomed to our paying her almost nightly visits. She treats our seemingly insatiable passion for candy with a tolerant indulgence reserved for guests from a "different society." Peasants from the village look on, apparently startled by the ease with which we spend our money. On those occasions when an emissary of our group arrives at the store five minutes before closing time to make a purchase of wine and beer, the crowd grows quickly. Whichever Western reprobate has been chosen to make the run emerges loaded with bottles, and feeling very much on the "wrong line." The Chinese accompanying our trip rarely join us in these evening bouts of conviviality. They seem both suspicious and disturbed by our inclination to "relax." One senses a fear on their part that at some point we will become completely dispossessed of our senses, and create some unimaginable incident of great embarrassment. I recall one evening when ten or eleven members of our group were in one cave late at night, smoking, drinking, and dancing to a cassette of rock music that someone had providentially brought on the trip. One of the Chinese interpreters drew back the curtain to the smoke-filled cave at about 11 P.M., looked at the wanton spectacle, and withdrew, mumbling something about two factories and a water-conservation project to visit tomorrow.

Tonight, while I am waiting for our order of candy, I strike up a conversation with a middle-aged man, Comrade Huang, who has come in to buy a pair of shoes. He wears a cotton tunic and a faded khaki cap. He has a striking dignity. He speaks softly and intelligently. He tells me that he is a fruit-tree specialist for the province, who has been "sent down" to Tachai.



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"I am here to work and study," says Comrade Huang. "I spend most of my time in the orchards, caring for the trees and doing some research on diseases. Now I am checking the trees for bark rust and other diseases, and for damaged branches."

We talk in front of the stationery counter for almost half an hour, until the store closes. I am interested in fruit trees, so I listen intently to what he says. He, in turn, is eager to know what kinds of trees we have in California, where I live. Do we have dwarf stock? How do we fertilize and cultivate? What is the weather like? "Yes," he says. "California is famous for its fine soil and fruit."

A small crowd has gathered around us, listening. Comrade Huang cautiously suggests that maybe we could talk again. I am delighted by the idea. I ask him where he will be working tomorrow. "I'll be up behind the new caves tomorrow, working on some apple trees," he says, and then, hastily, he adds, "Of course, you should make arrangements with your group leader." We shake hands and bid each other good night.

I am excited by the encounter. I am curious about his work, but I am equally enthusiastic about the possibility of working alone with Comrade Huang, and being able to talk with him in a leisurely, informal manner. I hope that some special arrangements can be made so that I can join him. But I am also aware that there is something about just such individual encounters that seems to make the Chinese uneasy.

I speak of my encounter with our group's leaders, who, in turn, discuss it with the head interpreter, Hsiao Yao. I sense a coolness. I am asking for exactly the kind of individual dispensation that does not fit easily into the group ethic. And yet, the next day, word comes back that it has been arranged for me to leave our group and work with Comrade Huang. I am surprised and pleased.

That evening, people start moving slowly out of their caves and houses toward the auditorium, where a movie is to be shown. It is a special event. We, too, are supposed to be attending the film. At least, it is on our schedule. But I feel tired and have a slight headache, so I return to our quarters to write and sleep.

At eleven-thirty, the overhead light suddenly blinks on. I am half asleep. Hsiao Yao has entered, without knocking. He stands over me. He is agitated about something. "I have already told

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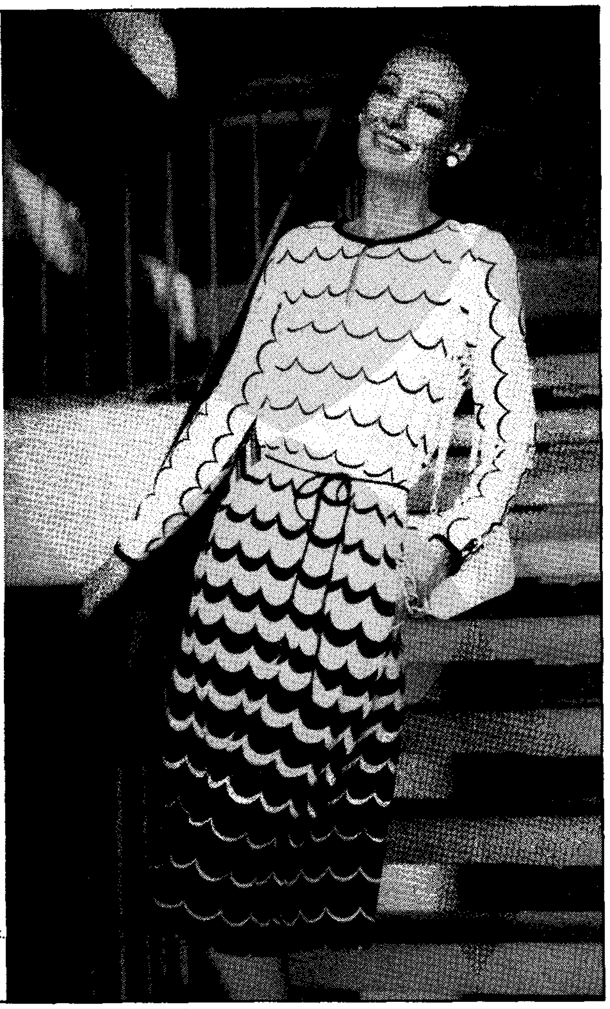

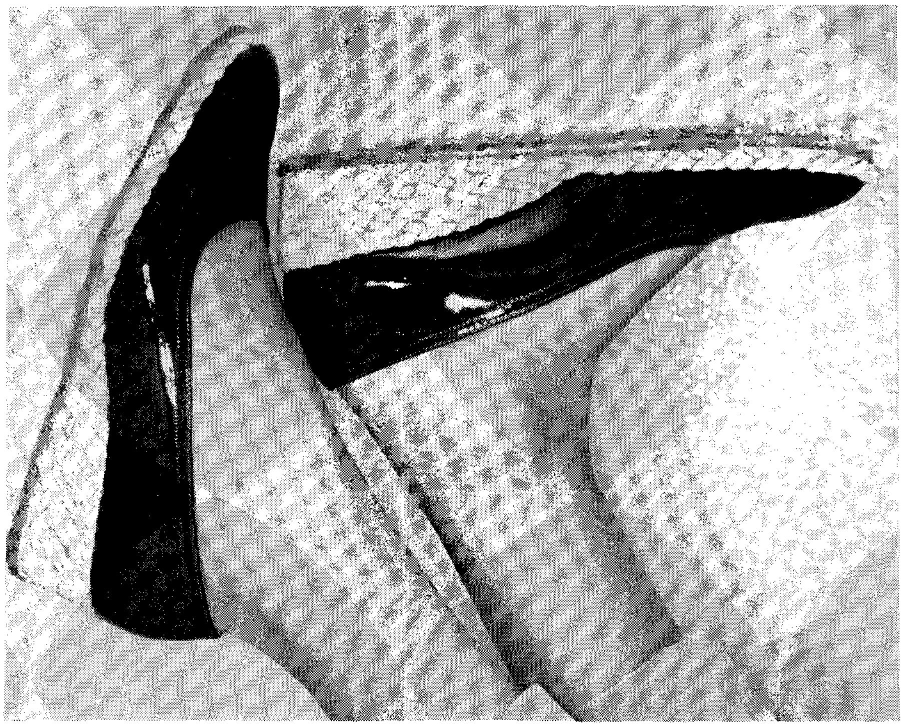

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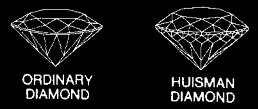

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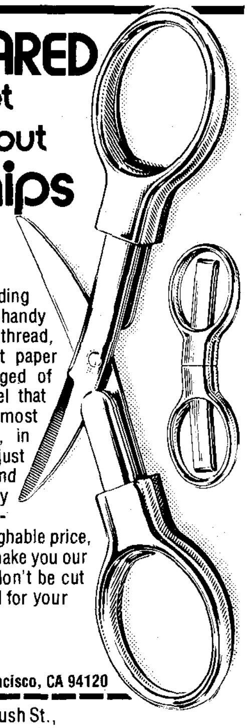

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Comrade Huang that your work trip to the orchards tomorrow is cancelled," he says coldly. "Since you are sick, you will not go out at all tomorrow. You are to stay indoors and get well."

I sit up in bed, still somewhat disoriented. I protest that I am not sick—only tired. Hsiao Yao is immovable. Then, almost as suddenly as he arrived, he departs.

I am stunned. I lie awake most of the night trying to fathom what tensions have culminated in this stark moment. I recall a comment by Hsiao Yao some days earlier about writers' rarely getting visas to visit China for as long as two months. Hsiao Yao seems wary of the backlash that the printed word might cause. And then there is the distrust that seems to have been created by my taking certain photographs, asking certain questions, seeking individual experiences, not bending totally to the schedule arranged for us. I spend a long night trying to string all these things together coherently.

THERE is only one bank in China—the state-run Bank of China. It has a branch in almost every small brigade or city neighborhood in the country. The branch in Tachai is a sparsely furnished room across from the store. There are two tellers, who live and sleep in the bank. They rotate their work. When they aren't working in the bank, they work in the fields. There are no bars on the windows. A rifle hangs on one wall, but it suggests not that the tellers are fearful of robberies but that they are in the militia. There is a large desk, a safe, and sleeping platforms for the two tellers. The bank handles the payroll for the brigade. It also makes loans to organizations, but after the Cultural Revolution it ceased making loans to individuals. The loans to organizations are decided upon after consultation with local and county officials. Most of the peasants in this village have their salaries deposited directly in the bank. There are two kinds of accounts available. A peasant's deposit can accrue interest of 3.25 per cent per year on certificate deposits left for more than a year, or 2.25 per cent on deposits in ordinary accounts.

WE sit high up on Tiger Head Hill under a walnut tree, looking out across the red, eroded Shansi hills. It is break time. Li Ch'eng-yuan sits beside me on some freshly turned earth. He wears a plastic Army canteen slung across his chest, like a military hero from the Long March. For the moment, at least, he is silent, absorbed in watching some hand-clapping games that three girls are playing.

Beneath our perch, several women slowly hoe their way down rows of green winter wheat, which have begun to grow with the spring rain. "Spring rain is more precious than oil," according to an old Chinese saying. A man with a team of oxen clucks and coaxes his animals on as he harrows a freshly plowed field. His harrow was made in the village, from poplar wood and willow branches.

As I look down, I can't help feeling sad that soon we will be leaving.

I AWAKE in the first gray light of morning to see three small faces in blue caps peering past the curtains in the doorway—Li Ch'eng-yuan, Hsin-kuo, and another friend. This morning, we are leaving. They have come to see us one last time.

I tell them to go next door and wake up two other members of our group, and they do so with delight and enthusiasm. I splash cold water on my face and dress groggily.

We walk hand in hand down the hill to the caves, to say goodbye to other friends. Smoke is curling up from the kitchens. It is not yet six o'clock, but most people have been up for an hour. The men and the older children have already left for the fields. The women are in the kitchens, cooking cornmeal mush and millet gruel for breakfast.

We stop to visit Jui-lan, one of the boys' classmates. "She's not up yet," her mother says from over the stove. "But please come in."

We go into the kitchen room, where Jui-lan is sleeping on the *k'ang* with her little sister. She wakes up, sees us, and gives us a smile. We sit down on the edge of the *k'ang* while Jui-lan dresses.

A peeping sound comes from a basket beside the door. Jui-lan opens a small wicker door in the basket, and a flock of chicks fan out across the floor, peeping and searching for scraps and kernels of spilled grain.

Some neighbors from the cave next door wander in without knocking. They stand eating bowls of cornmeal mush with chopsticks and watching our awkward goodbyes.

"If you have time, come again," says Jui-lan's mother, unable to appreciate the chasm that our departure signifies.

"Yes, of course," I say, even though I know we shall not return.

She takes my hand in both of hers. Jui-lan is silent. There seems to be no easy moment at which to leave the room. It is not until words fail us that we back out of the cave.

Li Ch'eng-yuan is not at all subdued. He leads us on fearlessly to the next cave, where he enters with a disarming familiarity and certainty of welcome.

Several stops later, we leave Li Ch'eng-yuan and his friends, who are going to take breakfast to the adults in the fields. They promise that they will come back in an hour or so to see us off on the bus.

We return and pack. Everyone is tired and quiet. It is midmorning when we finally stack our luggage out in the courtyard of the reception center. I walk out through the brick archway for one last look at the village. The whole sixth-grade class is coming up the stone steps from school.

We stand around together for a while. Some people take pictures. Very few of the children say anything. Someone tries halfheartedly to get the group singing. The effort fails.

Li Ch'eng-yuan has a subdued, blank look on his face now. "When will you come back?" he asks, without looking up.

I tell him that I will write him a letter.

"In Chinese," he says, brightening only a little. These are the last words he speaks to me.

Liu Hua-ming holds my hand and looks at her feet. She begins to cry. I find myself giving her a hug. The un-Chineseness of the situation frightens me a little. For a moment, our strange, disorderly group seems suspended above the normal Chinese routine.

Li Ch'eng-yuan's eyes remain averted, but he does not cry. Even in China, apparently, tears come easier to girls.

Our bus pulls out into the road. The children stand under the poplar trees. As we bump down the hill past the neighboring village, the children already seem a distant memory.

—ORVILLE SCHELL

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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(KANSAS CITY)—MORE SNOW HAS FALLEN IN MISSOURI TODAY, AND THE NATIONAL WEAOPTERS AND LANDING CRAFT, GERMAN BARGES AND THOUSANDS OF ARAB STMAND ED WITH DIRECTIONS A DOUGLAS COUNTY DISTRICT COURT CASE INVOEWSPAPER, CHURCH TIMES, LAST SUNDAY THAT THE 79-YEAR-OLD PONTIFFND RUBBING.

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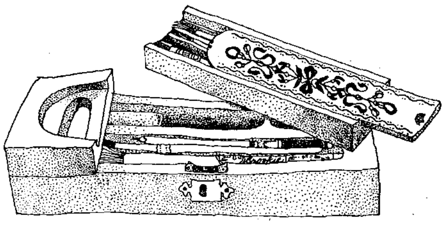
AROUND CITY HALL

BALANCING ACT

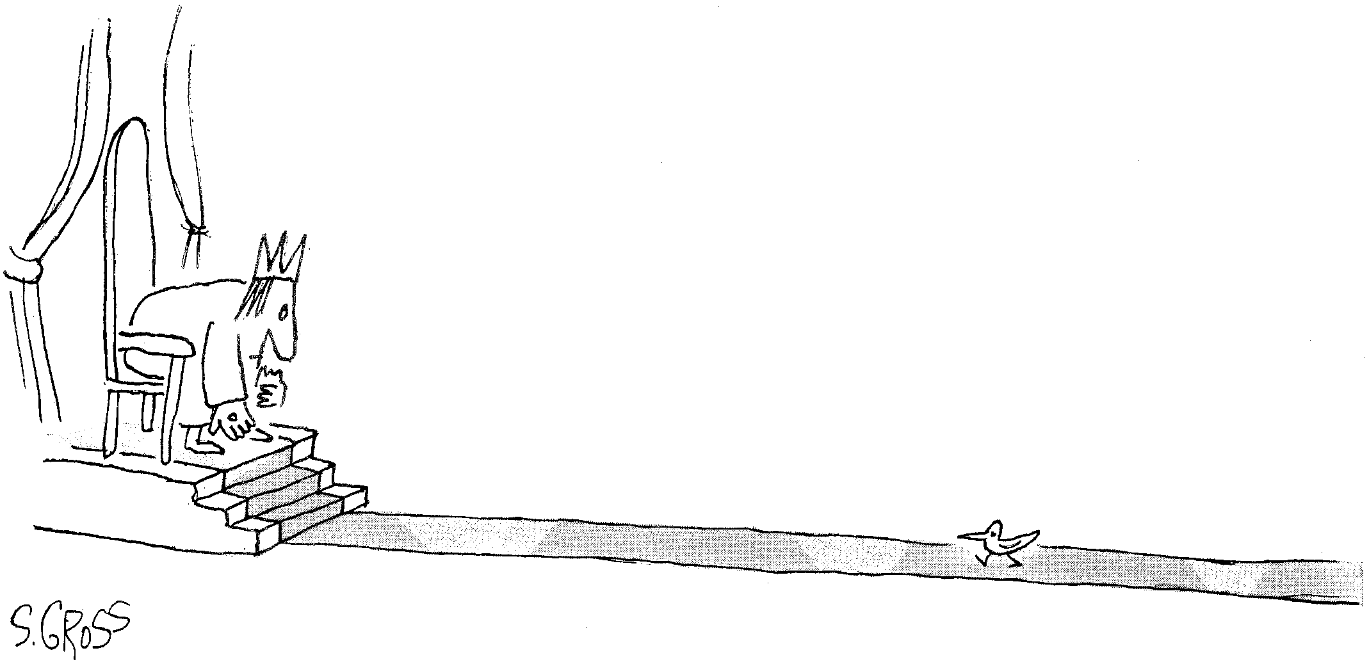
A CARTOON published many years ago in this magazine showed a stage littered with overturned props and inert bodies as one woman in the audience said to another, "And to think that one word spoken by the right person in the first act could have avoided all this." In high finance, as in high drama, timing can be everything. Last November 19th, the New York State Court of Appeals overturned two lower-court decisions and declared unconstitutional the Legislature's imposition of a moratorium twelve months earlier—a default in all but name—on the payment by the city of its short-term notes, of which two billion four hundred million dollars' worth were then outstanding. By last summer, the holders of such notes amounting to over a billion four hundred million dollars had either voluntarily agreed to a ten-year delay in the payment of their securities or exchanged them for long-term bonds. Nevertheless, the November ruling meant that the city—already in danger of failing to make up its billion-dollar accumulated deficit by June 30, 1978, as it had agreed to do in return for a series of loans from Washington—would soon have to come up with nine hundred and eighty-three million dollars in cash.

By the first of this month, when the city had been turned down by all those on whom it was relying for emergency funding, including the new resident of the White House, it seemed that an appropriate local reaction to the court's ruling would have been a sense of imminent disaster. In the weeks after the court's judgment was handed down, however, Mayor Abraham Beame commented several times on the relative composure with which the decision had been received here. If it had been announced late in 1975, he observed, the city would have been thrown into chaos. Beame suggested that the later response reflected public confidence in his administration and its shrewd management of the city's money problems. "Now we are in a position of command of all factors," he told reporters in December, not long before he assured his fellow New Yorkers, memorably, "Obviously, the biggest challenge was to come into the harbor safely. I think we've met that challenge. . . . I think we've turned the corner and seen the light at the end of the tunnel." That same month, he also promised that the real-estate tax would not rise during the next five years, although he gave few details of how this could be guaranteed in a foundering city. The Mayor's relentlessly cheerful outlook and his conviction, shared with a famous optimist in literature, that there was always "an immediate prospect of something turning up (I am not at liberty to say in what direction)" were denounced as "phony" by the *News* and as "Panglossian rhetoric" and a "confidence game" by the *Times*. His taking credit for the city's calm reception of the Court of Appeals decision was generally dismissed as a plot line he was trying out in preparation for his 1977 reëlection campaign. Numerous reasons have been cited for the raising of the local panic threshold during the year before November of 1976, but the financial wisdom of those in charge at City Hall has rarely been among them. On the other hand, no one disputed the Mayor's view that great turmoil would have resulted if the word "unconstitutional" had been spoken by the right court a year earlier.

If the decision had been announced in 1975, it would almost certainly have meant a plunge into bankruptcy here, since the moratorium was the key element in the restructuring of the city's debt which had been insisted upon in November of 1975 by President Ford and Secretary of the Treasury William Simon before they would support federal loans for the city—loans that it had to have while it struggled to achieve a balanced budget by mid-1978. Other essential elements in the agreement with Washington were the continuing operation of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, popularly known as MAC or Big Mac—the state agency set up to sell securities and turn the money over to the city, which no one would invest in directly—and of the state Emergency Financial Control Board, which oversees the city's financial affairs. But the moratorium had made it possible until November, when the Court of Appeals knocked the legal props out from under it, for those involved here in the financial rescue of New York to deal with the immediate aspects of the crisis for twelve months while they enjoyed a temporary reprieve from the question of how the city, at some point in the future, would be able to pay back all those short-term notes. It was during this period of respite that there developed the extraordinary working alliance of traditional adversaries—bankers, investment counsellors, corporation heads, union leaders, and city and state politicians—whose joint efforts have so far kept the city from going under. This shoulder-to-shoulder undertaking has led to such once unimaginable examples of camaraderie as the recent comment by Victor Gotbaum, the head of the Municipal Labor Committee, which represents two hundred thousand city employees, that he had found David Rockefeller, chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, "quite sensitive and quite understanding." Of this alliance, Felix Rohatyn—the chairman of Big Mac, a member of the Emergency Financial Control Board, a senior partner in the investment banking house of Lazard Frères, and a devout capitalist—said last year, "We may be creating the first commune in the U.S. on such a large scale."



Another reason the decision invalidating the moratorium was received here without general hysteria was that by mid-November New Yorkers knew that the President who had at one time seemed to be running against the city would soon be replaced by one who had promised New Yorkers that if he was elected they would have a friend in the White House. "Together, we can do *any*thing," Jimmy Carter told a huge garment-center crowd a few days before the state gave him its forty-one electoral votes. Late in December, in Georgia, Carter received a delegation of New Yorkers, including Governor Hugh Carey, Beame, and Rohatyn. "Bankruptcy is not a viable alternative for New York City, and we have eliminated that as a possibility for the future," he assured them with, of course, a smile. But it was soon indicated that by "for the future" he meant after mid-1978, and, in any case, there are many painful forms of receivership short of bankruptcy. As the weeks went by, it became clear that whatever the new President intended to do together with New Yorkers would probably be something that had long-run implications for New York as one of many troubled cities. In the attempts to cope with the end-of-the-moratorium crisis, the locals were on their own. Last month, a *News* reader, recalling that paper's famous "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD" headline of October, 1975, wrote to suggest that the *News*

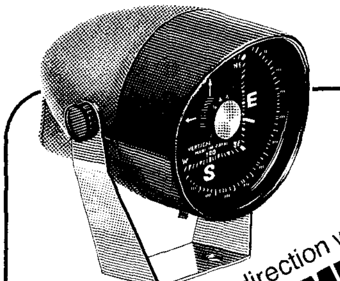


run one reading "CARTER TO CITY: DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH."

The adjective most often applied to the passage of the 1975 federal loan legislation for the city was "grudging." In the House of Representatives, for example, the bill passed by a vote of two hundred and thirteen to two hundred and three. New Yorkers who remember from those critical days the fulminations of out-of-state congressmen on the expendability of New York City may find that one of the most plausible touches in the new novel "The Black Death," which deals with a fictional outbreak of bubonic plague here, is the solution it has the federal government propose for the protection of the rest of the country: to use nerve gas on all living things in Manhattan. One source of comfort after the November Court of Appeals decision was the prospect that legislation helpful to the city might have an easier time of it in the new Congress, and particularly in the House of Representatives, where members of the local delegation had in the past been notoriously ineffectual. While representatives from other areas, such as the farm belt, were getting together and voting in a bloc on bills of regional interest, certain members of the New York delegation would at times decline to support a bill, no matter how important it was to the city, if it had been proposed by certain other members of the delegation. In the 1975 crisis, many of the city's representatives spent their time complaining in injured tones that no one had told them the situation in the city was really serious, and were of little help.

The quarrelsome ways of New Yorkers in the House are well known. On one occasion, when former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug publicly berated her colleagues on some issue and omitted mention of Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, it was explained that "Bella doesn't yell at people she's not speaking to." The floor leaders for the 1975 loan bill, fearing that there would be a last-minute falling-out or a suddenly altered sense of where the political advantage lay, specified that all New Yorkers—those elected from the state as well as from the city—must agree to vote for it. When they complied, it was said to be the first time in history that the New York State delegation had been unanimous on a regional issue. Another practice of many of the New York representatives that has not endeared them to their fellow-congressmen is inattention to matters before the House, which many of them see as merely a stopping-off place on their way to some other office—most often United States senator or mayor of New York. More of them have run for mayor than for senator, largely because municipal elections are held in odd-numbered years and don't require them to give up their House seats—as Bronx Representative Peter Peyser and Mrs. Abzug had to do last year when they ran unsuccessfully for the Republican and Democratic nominations for senator.

Since none of the present members of the New York delegation have been successful in their mayoral campaigns (four have run for mayor), they have accumulated some seniority in spite of themselves. Eleven of the eighteen current representatives from the city have served at least three consecutive terms—a longer tenure than almost half the members of the House. The fact that their seniority ratings also rose significantly as a result of the involuntary retirement of a number of veteran congressmen from other states (many of them from areas with little interest in urban problems) made things look even better for the city. Because of the Democratic-primary defeat of Representative Ray Madden, of Indiana, the chairman of the House Rules Committee is now James Delaney, of Queens. This is the first chairmanship of a standing committee to be held by a New York representative since the defeat, in 1972, of eighty-four-year-old Emanuel Celler, of Brooklyn, who was head of the Judiciary Committee. Delaney himself will soon be seventy-six. However, he is looking forward to many years as chairman, pointing out that in his time most of the House committee chairmen have served well into their eighties. "The job is like Shangri-la," he said recently. "It's the fountain of youth." Another Queens representative, Benjamin Rosenthal, is now one of the House's three Democratic deputy whips, responsible for corralling the votes of all Democratic representatives from the Eastern states. Brooklyn Representative Shirley Chisholm, who in 1968 became the first black woman elected to the House (and whose inattention to House affairs in 1972 was caused by a campaign for the Presidency), was recently named secretary of the House Democratic Caucus and the first woman member of the Rules Committee. And Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, who is a lawyer and accountant and the only voting Puerto Rican member of Congress, has been



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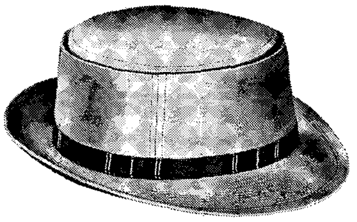

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named to a seat on the House Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs Committee, which will consider whether the present series of loans to the city could be extended beyond mid-1978. Badillo was awarded the seat after the members of the New York State delegation urged it in a unanimous vote and after the *Times* declared that, under the circumstances, for the committee to conduct its deliberations without including a member from New York City would be like playing "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. However, the notion that their rising importance in the House will persuade New York representatives to concentrate on their congressional duties may not prove out. As of last week, three members of the delegation—Badillo, Koch, and Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi—were contemplating being candidates once again in the race for mayor, and it appears that another of the contenders will be their former colleague Bella Abzug.

By the time the Court of Appeals decision was handed down last November, things were also looking up for New York in the United States Senate. James Buckley, who once advocated bankruptcy as a cleansing experience for the city, had just been defeated by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had had a big hand in writing the urban plank for the 1976 Democratic platform. Even before last September's primary, Moynihan had expressed an interest in a seat on the Senate Finance Committee, which, as he recently and jubilantly described it, has responsibility for preparing legislation dealing with taxes, tariffs, trade, revenue sharing, Social Security, Medicaid, welfare, and health insurance—and with any changes in the federal loan agreement for New York City. Asked before the primary whom he favored in the contest for Senate Majority Leader, Moynihan said that if he was elected he would use his vote in that contest to negotiate a place for himself on the Finance Committee. In February, having supported the winner, West Virginia's Robert Byrd, over Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, he was duly rewarded with a seat not only on Finance but also on the powerful Environment and Public Works Committee. Some New Yorkers who voted for Moynihan on the theory that he would go to any lengths to make things easier for the city may be disappointed, though. Earlier this year, when Newark's Mayor Kenneth Gibson, the head of the United States Conference of Mayors, testified before

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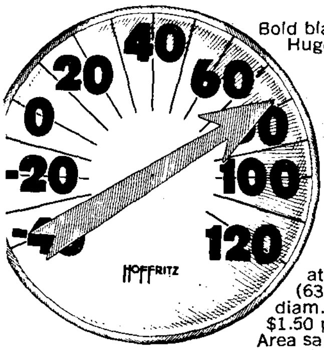

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the Senate Budget Committee that he would like to see a better balance between the billions being spent on military weapons and foreign aid and what the federal government made available for urban needs, Moynihan told him, "I hate to see you say that there is a trade-off between the defense of our country and the well-being of our cities, because, if there is, I'm for defense."

BESIDES the more strategic placement of the city's elected representatives in the new Congress (it is hard to imagine the combative Moynihan, whatever his qualms, not pitching in for the city if a good fight should develop), there were many other reasons that the local response to the moratorium decision here fell short of panic. There was the belief that the bankers and labor leaders were by that time so deeply implicated in the save-the-city operation—investment by the banks and municipal-union pension funds during the last twenty-one months has helped keep New York in a position to pay its bills and has also allowed it to repay the federal loans on time—that they would have no choice but to assist City Hall in its newest crisis. There was the simple difficulty in believing that, after the long struggle, the city might be going under after all. Even Assistant Treasury Secretary Robert Gerard, the man whom Simon had assigned to keep a stern eye on the city's compliance with the loan legislation, shared that incredulity. "Maybe it's the fact that we've all been through so much. This late in the game, nine hundred million or one billion one hundred million doesn't seem to be so insurmountable an obstacle," Gerard said the day after the decision was announced. People get to talking like that after they have been around New York City finances for any length of time. There was Rohatyn's theory that the ruling might be "a blessing in disguise," since it made "more of a case for federal involvement in refinancing the plan." There was also the hope that the banks might be particularly coöperative because of the expected release this spring of the Securities and Exchange Commission's report on its investigation of the causes of the fiscal crisis—a report that, it was widely rumored, would severely criticize some New York banks for having continued to encourage small investors to buy city securities at a time when the banks had ample evidence that the city's financial condition was unsound, and when such banks were busily dump-

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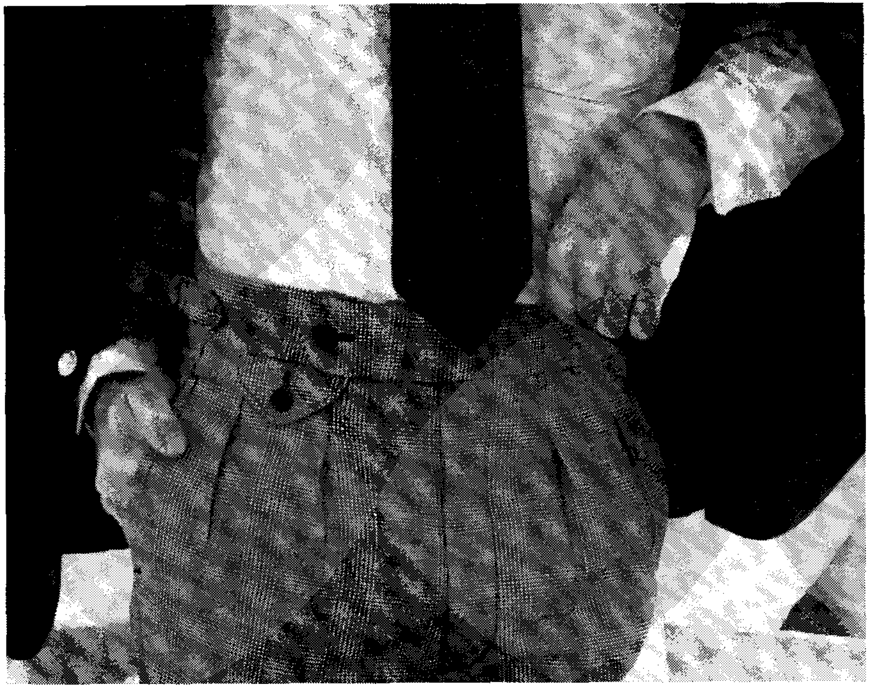

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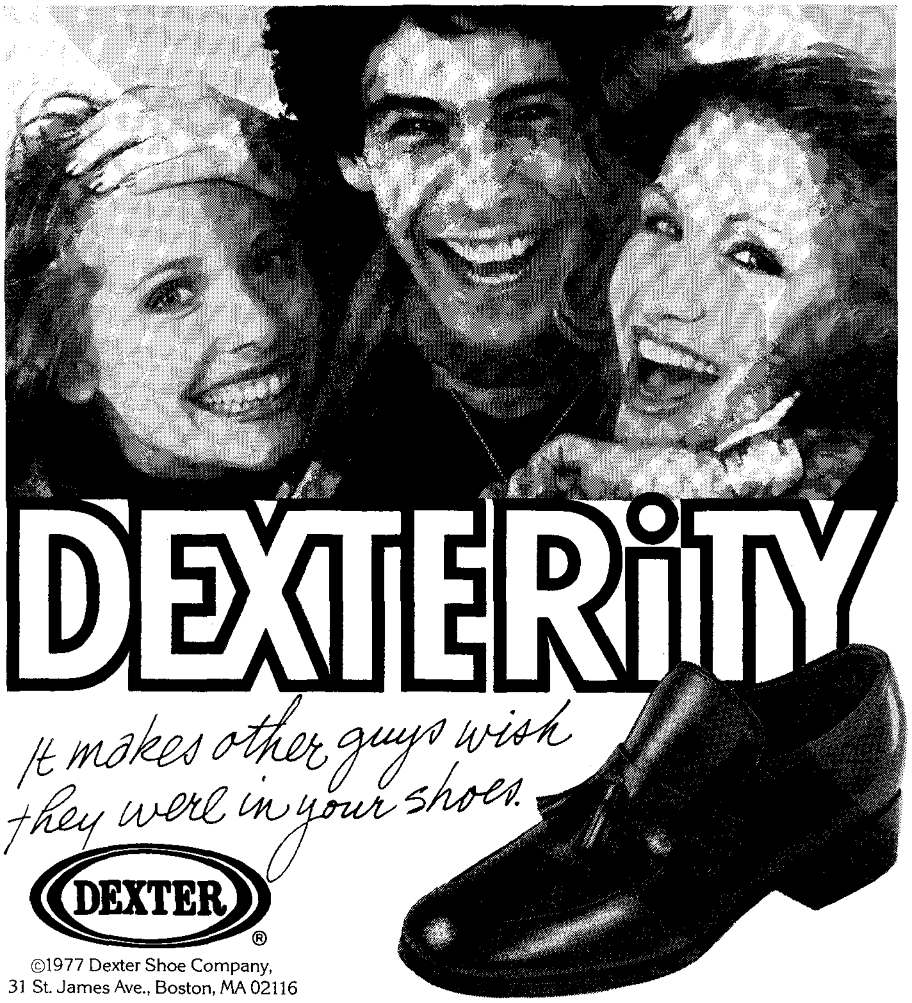
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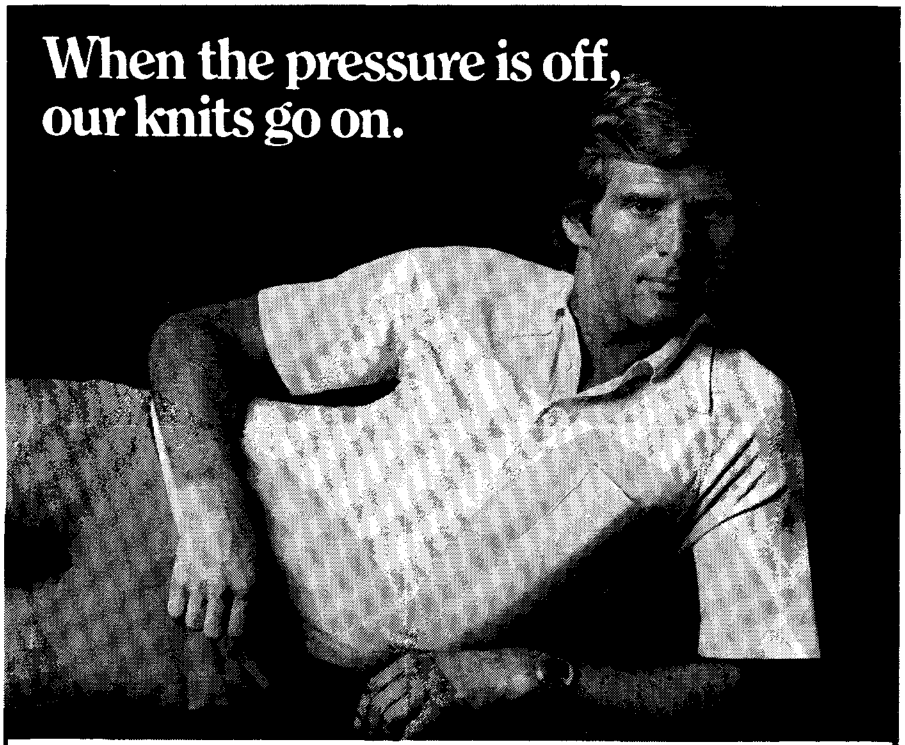
ing their own city holdings. And there was the realization that although the Court of Appeals decision greatly intensified local financial problems for the moment, in the long run it moved the city a significant way toward financial stability.

The theory behind the 1975 federal loan legislation had been that if New York achieved a balanced budget by mid-1978 it would then be able to borrow again in the open credit market, from which it had been frozen out since March of 1975—after which city officials, who for months had been able to borrow only at near-usurious rates of interest, suddenly found that they could not sell their securities at any price. But in fact there was little prospect of their return to such a market as long as the moratorium remained in effect and there was nearly a billion dollars in temporarily repudiated city notes outstanding to remind prospective investors that, although any new notes might be backed by the full faith and credit of the city and might announce on their face that they would be redeemed on a certain date, a vote of the Legislature could cancel this promise at any time. Within a few days after the court's ruling that, no matter how critical the city's financial circumstances might be (the moratorium had been imposed as an exercise of the state's emergency police powers), the Legislature could not take such action, trading in MAC bonds picked up sharply, and officials of many towns and cities around the country (the decision was taken as having implications for all state legislatures) found that they were able to sell their securities at lower rates of interest. Concerning the fact that New York had had the soundness of its notes guaranteed by the court after enjoying a year in which it had been free of the obligation to honor that guarantee, former Secretary of the Treasury Simon commented that the city had had "the best of both worlds." Soothing words from a lame-duck Treasury Secretary were not, of course, as good as money in the bank when the city began casting about for ways to pay off the noteholders in accordance with the judicial ruling.

The judges ordered that a repayment plan acceptable to the court be worked out, but specified that the plaintiffs "are not entitled immediately to extraordinary . . . measures unnecessarily disruptive of the city's delicate financial and economic balance." These sentiments were understandably more popular with officials at City Hall than with those at the Flushing National Bank, which, twelve months earlier, had brought the suit that overturned the moratorium. The powers of the state had been challenged not by any of the city's eleven major commercial banks, which are known collectively as the New York Clearing House Association, but by a unicellular specimen of free enterprise. In fact, the victorious bank has only a single office—in Flushing, Queens, a community that dates back to the Dutch Colonial era here and takes its name from the town of Vlissingen, in the Netherlands. The Flushing bank's suit for immediate redemption of its notes, of which it held almost eight hundred thousand dollars' worth, was known as Flushing II, because a few weeks before it was filed the bank had entered another suit, known as Flushing I. This action sought to invalidate the law that set up the Municipal Assistance Corporation—a law that provided for the backing of Big Mac bonds with revenue from the city sales and stock-transfer taxes, thus segregating these revenues from other city income. Flushing I argued that they should be included in the revenues available for the payment of already outstanding city securities. The Clearing House banks, having bought large amounts of MAC bonds, were concerned that a legal victory in Flushing I would endanger their MAC holdings, and gave this possibility as a reason not to help fund the later judgment against the city. New Yorkers earnestly trying to keep up with the convoluted new crisis had to work their way through arcane newspaper references to the implications of Flushing I for Flushing II until early in January, when the Queens bank finally withdrew its earlier suit.

Any city program to repay noteholders in compliance with the November court order would necessarily be heavily dependent on the coöperation of the banks and the trustees of the municipal-union pension funds. The tentative plan—an elaborate financial pastiche reminiscent of the schemes that provided the city with its monthly hairbreadth escapes from bankruptcy during the summer and fall of 1975—had as its major components the raising of about two hundred million dollars through the sale of city-owned mortgages; the agreement of the banks and pension-fund systems to a five-year deferment of principal on the MAC notes they already held (a maneuver known as a stretchout), which would give the city a little over two hundred million dollars this year toward paying off the notes; and a public offering of perhaps half a million dollars in MAC bonds. The banks and the union leaders were being asked not only to go along with the stretchout but also to stand ready to buy part of the new MAC issue if the public demand for it should turn out to be feeble. The banks refused to fall in line, and the union leaders, complaining that the city had been taking their contributions for granted, said they would not sign up until the banks did, and would also go back on a commitment they had made to buy two hundred and forty-five million dollars in MAC bonds last month.

Early in January, the banks countered with a plan to raise the money by selling not MAC bonds but new city bonds, which would be backed by city real-estate taxes—although few in the investment world seemed to believe that a city bond could be sold in the open market by this summer, as the banks proposed. The suspicion was that the banks' real interest was not in the new bond but in an advisory they had attached to their proposal of it, to the effect that investors would not touch a bond unless the city would agree to the setting up of a long-term agency to preside over the city's finances. Perhaps after hearing the Mayor's view that New York had already reached safe harbor, the bankers were trading their desperately needed help in the emergency for an arrangement that would, as one of them said, "insulate New York's finances from the political process" following the demise of the Emergency Financial Control Board, which will legally go out of business six months after the city balances its budget—on December 31, 1978, according to the present schedule. That date has been looked forward to as a day of deliverance by City Hall as well as by local union leaders, who have no enthusiasm for seeing the distribution of the city's money or its collective-bargaining negotiations—in which threats of reprisals at the polls are often the most effective weapon—insulated from the political process. Beame, in fact, is believed to have refused to push Congress for an extension of the federal loan agreement (he wants more money from Washington, of course, but would like it to come by a different route) because a continuation of the loans would mean a continuation of the Control Board. Despite strong doubts in other quarters, he has said of the period after the cutting off of the fed-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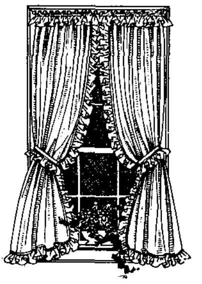

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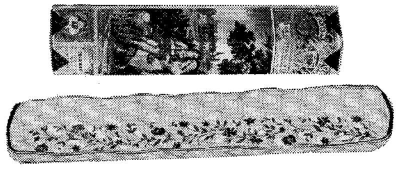

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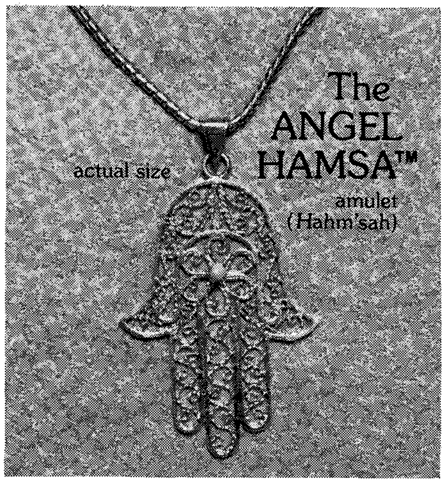
eral loans, "If the city is sound—and it will be—we don't need any overseer."

On January 19th, a delegation of the city's leading bankers, including David Rockefeller, had a meeting with Governor Carey, at which they offered their concept of the suitable membership for a city monitoring agency: three persons who would be appointed by the Governor and would be acceptable to the investment community. They also implied, it is reported, that if Carey did not agree the state might have trouble borrowing for its own needs later this spring. Neither Beame nor any other city official was invited to the meeting. Carey offered no public comment on the session, but the response of Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut to this affront to his old friend Abe Beame and to the attempt to "wrest the reins of government from the hands of the people," as he put it, was to call on the Legislature to pass some laws that would wrest some privileges from the hands of the bankers—specifically, their right to meet in private on issues relating to public finance—and that would give the state power to appoint a member to the board of each bank. A few days later, Beame announced that he had "summoned" the bankers to Gracie Mansion. They came—but, the *News* pointed out, two of the banks sent second-stringers. What happened at the Mansion was apparently confusing. The *Times* headline was "BEAME AND BANKS MEET ON BUDGET AND FIND A 'BROAD AGREEMENT.' " Their broad agreement included the designation of an outside agency to oversee the city's finances after June 30, 1978—a move that the Mayor had strongly opposed—but the *Times* seemed to go along with the view that it was the bankers who had made "concessions," although Beame's view that they had "yielded" might be overstating the case somewhat. The headline in the *News* was "CITY THROWS IN THE SPONGE ON $$," over a story announcing that city officials had "hoisted a white flag . . . in their fiscal war with major commercial bankers," and adding, "Only the final city surrender terms remain to be worked out." After six weeks, however, no terms had been signed, nor had any agreement been reached on anything.

ON February 8th, when a plan to finance the note repayment had still not been presented, the Court of Appeals, losing patience, ordered the city to pay off the Flushing National Bank and all individual holders of short-term notes within thirty days aft-



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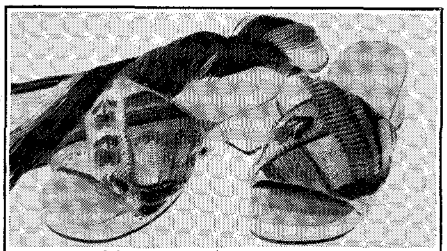

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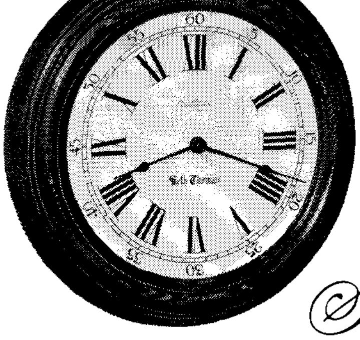
er certification of ownership, and within six months to redeem the balance of the nine hundred and eighty-three million in notes held by banks and other institutional investors. To represent the court in scheduling repayments and setting the amount of interest due, the court appointed James Gibson, who is a seventy-five-year-old retired Court of Appeals judge and a Republican, from Hudson Falls, New York, a town of eight thousand people near the foot of the Adirondacks. To assist him in handling the cases of individual noteholders, Gibson named a former State Supreme Court justice, also a Republican—seventy-eight-year-old Earle C. Bastow, of Utica, a city of ninety-one thousand people in the north-central part of the state. The court's February 8th opinion included no solicitous language protecting New York against measures unnecessarily disruptive of its delicate balance, and Gibson was also given the responsibility of deciding the rights of the noteholders who had voluntarily postponed repayment or exchanged their notes for MAC bonds—and whose successful assertion of rights could add a billion four hundred million dollars to the city's due bill. In discussing the perils of bankruptcy, those favoring almost any other option have often invoked the spectre of New York at the mercy of some bankruptcy judge whose experience, geographically, politically, and in every other important respect, would be remote from the problems of this vast, complex, multiracial city. There were undoubtedly local alarmists who found in the appointment of two septuagenarian upstate Republicans the realization of their worst fears. But the ages of Gibson and Bastow probably did not seem negative credentials to many of those with whom the two judges will be consulting about the city's legal and financial problems in the next few weeks, including such other discoverers of the fountain of youth in public service as the state's seventy-two-year-old Attorney General, Louis Lefkowitz; the city's sixty-seven-year-old Corporation Counsel, W. Bernard Richland; the seventy-five-year-old former federal judge Simon Rifkind, the counsel for MAC; the seventy-six-year-old State Comptroller, Arthur Levitt; or the Mayor of New York, who will be seventy-one this month. (The decision of the *Times* last month to run at the top of its front page a two-column picture of the Mayor smiling and vigorous in a warmup suit as he jogged in the park next to Gracie Mansion, and to indicate that such exercise was part of



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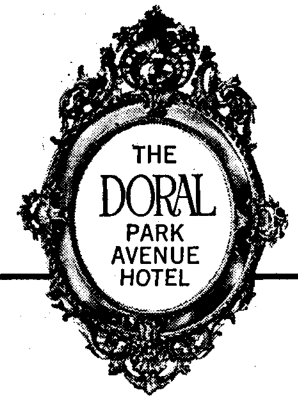

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his routine, although regulars in the park had never seen him there before and the picture had been arranged by his press—soon to be campaign—aides, was interpreted by some as a *Times* gesture to atone for the paper's recent unkind remarks about Beame. However, the snorts of laughter caused by the picture, and the suggestions by other local newspapers that the *Times* had been taken, may cause the paper to give him an even harder time in the future. The joke in the *News*, attributed to Stephen Berger, the executive director of the Control Board, implying that the picture, like the famous one of Mao Tse-tung swimming, had been arranged by his staff to prove that the Mayor was still among the living *was*, of course, unkind.)

The Court of Appeals' February decision setting deadlines for the repayment of the notes—Beame said that it offered the city "breathing space" and Rohatyn that it afforded "gasping space"—had clearly been intended to infuse a sense of urgency into the negotiations between the city and its financial angels, but the chaffering around the tables continued at about the same pace. The Mayor kept pointing out that he was bringing the bankers and the union leaders together at Gracie Mansion or at City Hall, but the city seemed so out of things at times that David Rosenthal, writing in the *Post*, suggested that all it was doing was providing a meeting place and coffee and Danish. The accounts of what happened at such sessions continued to be contradictory. Of one meeting, Beame said there had been "tremendous progress" and Rohatyn said there had been "no progress." The thirty-day deadline for paying off individual noteholders did not mean that the city would have to come up with a substantial share of the nine hundred and eighty-three million dollars by the end of that period, for no one knew the names of most of the noteholders, or even how many of them there were; some guesses went as high as fifty thousand. The certification process would take time. Still, it was not until February 16th, nearly four weeks after his so-called surrender meeting with the bankers, that Beame announced his plan for an independent financial overseer—the element that the bankers had insisted must be in place before they would put up any more money. Early in January, before the bankers' specific proposal was made, Rohatyn had suggested that the overseers' role could be played by a restructured board of MAC, which, by law, must stay in

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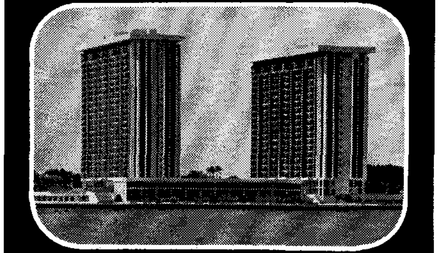

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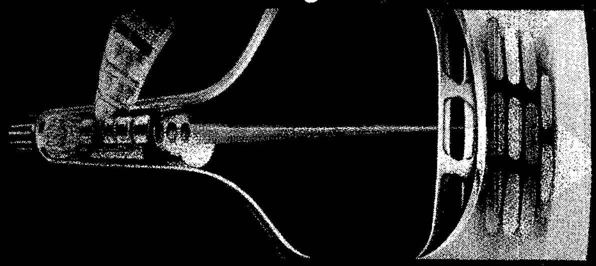

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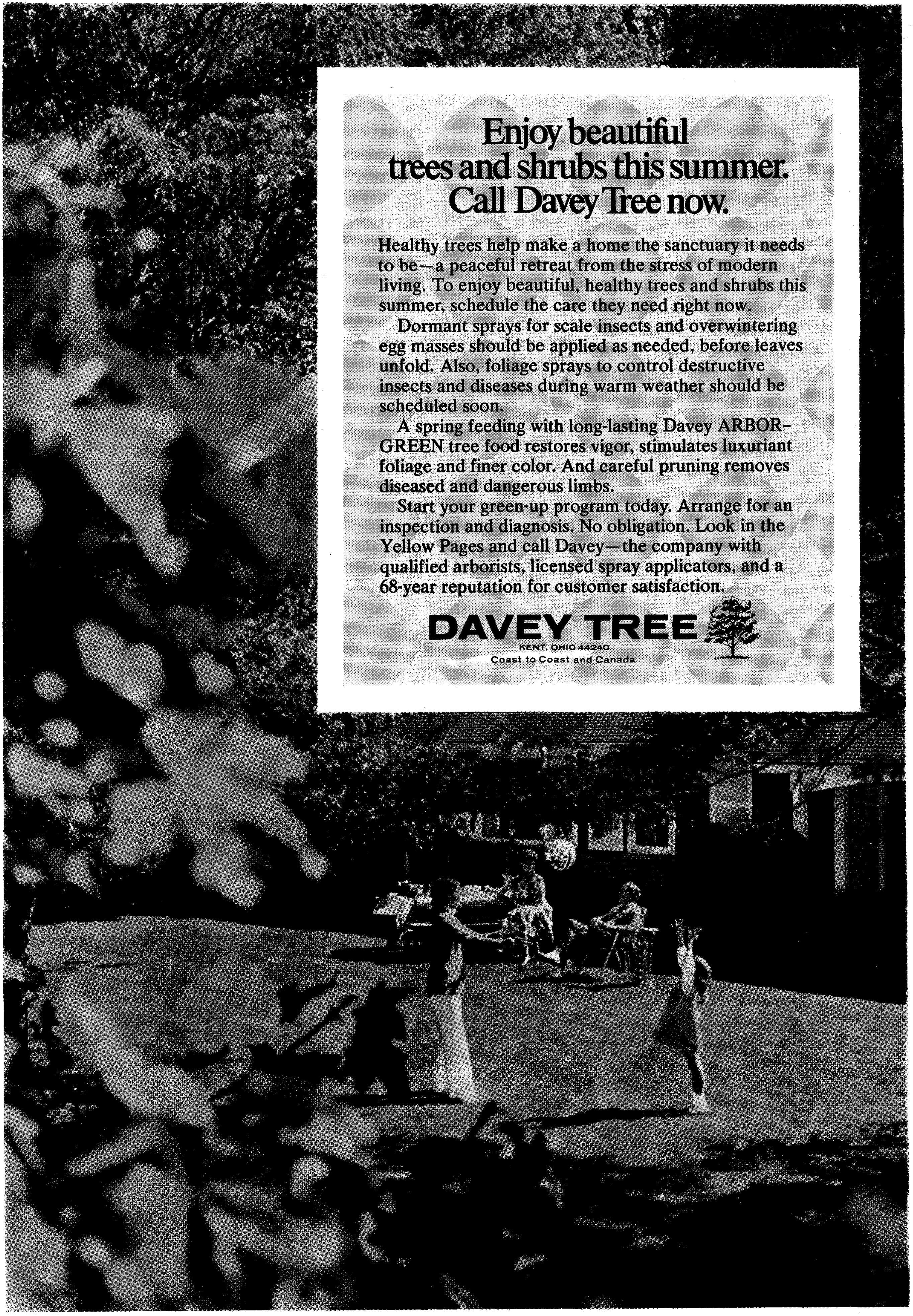

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existence for the life of its longest bonds—twenty years. When Beame finally unveiled his plan, it was for a restructured MAC board to which the Mayor's office could appoint additional members, and whose only recourse if it judged the budget to be out of balance would be to take the city to court, where the burden of proof, Beame said, would be on MAC. There was little surprise when this relatively toothless agency turned out to be unacceptable to the bankers, who had something in mind with not only teeth but claws. It was also unacceptable to Victor Gotbaum, who, representing all the city's major union leaders, called it "cynical, cowardly, and irresponsible," and other union leaders renewed the charge that the bankers were using the city's fiscal plight to blackmail it into surrendering its future government to nonelected dictators.

It seemed a long time since the bankers had been treated in some quarters as folk heroes because of their help in earlier city emergencies, and the story told to reporters by James McGivney, a young corporate attorney, when he filed a claim for repayment of twenty thousand dollars' worth of city notes did not help matters. McGivney said that he had bought the notes from the Chase Manhattan Bank in the city's last open-market sale, in March of 1975. Soon after the imposition of the moratorium, when he had needed five thousand dollars for a down payment on a house and had asked Chase Manhattan to lend it to him, he said, they refused to take as collateral the notes they had sold him. His letter of complaint to David Rockefeller had brought a response from a vice-president confirming that the bank did not accept New York City securities as collateral "in view of the present uncertainties with respect to such securities." The *Times* editorial page, which in recent weeks, under its new management, has been less stately, commented, "Mr. McGivney must now consider the similarities between banking and used-car lots. It was running when you left here, wasn't it? Whaddya mean, it died a block away? It started, didn't it?" It is possible that the bankers were happier being compared to blackmailers. As the quarrelling and name-calling went on, Rohatyn noted sadly that the "fragile but workable coalition" that had once saved the city was "falling apart," and said the city's situation was "as scary as August, 1975." There was one comforting thought. Unlike the case of other communes, the bankers, the

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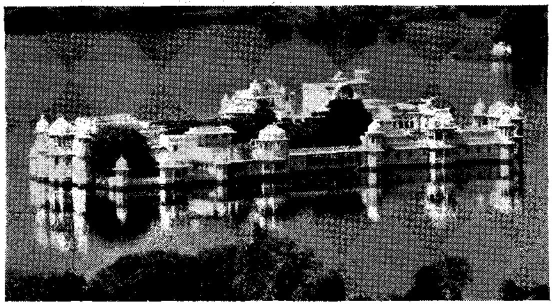

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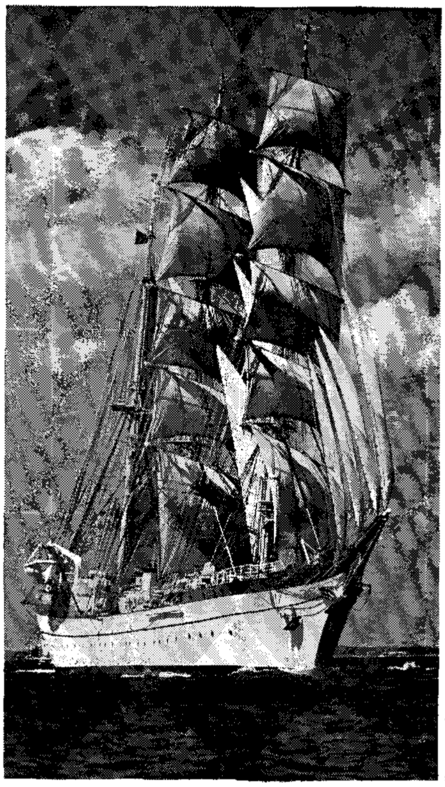

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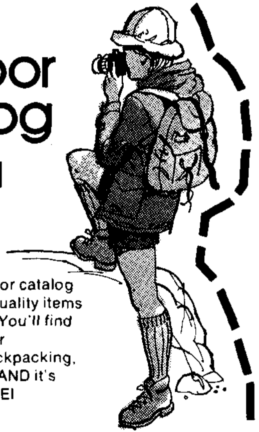

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union leaders, and the politicians with their vast stake in the city were in no position to pack up and move elsewhere, abandoning New York to the elements.

In the last few weeks, the scariness got worse as the union leaders and the bankers continued to refuse to help the city meet its new obligation. When the Control Board voted to have the city ask for a tiding-over loan from Washington under the terms of the 1975 legislation, W. Michael Blumenthal, the new Secretary of the Treasury, tentatively turned it down, pointing out that under the law he had to certify that the city had a reasonable prospect of repaying it by June 30th, which he could not do. The President endorsed this view, although he also spoke favorably of an extension beyond June 30, 1978, of the seasonal federal loan agreement. Both the bankers and the union leaders suspected City Hall of having encouraged the federal government to refuse the immediate loan in order to put pressure on them to reach some agreement. There were daily charges that one group or another was playing games, but in fact what was threatening was a crisis as serious as that of a year and a half earlier, when each morning's news of the city dealt with its almost certain doomsday. In the long months since that time, however, the running story on the city's financial problems has become a standard stop on the local evening news shows, much like the weather, which the average listener also can't do anything about. Although the newspaper coverage continues to be dutiful, headlines discussing the imminent fall of the city are not quite as prominent, and many readers who have only a certain amount of attention to spare for crisis journalism if it deals in such matters as accruals, rollovers, and remittiturs turn instead to the sports pages, where, day after day, they can read about local disasters of another kind. As the present financial emergency, which began before Thanksgiving, extends toward St. Patrick's Day, there has been considerable temptation among local citizens to go along with the philosophy of their mayor—whose determination to look on the bright side has brought him through the fiscal wars in far better political shape than his would-be successors had dreamed—and assume that something will be turning up (they are not at liberty to say in what direction), that something will work out, and that there will soon be a discovery that, miraculously, the city has turned the corner one more time. —ANDY LOGAN

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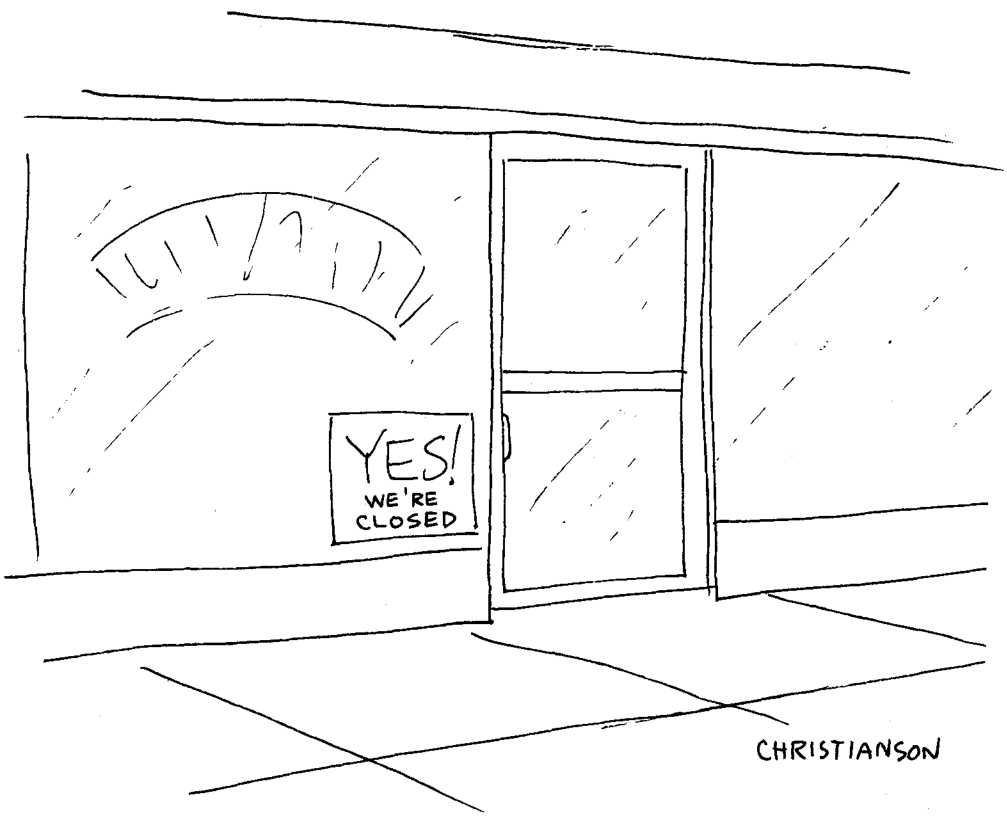
THERE may be a time for a Hemingway revival, but this isn't it. His themes don't link with our preoccupations, and "Islands in the Stream," the movie version of his posthumous novel, seems to belong to another age. The director, Franklin J. Schaffner, distances it further by his magisterial realism. The beach, the boats, the water and sky of the Bahamian village where the artist hero, Thomas Hudson (George C. Scott), lives have the incredible clarity and solidity of a David Lean encampment. The world is laundered every day for directors like these; they scan spotless horizons and impose their epic scale. In a typical shot, Scott, with his back to us, is in the foreground looking into the distance, with every detail bright and sharp, as if the hero had superhuman vision. The jumbo images confer antique heroic power on Thomas Hudson.

At times, the film takes you back into an elephantine-movie ambience that you've already almost forgotten. Schaffner ignores what has been going on in movies for the past decades; he ignores even what he was doing in the sixties, when Haskell Wexler shot "The Best Man" for him in a flashing, semidocumentary technique. Schaffner seems to have found his natural monotone. He's in love with hard edges and space, without emotional coloring—ceremoniously. He always directs our eyes to the farthest possible point in the image; the actors are sculptural objects in the way of the view. They pace about and deliver their lines as they would on a stage; it's almost as if we were in a theatre looking up over their heads toward the ceiling. Natural expanses have become so much more important to Schaffner than the expressiveness of the actors that he might be making earthworks, not movies. But "Islands in the Stream" has a mood; its implacable stodginess is stupefying yet impressive. Schaffner's "Nicholas and Alexandra" was a mausoleum, with every slab of marble nudged into place; his "Papillon" was endless—a Devil's Island version of the myth of Sisyphus. "Islands" is a monument to something people don't believe in any longer, but it's fascinating to see Hemingway's themes placed in this huge glass jar for our inspection.

Set at the outbreak of the Second World War, the novel wasn't published until 1970; it had been worked on from the late forties into the early fifties and was put aside long before Hemingway's suicide, in 1961. "If I could be something else," Hemingway told a friend in the fifties, "I'd like to be a painter." Thomas Hudson is the only artist hero in any of Hemingway's published novels, and represents the author's most straightforward attempt to deal with his own mistakes and failures. Twice married, twice divorced, Hudson in his island home is a natural king in a self-imposed exile. The film's story is minimal. His sons, whom he hasn't seen in four years, come to spend the summer with him, and his love for them is mixed with guilt and regret. After they have gone, he decides to return to the mainland to be more of a father; en route, he is accidentally pulled into the war. In the film, as in the book, there is a personal grandiloquence about Hudson that is not questioned; it is simply assumed that everyone loves and admires him—his adoring retinue, two of his three sons.

The testing of the third son—the middle boy, Davy (Michael-James Wixted)—is a major episode: he hooks a giant marlin and in the battle with the fish wins his self-respect and is also freed from his resentment against his father for mistreating his mother. There's hokey melodrama in Hemingway's masculine rites: you see the test being set up and you know how you're supposed to judge the person, and how he judges himself. Davy's rite of passage—his proving himself by showing the stamina to fight a big fish and in that ordeal learning to respect, even to love, the fish—doesn't have much more immediacy than the code of the Westerner. If an Eskimo were killing an animal because that was necessary to his survival, we could believe in his respect for his adversary. But when a little preppie like Davy has to prove himself by an artificial primitive test—when he hunts game to increase his own self-respect—how can we be told that he respects his prey? Or that he changes from a screwed-up kid into a fine lad? In the old Hollywood action films, the suspense about whether the hero would be able to stand up to danger was exciting, and we could go along with the courage-cowardice formulations for the sake of the action. And even in the earlier films based on Hemingway material, in which the moral dimensions of this tension were enlarged and universalized, the action was still central. But here, with everything slowed down and writ large, there's nothing except the Hemingway code, with its boys'-world snobbery and cruelty about physical cowardice. There appears to be only one way to be a winner in Hemingway's world—through red-blooded courage, manifested in sports, in killing game, in bullfighting, in war. And though the hero



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is meant to be an artist—we see Hudson at work on welded-iron, David Smith-like sculpture—art seems to be his hobby, fishing his life. In terms of what happens in this movie, Hudson doesn't need to be an artist—he only needs to be rich and famous. His art is an excrescence. When Hudson decides to leave the island, we expect to see him pack his iron pieces aboard his boat, but nothing of the kind—he is unencumbered. This is probably just an oversight, but it's perfectly faithful to the spirit of the book.

In the early fifties, a double-page spread appeared in large-circulation magazines. On the left page, a picture of Hemingway outdoors, seated, wearing shorts, holding a book on his lap. The caption read, "Ernest Hemingway, who has been called the greatest living American writer, is also internationally famous as a deep-sea fisherman. Since publication of 'The Sun Also Rises' in 1926, his novels and short stories have enriched the literature of the English language consistently, year after year. His latest best seller is 'Across the River and Into the Trees.' " And on the facing page was a letter from Hemingway, on the stationery of his plantation in Cuba, endorsing Ballantine's Ale. This spread was repeated a little later with the "Across the River and Into the Trees" tag changed to "His newest book is 'The Old Man and the Sea.' " Those pages bothered me; I tore them out of *Life* and stuck them in a pile of papers, and when I looked for them the other day, I found that they had somehow travelled with me. They still bother me. Hemingway shamed us, and I wish that something of that world-famous-celebrity four-flusher—the big-game hunter and official greatest living American writer—had been brought into this movie. It's the missing underside of Hudson's lordly standing with his friends, yacht crew, and servants—who are hard to separate, since all pay him obeisance. What does it do to an artist to live as if he were a sportsman seigneur? (The movie directors who begin to keep stables finally seem to have as little interest in the arts as the equestrian queens of England do.) In the Cuban film "Memories of Underdevelopment," when a guide takes visitors through Hemingway's house, pointing out the heads and tusks and guns, and the stuffed gazelle, it might be the hunting lodge of a deposed czar.

The issues implicit in Hemingway's portrait of the artist as a hard-drinking fisherman aren't raised in this movie—

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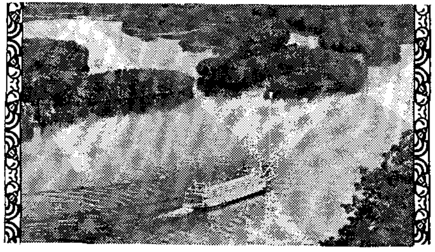

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yet our sensing them provides a compelling subtext. Morley Callaghan wrote of Hemingway, "His imaginative work had such a literal touch that a whole generation came to believe he was only telling what he, himself, had seen happen, or what had actually happened to him. His readers made him his own hero." Yes, and it was far more than that: Hemingway was the virile great writer that the age of photojournalism needed; he and *Life* were made for each other, and they both knew it. He played literary lion; he lived his fantasy life in public, and became a celebrity-clown before it was fashionable. The Hemingway-Hudson of the movie is the legend, but he's never the man who fed that legend. Except for an early drinking binge, "Islands" gives us only the dignified side of Hemingway's life, without the contradictions and pressures that led him to the desolation that Scott, however, makes us feel.

As a portrait of one side of Hemingway—the controlled, proud-minded man of feeling, a Karsh portrait—Scott's performance is admirable. Scott's features are totally unlike Hemingway's, but with a crewcut, a grizzled gray-white beard, neatly clipped, the chestiness, and the familiar Hemingway shirts and shorts and bush jackets, Scott suggests Hemingway as he looked on the *Time* cover in 1954, when he won the Nobel Prize—reflective, slightly withdrawn. Scott's Hudson, a titan with slate-blue eyes, a crumbled nose, and a booze-busted, I've-been-through-hell voice, is terribly grand, but the grandeur is underplayed. The performance is different from the kind of acting Scott has so often done: fixing his stare on the other performers and magnetizing the audience—half with fear. Scott has, at times, overdone force, with his overweening, diabolic presence and the way he would go chugging into his locomotive act. (In the Broadway play "Sly Fox," he even tries to force his scenes to be funny; he substitutes command of the stage for comic acting. There may be no other way, however, to get laughs from his role.) Scott has to be dominating or he's nothing, but as Thomas Hudson he has found a more subdued form of domination. His Hudson is a scrupulous performance that runs deep, without much surface excitement. It's a little too studied, too stern and august. He doesn't try to go beyond the text; there are no revelations, no insights. Yet he does something very difficult: he supplies the consciousness to this film. He's a sensitive statue, and

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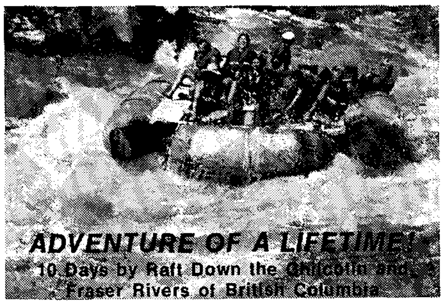
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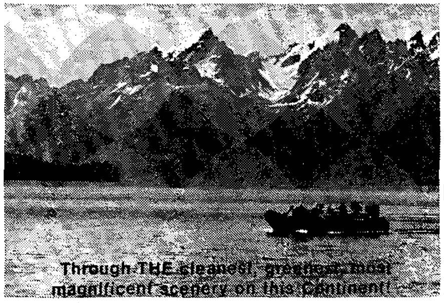
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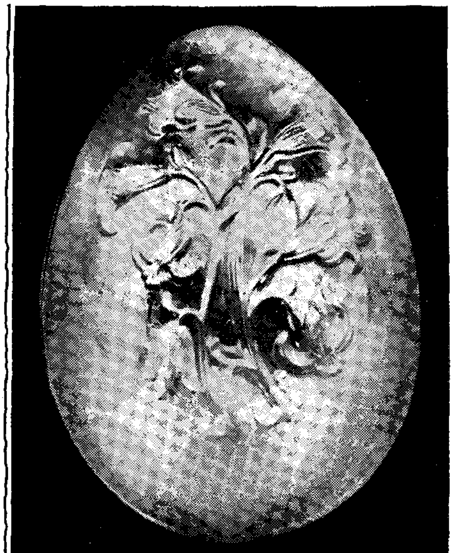
his observant face keeps us involved. The weakness of the material—the reason that there's no drama in it—is that his is the only consciousness; everyone else in the movie is a child compared with him. He is Papa, the big man—though that's a weakness in Hemingway, not in Scott.

The screenplay, by Denne Bart Petitclerc, is so carefully thought out that we become overly aware that the episodes have graceful contours. Hemingway has too many fantasies sloshing around in the book; Petitclerc has cleaned out what used to be put into Hemingway movies. (Remember "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," with the twenty-five-page story padded with such additions as Ava Gardner's being injured in the Spanish Civil War and dying in Gregory Peck's arms, a bullfight in Madrid, and the decadent rich on the Riviera?) Petitclerc has de-Hollywoodized "Islands," except for the climax, with Hudson trying to help a Cuban skipper (Gilbert Roland, in his seventies but not showing it) who has a boatload of refugees from Hitler. At this point, the picture shifts into the Bogart-Hemingway "To Have and Have Not," with a sidelong glance at "The African Queen." Schaffner doesn't revitalize these action episodes: the final, expensive shootout is dishevelled. The only element in it that has meaning for us is Hudson's fatalistic shrug. (Scott is becoming a whiz at rue.) In general, the liberties that Petitclerc takes with the novel make good sense—such as changing Hudson's first wife (who comes to visit him) from a Dietrich-like star to the tense, pale, dark-eyed woman played by Claire Bloom. The modelling of Claire Bloom's face resembles that of Martha Gellhorn, Hemingway's third wife, as well as that of his widow, Mary. She looks right, and she brings such an air of formality and strain to her scenes that you can feel the edginess between her and her ex-husband yet believe that he means it when he says she is the only woman he's ever loved. Despite the quality of the acting—her wiredrawn imperiousness and his superb line readings—the sequences with the two of them are so flossy and so pompously directed that they turn into rich, melodious camp. As a director, Schaffner has no unconscious; his style is based on rendering each nuance with complete precision. But since the discords that split Hudson and his first wife are buried in history (Hemingway failed to clarify them in the book), Schaffner is at a loss, and the two walk with their arms around each other un-



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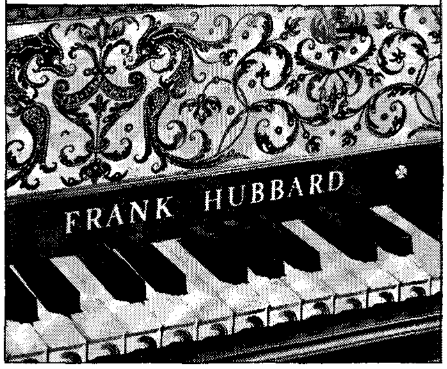

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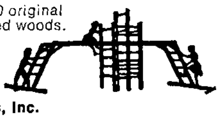

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The scenes involving Hudson's sons, and those with "the rummy," played by David Hemmings, a younger version of the Walter Brennan character in "To Have and Have Not," are on an archaic, sentimental level. The marlin's leaps out of the water are edited like travelogue footage, and the music—Jerry Goldsmith's reject Delibes—seems to be trying to evoke movie classics. Despite the long vistas (the Bahamian village was constructed in Hawaii), "Islands" has no visual flow; closeups come in like blips. Schaffner keeps cutting to the face of the person delivering a line or the person whose emotions he wants you to register. Though David Hemmings is a likable actor, he's made to look a fool—always wearing his heart on his sleeve for his beloved master Hudson, and grinning, cherry-lipped and short of tooth, like Elizabeth Taylor. Hudson's sons get closeups almost every time they speak, plus Disneyesque reaction shots for the youngest (plump, freckled Brad Savage) when he's particularly squeezable. It's an abuse of the actors, who are not allowed to interrelate or to develop a characterization. Hart Bochner, who plays the oldest boy, Tom, is shown in so many radiant closeups that he might be the star of an Army recruiting film, and Wixted, a tousled, juvenile Jimmy Carter, who is well cast as Davy, and looks as if he could do a good job on his own, is force-fed us. Julius Harris is the intelligent black mate on Hudson's boat; it's frustrating to see him used emblematically—to represent loyalty.

In a way, the whole stiff movie is emblematic. When Hudson's quest is cut short, we see his final vision and hear the universal truths he has learned. That's the trouble with quests: the puny payoff that has to be bathed in white light—wisdom swathed in gauze. By being so respectful and dedicated, and so incompetent at action, "Islands" brings out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. It's a devastating essay on Hemingway the thinker.

—PAULINE KAEL

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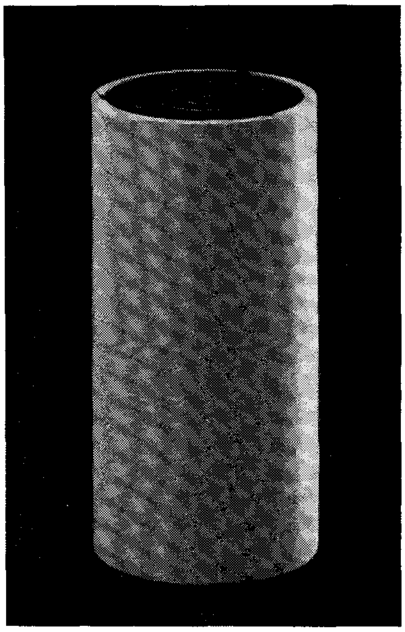

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Fragments of the House of Usher

ONE of Giulio Gatti-Casazza's earliest acts on being appointed general manager of the Met, in 1908, was to obtain for his house the first-performance rights to a Poe double bill that Debussy was working on. He paid the composer two thousand francs for those rights; ten thousand more was due on delivery of the score. But, according to Gatti's memoirs, Debussy said, "It is a piece of bad business you are doing. I have some remorse in taking these few dollars. Yes, because I do not believe that I will ever finish any part of all this." Gatti continued to encourage him. Years passed. But "Alas! I never saw even a note of the operas of which the Metropolitan had been so proud to secure the rights. Debussy left nothing but a few scraps of music, insufficient and incomplete."

The most substantial of these scraps, the first two hundred bars or so of "The Fall of the House of Usher" sketched out in a particella (vocal lines, with the orchestral part indicated in condensed form on two, three, or four staves), was published, in facsimile, in 1962, and since then many people must have tried their hand at salvaging something performable from it. That year, excerpts from the opera were broadcast by the BBC and by the French radio. A more thoroughgoing reconstruction was staged last month in the Great Hall of Jonathan Edwards College, Yale. The particella, transcribed by Carolyn Abbate, a Yale student, had been orchestrated by Robert Kyr, a former Yale student. When the music ended, after twenty minutes, the remainder of Debussy's libretto was played out as a spoken drama. Its dénouement was accompanied by orchestral music built from a sketchy seven-bar fragment on a page the composer inscribed "*Pour la fin de la m*[*aison*] *u*[*sher*]," adding a large question mark.

A large question mark, I think, must also be set over Miss Abbate's and Mr. Kyr's work. At any rate, I pencilled several small question marks beside preliminary claims that were made for it, and, mentally, several more over details heard in the performance and later checked against the facsimile of the original, when I was able to borrow a score. Gatti-Casazza called the surviving fragments "insufficient and incomplete." The Debussy scholar Robert Orledge, who has examined the "Usher" material and describes it in the latest issue of *The Musical Quarterly*, concludes that "it is impossible that anything approaching a complete version of 'The Fall of the House of Usher' could ever be accurately reconstructed for performance, even with piano accompaniment only." Miss Abbate, in a program note, declares that the particella "has received little attention, often being erroneously dismissed as too confusing and incomplete to construct a rigorous and accurate performance." She also says that it represents about half the text. It doesn't. Debussy's libretto as printed in 1962 contains some three hundred lines of dialogue, and only some sixty-five of these appear before the particella peters out. The composer described his work as "a progressive expression of anguish" but was unable to get beyond the first step of that progress. What Miss Abbate means by "rigorous" I am unsure; the implication that the Abbate-Kyr version can afford a strictly "accurate" representation of Debussy's intentions is unfounded. The particella's indications for scoring are scant; there are no tempo, dynamic, or expression marks; and other sources provide no more than a few hints of what the composer may have had in mind. What one heard at Yale was a freely inventive—and skillful—orchestration in a Debussyan manner incorporating such definite instrumental cues as are specified. But even the actual notes—let alone their timbre and tempo—are not always certain. Short passages transcribed by Mr. Orledge differ from their counterparts in the Yale score, and when I consulted the facsimile I sometimes came up with yet a third reading (but tentatively, for the facsimile is of very poor quality and the original is far away in Paris, in the Bibliothèque Nationale). A question mark is likely to hang over *any* transcription of this music, and an attempt to complete it in full score can only be speculative. The show was billed as the world première of a one-act opera by Claude Debussy. More decently, it could have been described as a bold student endeavor to give sound and context to an important, extended sketch for an unfinished work. As such, it was an occasion of the highest interest, and deserves extended discussion.

IN 1890, Debussy was reported to be composing "a symphony on psychologically developed themes drawn from various Poe tales, particularly 'The Fall of the House of Usher.'" (That year, he named Poe and his translator, Baudelaire, among his favorite writers.) Miss Abbate, on what strikes me as rather flimsy evidence, dates Debussy's first work on an "Usher" opera to 1903. There is abundant evidence that between 1908 and 1911 he was immersed in the piece, dreaming of new, strange sounds, sketching music for the opening scenes, and shaping, from numerous drafts that have survived, the libretto now in the possession of his stepdaughter. For relief, he turned to Poe's "The Devil in the Belfry" (the sketches for which do go back to 1903). Other work was set aside: "I have reached the point of having entirely sacrificed the 'Images' to Monsieur E. A. Poe. Although dead, this personage exercises an almost agonizing tyranny over me. I forget the normal rules of courtesy and shut myself up like a wild beast in the house of Usher, unless I am keeping company with the Devil in the belfry." In May, 1910, the pieces were announced for the Opéra Comique (presumably after a Metropolitan première). But in February, 1911, they were "postponed until I don't know when. . . . I am not very sorry, since there are many points of expression with which I am still unsatisfied; moreover, the scheme of things [*mise en place*] is insufficiently clear in my mind." "The Devil" was to contain choral writing of a kind that made that of "Boris Godunov" and "Die Meistersinger" seem primitive; Debussy's account of his intentions suggests a vocal counterpart to the texture of "La Mer." In "Usher," the "naked flesh of emotion" would be laid bare; the phrase suggests that Debussy had been reading Poe's "Marginalia," in which "My Heart Laid Bare" is described as a book no man *could* write, even if he dared. Debussy found that he could not write it. At the end of December, 1911, he confessed that "everything [about the two Poe operas] strikes me as deadly dull. For a single bar I write which may be free or alive there are twenty stifled by the weight of what is known as tradition"—and it doesn't make it any better, he adds, that the tradition in question may well be his own. The power-

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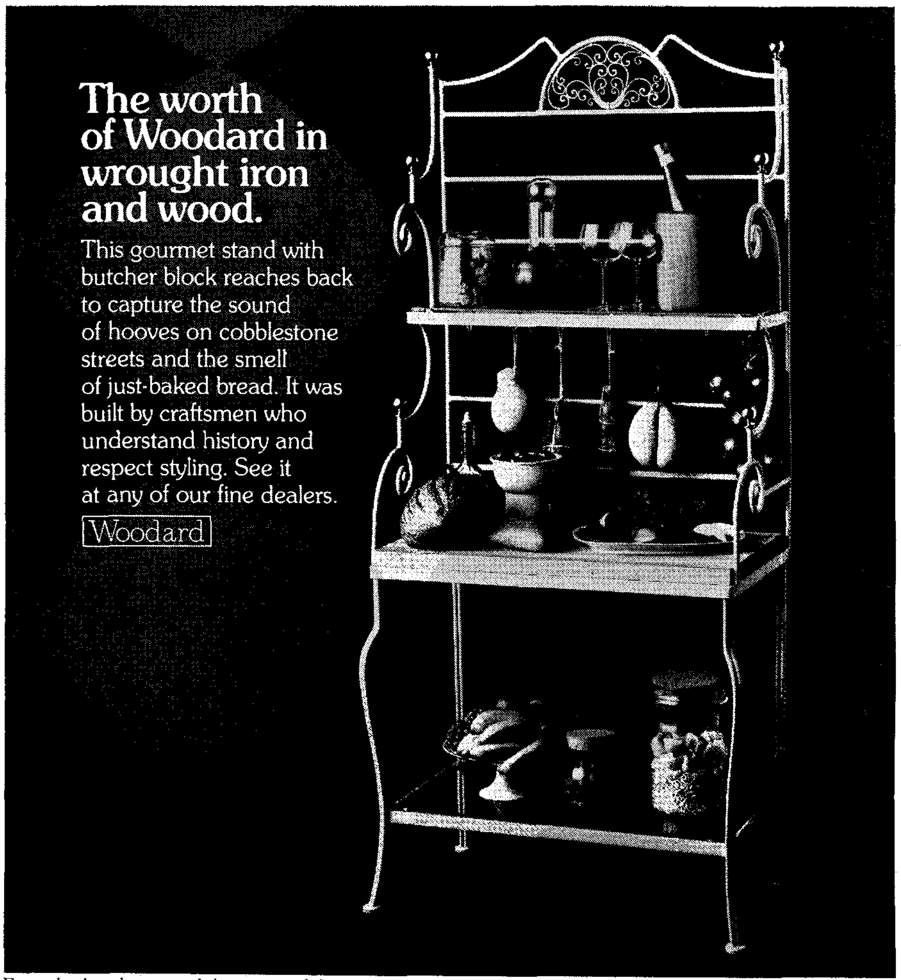
ful influence of Poe on Maeterlinck, on Debussy, and on "Pelléas" has often been observed. But what Debussy set store by was the difference between "Pelléas" and his new project. To a correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* he said in 1908 that "the inspiration I have found in Poe is totally different from that which I have experienced in Maeterlinck." Two years later, he told an interviewer in Budapest that, having had a success with "Pelléas," he would "never again write a work in which its subject or atmosphere is recalled." But how could an opera set in an ancient castle where the air seems stifling, where the action passes into subterranean vaults, where a pale, mysterious maiden suffers fail to recall "Pelléas" in subject or atmosphere? And that, I suggest, is one reason that he found he could not get on with "The House of Usher," and set it aside.

In 1916, he returned to the opera. He shortened and reordered the libretto, made a few more sketches, and ordered his earlier ideas in the form of the particella. A prelude, the Lady Madeline's song, a conversation between the Friend and the Family Doctor, and the first section of Roderick Usher's monologue were set down. But the particella breaks off inconclusively, with alternative settings of Roderick's cry to the *"vieilles pierres"* of his house. Once again, Debussy could get no further. That, it seems to me, is what must have happened, though others may draw a different conclusion from the confusion of fragments and the numerous scattered references to the opera in Debussy's letters. All accounts may have to be modified when more of the "Usher" material—apparently there is more of it—comes to light. Maybe the composer did find some music for more than the opening scenes.

During his last bout with the opera, Debussy was dying. I have suggested one possible reason that, in the earlier period, the struggle to set it defeated him. Perhaps there is another and more cogent reason: in refashioning Poe's tale for the stage, the composer destroyed its essential character, and on some level he may have realized this. The "quaint and equivocal appellation of the 'House of Usher,' " as Poe makes clear, includes both the family and the family mansion; Roderick Usher and his house are described in similar terms. From the eaves of the building, moss hangs "in a fine tangled webwork," and from Roderick's head there hangs "hair of a more than weblike softness and tenuity," which "had



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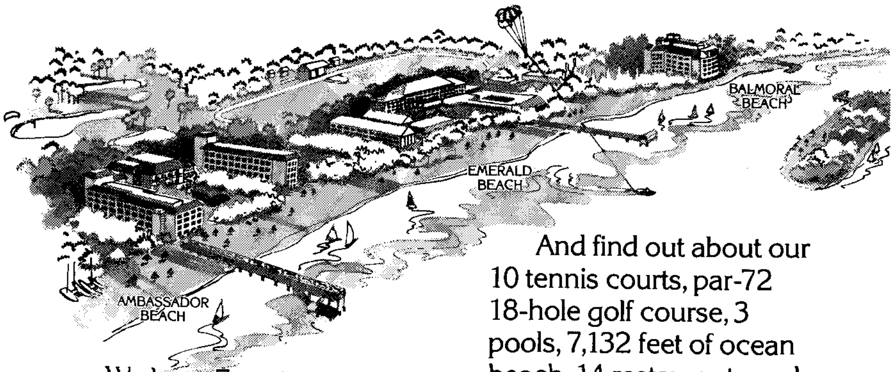

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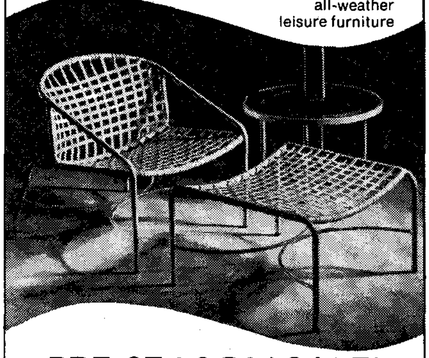

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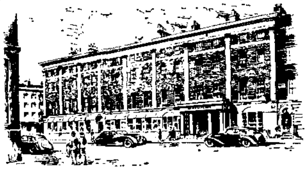

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been suffered to grow all unheeded." The aspect both of the house and of its master is beautiful in its features yet suggestive of decay within. A fissure, actual in the masonry, mental in the man, destroys them both together. Roderick's song, "The Haunted Palace," spells out the metaphor. Roderick Usher is central to the story; everything in it is about him. What did Debussy make of this? He invested Roderick with a guilty Byronic passion for his sister, which plays no part in Poe's story. He transferred the singing of "The Haunted Palace" to the Lady Madeline. By implication, he applied the Béranger couplet set over Poe's story—

> *Son cœur est un luth suspendu*
> *Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne—*

to Madeline, not Roderick, by making the Doctor exclaim angrily that Usher plays upon his sister as if she were a lute. The sinister Doctor is a major new character, developed from a passing mention in Poe ("On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity"). This Doctor also loves Madeline. In Debussy's version, it is he, not Roderick, who buries her alive—and that change in itself is enough to destroy the sense of Poe's carefully constructed tale.

Debussy compressed Poe's two weeks or so into about an hour of stage time. His opera starts with Madeline singing a verse of "The Haunted Palace," begun and ended offstage; in mid-song she crosses the scene. The Friend arrives and has a conversation with the Doctor. Roderick enters and soliloquizes. The Friend makes his presence known. They talk; Roderick describes his plight and rushes abruptly from the room. The Doctor returns to say that meanwhile Madeline has died and has by him been interred in a vault, closed by a massive iron door, directly beneath the room they are in. Roderick reënters, and the final scene follows Poe—except that it is for seven or eight minutes, not seven or eight days, that Roderick hears Madeline's struggles to escape from her tomb.

This is not a very good libretto, but it *is* Debussy's, and it is a pity that the Yale stage director, Graf Mouen, did not choose to stage it. Mr. Mouen decided to do something different. In his version, Roderick and Madeline share a bed-sitting-room, to which the Doctor comes with his early-morning tea. (He leaves pot and cup behind; later both Roderick and his Friend

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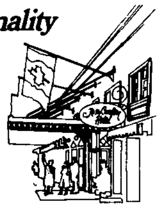

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take swigs of what must by then be a very nasty stewed, cold brew.) Madeline wakes up, finds that her pet canary or budgie has died (or maybe she squeezes it to death—it was hard to be sure), and, closely observed by the Doctor, sings a verse of "The Haunted Palace" over it. She wanders out. The Friend arrives, and he and the Doctor sit down on Madeline's bed. Roderick slumbers on through their far from quiet conversation. During what should be *his* entrance music, Madeline returns to retrieve the corpse of the bird. Later, while Roderick and his Friend are talking, we *watch* her interment and her struggles to escape; these take place in an upper room, behind a gauze, and so of course Debussy's stage directions, for Roderick prone on the floor, listening with horror to the sounds from below, have to be scrapped. When the bloodstained Madeline makes her final appearance, instead of tottering for an instant on the threshold and then falling upon her brother, she first chases him round the room. This was not merely a very bad staging in its own right (Mr. Mouen set his actors to business that not even a Gielgud could make convincing); even if it had been effective, it would be no way to present a work being performed for the first time, before an audience that had come to see what Debussy had in mind.

Musically, things went rather better. Since there is not much space in the hall, Mr. Kyr had prepared a reduced, double-wind version of his score, without trombones, for this performance. (His full version, with a "Pelléas"-sized orchestra, is due for a concert performance in Woolsey Hall on April 23rd.) The band—members of the Yale Symphony under their admirable young conductor, C. William Harwood—played well. Sheila Barnes delivered Madeline's song in clear, flexible tones, very beautifully. John Cimino as Roderick, John Ostendorf as the Friend, and Rinde Eckert as the Doctor were passable singers, but only the last was any kind of actor—and half the piece is spoken drama. The music was sung in French; the rest, for some curious reason, was spoken in a mixture of English and French. To translate the spoken text was sensible. But if the House of Usher is to be assigned a more than symbolic location, it must surely be in some remote part of Britain, where the family physician would be likely to speak English, not French.

The vocal music—apart from the lyricism of Madeline's song—suggests

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the recitative style of "Pelléas" made still more urgent and intense. The motifs in the orchestra are often those found throughout Debussy's music—melodies poised for a moment on a sustained or repeated note, then breaking into a shapely tendril of sound, usually falling but sometimes ascending. The harmonies are held over pedal chords more often, perhaps, than in "Pelléas," with the effect of a sombre, persistent anchoring from which dissonant progressions struggle in vain to break free. Against the word "*peur*" in Debussy's copy of the Poe tale, Miss Abbate tells us, she found an annotation for violas *sur la touche* and a "*léger coup de cymbale*," and with this sound Mr. Kyr begins the opera. In 1909, Debussy told his publisher that the music he had devised for Roderick's monologue "has an attractive mustiness obtained by mixing the low notes of the oboe with violin harmonics. . . . I am rather proud of it." Mr. Kyr uses violin harmonics in what seem to be the right places, but, rather surprisingly, he places the oboe there in its highest register. He draws largely on the dark colors of alto flute, English horn, and bass clarinet. One would have to hear his full-orchestra version before judging the score; the general impression, of gloom, mystery, and murky passion, was effectively conveyed.

All in all—and despite the ridiculous staging—this "Fall of the House of Usher" was an adventurous and thoroughly worthwhile enterprise. Student musicology can come to life in performance; operatic history can take on shape and sound. I gratefully recall university productions of Georg Benda's melodrama "Ariadne" and of François Philidor's "Tom Jones" directed by scholars whose dissertation subjects they were. "The Fall of the House of Usher" obviously has no future in the regular operatic round, but this performance of its largest surviving fragment gave me a clearer idea of what Debussy was striving for—and also of why he could not achieve it—than long poring over the scattered sketches could do. —ANDREW PORTER

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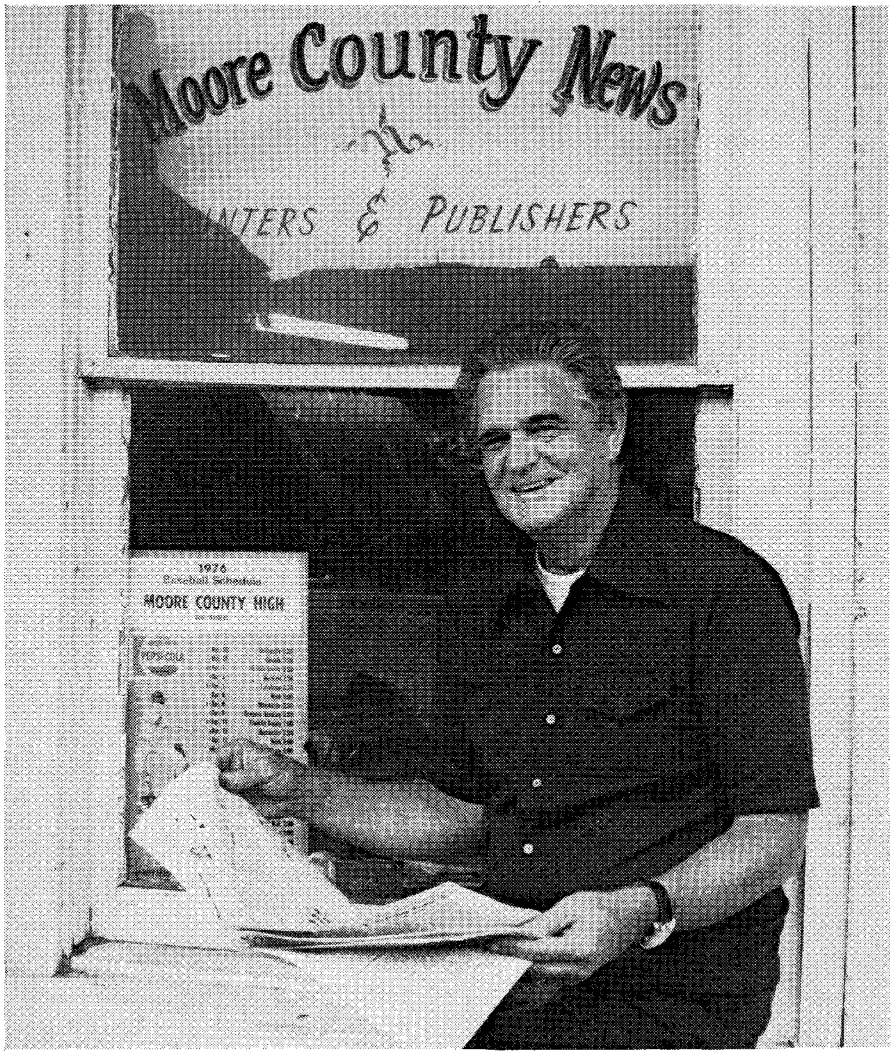

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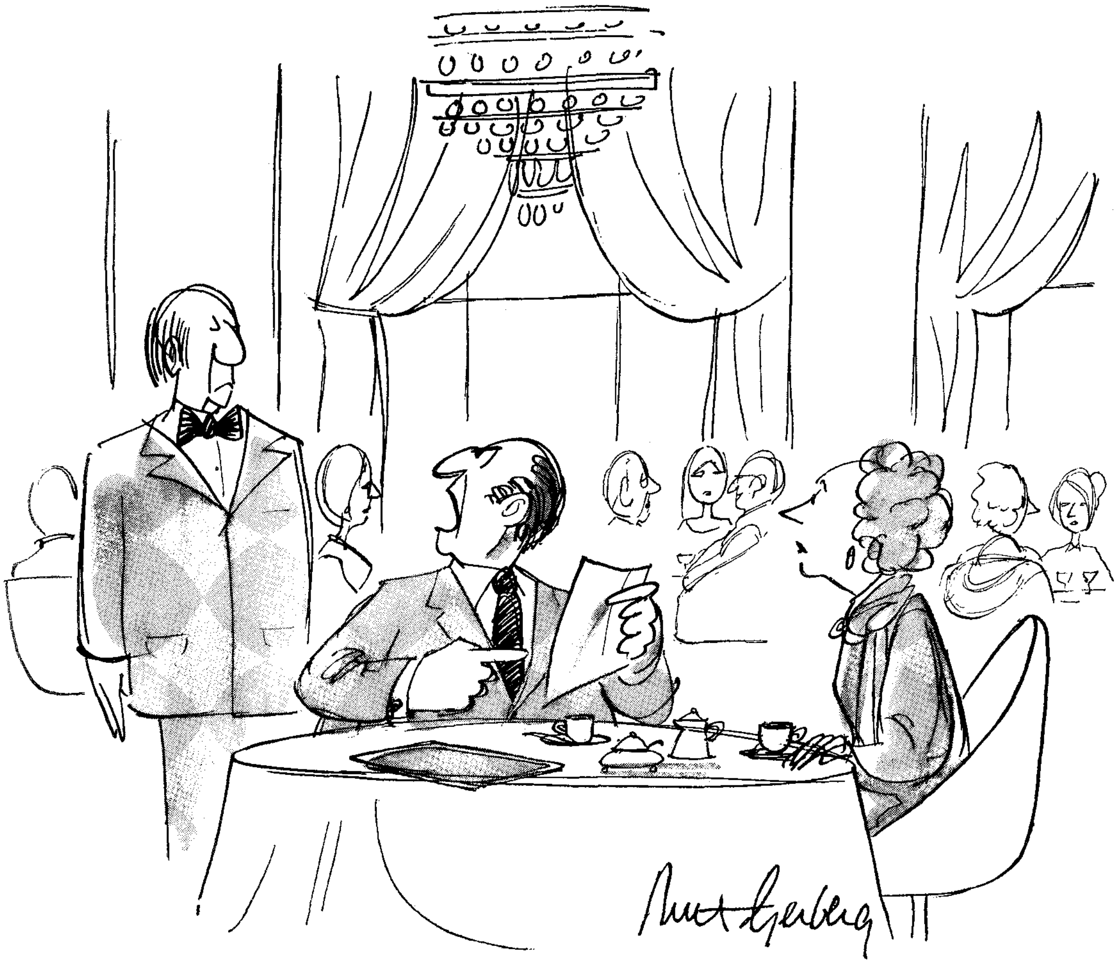
BOOKS

Beating the Game

JAMES ENSOR, the Belgian modernist painter, has been largely overlooked in this country. Two new books—"Ensor," by Roger Van Gindertael (Little, Brown/New York Graphic Society), and "Ensor," by John David Farmer (Braziller)—and a major exhibition of his paintings, drawings, and prints currently at the Guggenheim Museum, which organized it jointly with the Art Institute of Chicago, are contributing to rectifying this neglect. Given the originality of Ensor's paintings and his independence of art movements and dogmas, he could well provide the model needed by artists in today's chaos of doctrines and mannerisms. They might be heartened, too, by his denunciation of "false innovators who soon become pale and bloodless."

Ensor's rejection by the society and the art world of his time was not untypical of the fate of advanced minds of his generation, but his triumph over that rejection had a flavor of its own. Ensor was born in 1860, to a couple that ran a shop selling curios and shells in the seaside resort town of Ostend. During his twenties and early thirties, he conceived macabre tableaux, fantasy paintings, and still-lifes of a highly original character. By the middle of the eighteen-nineties, his major creation had come to an end. His sudden decline, however, appears hardly to have disturbed him, and he lived comfortably for more than half a century longer, reaping the increasing rewards of his early talent as if he were his own widow or heir. One thinks of de Chirico making a good thing of his past during his long life, except that Ensor apparently gained similar advantages without the effort. Through his gift of longevity, he survived to be named a baron by King Albert, to be exhibited in retrospectives both in his own country and abroad, to be visited by famous personages and admiring pilgrims, and to enjoy the serene routine of a town's official genius. Yet in the work for which he is celebrated Ensor is more explicitly alienated than other modernists not only from the humanity around him but from life itself. While the anguished isolation of his contemporary van Gogh is conveyed in the tones of yellows and greens, as in "The Night Café," Ensor's psychic estrangement takes shape in a nightmare theatre in which the personae of his world are reflected as drunkards, masks, skeletons, demons, corpses. The artist identifies himself with Christ, mocked and tormented and escorted into Hell by a pair of bushy-tailed devils. Nature is represented in his still-lifes by dead fowls, with their bloody necks hanging over the edge of the table, by that most hideous of humanlike fish faces, the skate, and by groupings of empty seashells, which are a kind of skeleton. But Ensor's pictures are saved from bathos and sensationalism by the direct, felt quality of his handling, by his matter-of-factness, and by their separation from the banal stage settings of nineteenth-century genre painting. Though Ensor spent three years at the Royal Academy in Brussels, his mature style has the forthrightness and improvised look of a naïve artist and the fervor of a social satirist. His carnival of disguises culminates in the masquerade of the artist himself as a genial, prosperous senior citizen, with a white beard, on a balcony overlooking the crowded beach at Ostend.

Neither of the two new studies casts much light on the attitudes or inner life of Ensor, whether as a raging recluse or as the custodian of his growing fame. The Van Gindertael volume has the fuller text, which attempts to set Ensor within the context of the society, ideas, and art of his time, and its color illustrations are of better quality. The Farmer volume, which serves as the catalogue of the current Ensor exhibition, contains a checklist of the more than two hundred works in the show,



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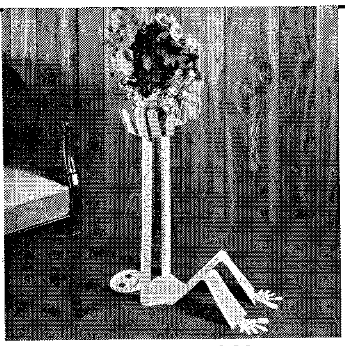

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and has the greater number of color reproductions. It is available in paperback, and includes a useful bibliographical note and an essay that outlines Ensor's career and the changes in his style.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ALTERATION, by Kingsley Amis (Viking). In this new and richly imagined novel, Mr. Amis is at his most amusing, his most ironic, and his most exhilarating. The scene is contemporary England. It is, however, contemporary England as it might be if the Reformation had never occurred, if Luther had become a Pope, if the Roman Catholic Church had reached out to control all Christendom (except the remote, schismatic state of New England) and to order all science to theological purpose—an England of priests and priestly police, an Italianate England in which the English language seems to be fading away, an England that accepts the railroad train but bans electricity as satanic, an England where social classes are rigidly stratified (with the Church on top and the workers on the bottom and the Jews below that), and all arts and artists (including the great Netherlander contemporary de Kooning) are dedicated to celebrating the Church. The story, from which the title derives, has to do with the wish of Authority to castrate ten-year-old Hubert Anvil to preserve his divine singing voice—and with Hubert's determination to escape that fate (lucrative though it may be) and grow up to enjoy the pleasures of sex, about which he has carefully informed himself.

GENERAL

THE PLUG-IN DRUG: TELEVISION, CHILDREN, AND THE FAMILY, by Marie Winn (Viking). A thoughtful, lucid argument to the effect that television-watching itself, rather than the content of television programs, is what damages child development and family relations. The author draws on several disciplines—neurology, pedagogy, psychology—and blends their findings with her own research in a style that is unpretentious (no jargon) and effective. She maintains that the passivity induced by watching television, the substitution of watching for other activities, and the emotional detachment that watching produces create

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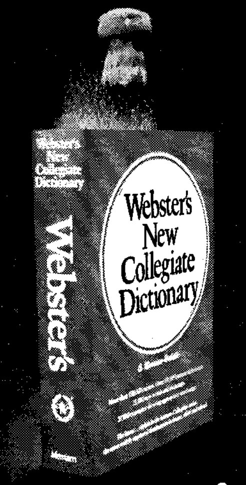

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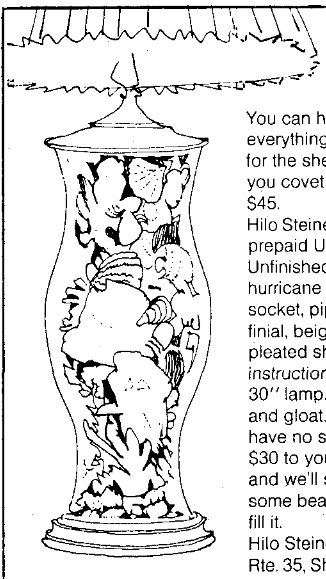

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lamed or limited personalities. Young children who watch a lot of television never discover their own potentialities, and, since they dwell amid ready-made fantasies, are inadequately prepared for reality. The author demonstrates that television also attenuates family bonds: intimacy and the interplay of relationships drain away in front of the screen. By way of contrast—to show that it can be done—the author interviews families who live without television; none feels at all deprived.

SPEAK FOR ENGLAND, by Melvyn Bragg (Knopf). An animated account of life in the author's home town, Wigton, Cumberland (pop. 5,000), since the turn of the century, as its inhabitants recall it. Mr. Bragg, who was born in 1939, interviewed his elders and his juniors, men and women, in as wide a social range as he could find. Wigton has no lords or millionaires; it does have a small professional class, a large group of prosperous farmers, and a variegated body of workers—there is a factory or two, but Wigton is not an industrial town. The book is exceptionally cheerful. Everybody agrees that everything has got immeasurably better since the end of the Second World War, and the oldest speakers, who can remember back before the First World War, portray an existence that by modern standards seems harsh indeed. Some speakers are deeply involved in local affairs, others have developed cosmopolitan connections: the owner of Wigton's shoe store, for instance, who is the world's leading authority on basset hounds, has become an oenophile as well, as a result of his visits to French dog breeders. "Everyone repays attention," the author writes. He is absolutely right.

ANOTHER WINTER, ANOTHER SPRING, by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence (McGraw-Hill). A memoir. Though born to Danish-Swedish nobility, the author preferred usefulness to idleness, and trained as a nurse. During the First World War, she worked at an internment camp in Denmark run by the Red Cross for invalided Russian prisoners of war, and there she met a young Russian officer, Gleb Kirilin, of a social background similar to hers. They fell in love. He greeted the Russian Revolution hopefully—he had seen enough of Russian court life to have become disillusioned with Czarism—but a trip home convinced him the Bolsheviks

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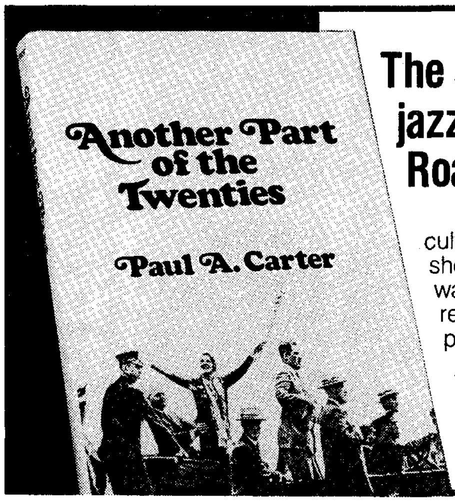

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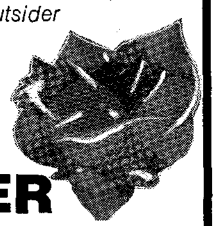

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were a disaster. He left Russia long enough to marry the author, and returned to the White Army at Archangel, where she joined him. Much of the book is her recollection of that doomed intervention—she nursed, and they saw one another as often as war permitted. She and her husband were captured. He was executed; she, as a Swedish national, was released. Mrs. Lawrence wants us to know that the White Russians were by no means all fanatical reactionaries. She also wants us to share, as she did, her first husband's adoration of Russians and Russia. (This does not work: the people come through as unreliable and the country as uncomfortable.) The knockout is the love story. These young people felt and lived a blazing romantic passion of a kind that people nowadays either do not feel or do not admit.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH: DESTRUCTION OF COMMUNITY IN THE BUFFALO CREEK FLOOD, by Kai T. Erikson (Simon & Schuster). This book describes how an entire community was eradicated by a flood that resulted from the slovenly conservation practices of a large mining corporation. One hundred and thirty-two million gallons of filthy water burst through a barrier of slag—not a real dam—and roared down a creek valley, wiping out some sixteen villages. Of a population of five thousand, four thousand were left homeless and a hundred and twenty-five were killed. The disaster occurred in 1972, and Professor Erikson (Yale; American studies) came to Buffalo Creek to aid a survivors' suit (since won) against the mining company. The book, however, is more than a brief. It offers a sociological portrait of Appalachia, past and present, that is remarkable for its clarity and for its discrimination between stereotypes—Elizabethans, hillbillies—and realities. The book emphasizes the emotional costs that could not be repaid, and intelligently discusses disaster and trauma and their effects upon different kinds of communities.

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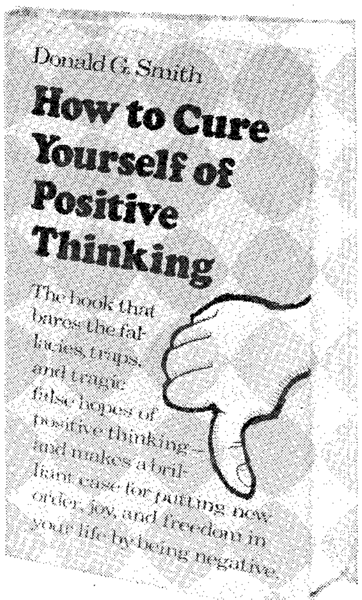

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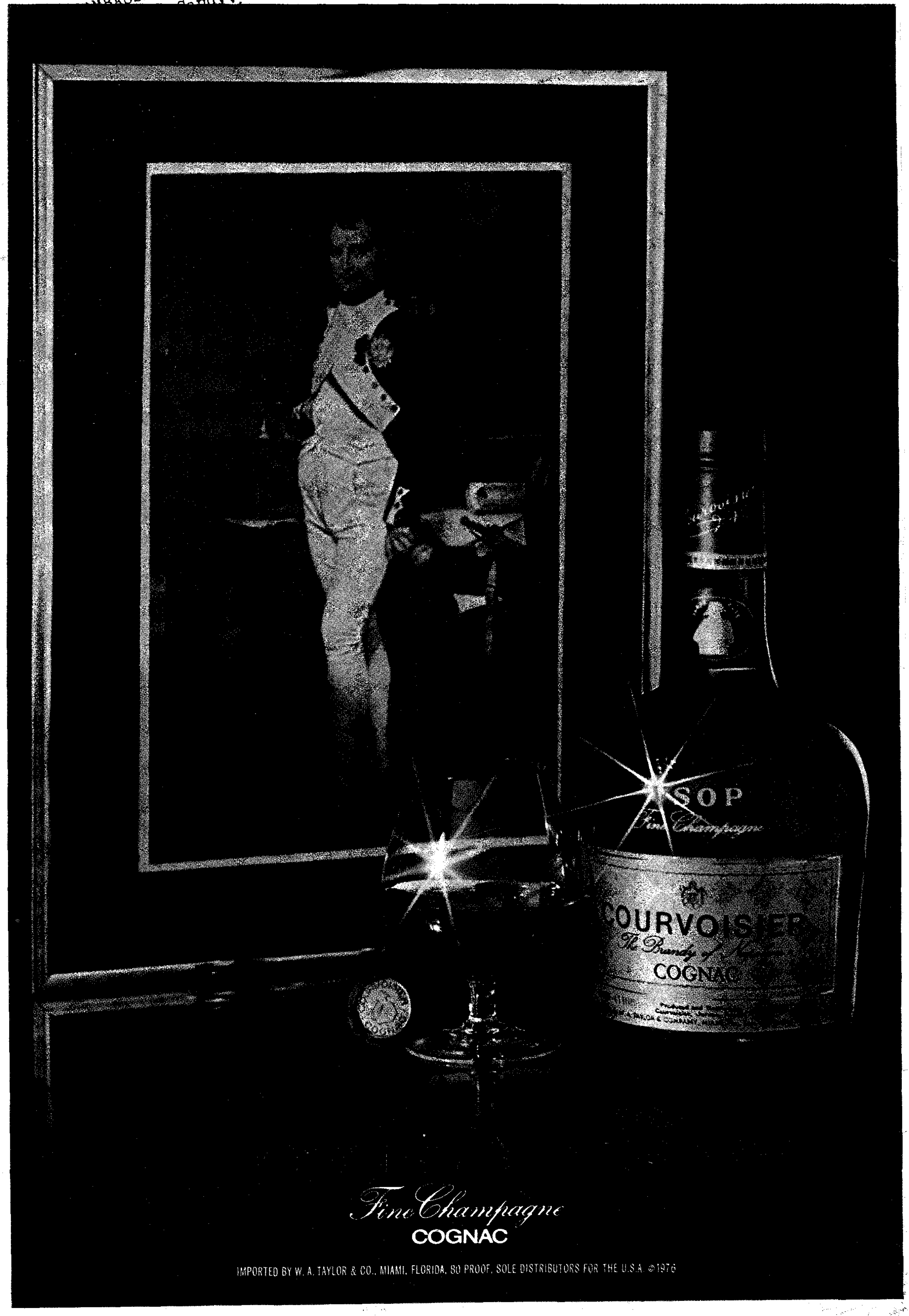
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